FOOTE's LIFE

AND

Dramatic Works

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

PR
3461
F6
1968
V.2

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

CONTAINING

THE COMMISSARY
THE LAME LOVER
THE BANKRUPT
THE COZENERS
THE MAID OF BATH
THE NABOB

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS
A TRIP TO CALAIS
AND
THE CAPUCHIN

BENJAMIN BLOM New York/London

First Published London, 1809
by Benjamin Blom, Inc., Bronx, New York 10452
and 56 Doughty Street, London W.C. 1

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 68-20223
Printed in the United States of America

THE

COMMISSARY.

A

COMEDY

WITHDRAWN

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN

By *SAMUEL FOOTE*, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT

The Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market.

LONDON:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, No. 77, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	HAY MARKET.	*COVENT GARDEN.*
Mr. Zac. Fungus	Mr. FOOTE.	Mr. QUICK.
Mr. Iſaac Fungus	Mr. COSTOLLO.	Mr. FEARON.
Mr. Gruel	Mr. SHUTER.	Mr. THOMPSON.
Young Loveit	Mr. DAVIS.	Mr. DAVIES.
Dr. Catgut	Mr. PARSONS.	
Simon	Mr. PRESTON.	
Mr. Bridoun	Mr. GARDNER.	
Mr. Paduaſoy	Mr. KEEN.	
Mr. Harpy	Mr. TINDAL.	
La Fleur	Mr. JOHNSON.	Mr. WEWITZER.
John	Mr. MARSHALL.	
A Hackney-Coachman	Mr. PARSONS.	
WOMEN.		
Mrs. Mechlin	Miſs CHENEY.	Mrs. WEBB.
Mrs. Loveit	Mr. SHUTER.	Mrs. PITT.
Dolly	Miſs REYNOLDS.	Mrs. PLATT.
Jenny	Mrs. GRANGER.	

The COMMISSARY.

ACT I.

SCENE, Mrs. MECHLIN'S *Houſe.*

(Loud knocking at the Door.)

Enter JENNY.

RAP, rap, rap, up ſtairs and down, from morning to night; if this fame Commiſſary ſtays much longer amongſt us, my miſtreſs muſt e'en hire a porter. Who's there?

SIMON *without.*

Sim. Is Mrs. Mechlin at home?

Jen. No.—[*opens the door*]—Oh, what is it you, Simon?

Enter SIMON.

Sim. At your ſervice, ſweet Mrs. Jane.

Jen. Why you knock with authority; and what are your commands, Maſter Simon?

Sim. I come, madam, to receive thoſe of your miſtreſs. What, Jenny, has ſhe any great affair on the anvil? Her ſummons is moſt exceedingly preſſing; and you need not be told, child, that a man of my conſequence does not trouble himſelf about trifles.

Jen. Oh, ſir, I know very well you principal actors don't perform every night.

Sim. Mighty well, ma'am, but notwithſtanding your ironical ſneer, it is not every man that will

do

do for your miſtreſs; her agents muſt have genius and parts: I don't ſuppoſe, in the whole bills of mortality, there is ſo general and extenſive a dealer as my friend Mrs. Mechlin.

Jen. Why, to be ſure, we have plenty of cuſtomers; and for various kinds of commodities it would be pretty difficult, I fancy to——

Sim. Commodities! Your humble ſervant, ſweet Mrs. Jane; Yes, yes, you have various kinds of commodities, indeed.

Jen. Mr. Simon, I don't underſtand you; I ſuppoſe it is no ſecret in what ſort of goods our dealing conſiſts.

Sim. No, no, they are pretty well known.

Jen. And to be ſure, though now and then, to oblige a cuſtomer, my miſtreſs does condeſcend to ſmuggle a little——

Sim. Keep it up, Mrs. Jane.

Jen. Yet there are no people in the Liberty of Weſtminſter that live in more credit than we do.

Sim. Bravo.

Jen. The very beſt of quality are not aſhamed to viſit my miſtreſs.

Sim. They have reaſon.

Jen. Reſpected by the neighbours.

Sim. I know it.

Jen. Punctual in her payments.

Sim. To a moment.

Jen. Regular hours.

Sim. Doubtleſs.

Jen. Never miſſes the ſarmant on Sundays.

Sim. I own it.

Jen. Not an oath comes out of her mouth, unleſs, now and then, when the poor gentlewoman happens to be overtaken in liquor.

Sim. Granted.

Jen.

Jen. Not at all given to lying. but like other tradesfolks, in the way of her buſineſs.

Sim. Very well.

Jen. Very well! then pray, ſir, what would you inſinuate? Look you, Mr. Simon, don't go to caſt reflections upon us; don't think to blaſt the reputation of our——

Sim. Hark ye, Jenny, are you ſerious?

Jen. Serious! Ay, marry am I.

Sim. The devil you are!

Jen. Upon my word, Mr. Simon, you ſhould not give your tongue ſuch a licence; let me tell you, theſe airs don't become you at all.

Sim. Heyday! why where the deuce have I got, ſure I have miſtaken the houſe; is not this Mrs. Mechlin's?

Jen. That's pretty well known.

Sim. The commodious, convenient Mrs. Mechlin, at the ſign of the Star, in the pariſh of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden?

Jen. Bravo.

Sim. That commercial caterpillar?

Jen. I know it.

Sim. That murderer of manufactures?

Jen. Doubtleſs.

Sim. That walking warehouſe?

Jen. Granted.

Sim. That carries about a greater cargo of contraband goods under her petticoats than a Calais cutter?

Jen. Very well.

Sim. That engroſſer and ſeducer of virgins?

Jen. Keep it up, Maſter Simon.

Sim. That foreſtaller of Bagnios?

Jen. Incomparable fine.

Sim.

Sim. That canting, cozening, money-lending, match-making, pawnbroking—— [*Loud knocking.*

Jen. Mighty well, ſir: here comes my miſtreſs, ſhe ſhall thank you for the pretty picture you have been pleaſed to draw.

Sim. Nay, but dear Jenny——

Jen. She ſhall be told how highly ſhe ſtands in your favour.

Sim. But my ſweet girl—— [*Knock again.*

Jen. Let me go, Mr. Simon, don't you hear?

Sim. And can you have the heart to ruin me at once!

Jen. Hands off.

Sim. A peace, a peace, my dear Mrs. Jane, and dictate the articles.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN (*followed by a hackney coachman, with ſeveral bundles*) *in a capuchin, a bonnet, and her clothes pinned up.*

Mrs. Mech. So, huſſy, what muſt I ſtay all day in the ſtreets? who have we here! the devil's in the wenches, I think—one of your fellows I ſuppoſe——Oh, is it you! how fares it, Simon?

Jen. Madam, you ſhould not have waited a minute, but Mr. Simon——

Sim. Huſh, huſh! you barbarous jade——

Jen. Knowing your knock, and eager to open the door, flew up ſtairs, fell over the landing-place, and quite barr'd up the way.

Sim. Yes, and I am afraid I have put out my ankle. Thanks, Jenny; you ſhall be no loſer, you ſlut.

Mrs. Mech. Poor Simon.—Oh, Lord have mercy upon me, what a round have I taken!—Is the wench petrified; why don't you reach me a chair, don't you ſee I'm tired to death?

Jen.

Jen. Indeed, ma'am, you'll kill yourſelf.

Sim. Upon my word, ma'am Mechlin, you ſhould take a little care of yourſelf; indeed you labour too hard.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, Simon, and for little or nothing: only victuals and cloaths, more coſt than worſhip.—Why does not the wench take the things from the fellow? Well, what's your fare?

Coachm. Miſtreſs, it's honeſtly worth half a crown.

Mrs. Mech. Give him a couple of ſhillings and ſend him away.

Coachm. I hope you'll tip me the teſter to drink?

Mrs. Mech. Them there fellows are never contented; drink! ſtand farther off; why you ſmell already as ſtrong as a beer-barrel.

Coachm. Miſtreſs, that's becauſe I have already been drinking.

Mrs. Mech. And are not you aſhamed, you ſot, to be eternally guzzling? You had better buy you ſome cloaths.

Coachm. No, miſtreſs, my honour won't let me do that.

Mrs. Mech. Your honour! and pray how does that hinder you?

Coachm. Why, when a good gentlewoman like you, cries, Here, coachman, here's ſomething to drink.——

Mrs. Mech. Well!

Coachm. Would it be honour in me to lay it out in any thing elſe? No, miſtreſs, my conſcience won't let me, becauſe why, it's the will of the donor, you know.

Mrs. Mech. Did you ever hear ſuch a blockhead?

Coachm.

Coachm. No, no, miſtreſs; tho' I am a poor man, I won't forfeit my honour; my cattle, tho'f I love 'em, poor beaſteſſes, are not more dearer to me than that.

Mrs. Mech. Yes, you and your horſes give pretty ſtrong proofs of your love and your honour; for you have no cloaths on your back, and they have no fleſh. Well, Jenny, give him the ſix-pence, there, there, lay it out as you will.

Coachm. It will be to your health, miſtreſs; it ſhall melt at the Mews, before I go home; I ſhall be careful to clear my conſcience.

Mrs. Mech. I don't doubt it.

Coachm. You need not. Miſtreſs, your ſervant. [*Exit Coachman.*

Mrs. Mech. Has there been any body here, Jenny?

Jen. The gentleman, ma'am, about the Glouceſterſhire living.

Mrs. Mech. He was, Oh oh! What I ſuppoſe his ſtomach's come down. Does he like the incumbrance? will he marry the party?

Jen. Why that article ſeems to go a little againſt him.

Mrs. Mech. Does it ſo? then let him retire to his Cumberland curacy: that's a fine keen air, it will ſoon give him an appetite. He'll ſtick to his honour too, till his caſſock is wore to a rag.

Jen. Why, indeed, ma'am, it ſeems pretty ruſty already.

Mrs. Mech. Deviliſh ſqueamiſh, I think; a good fat living, and a fine woman into the bargain! You told him a friend of the lady's will take the child off her hands?

Jen. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Mech. So that the affair will be a ſecret to all

all but himſelf. But he muſt quickly reſolve, for next week his wife's month will be up.

Jen. He promiſed to call about four.

Mrs. Mech. But don't let him think we are at a loſs for a huſband; there is to my knowledge a merchant's clerk in the city, a comely young man, and comes of good friends, that will take her with but a ſmall place in the cuſtom-houſe.

Jen. He ſhall know it.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, and tell him, that the party's party has intereſt enough to obtain it whenever he will. And then the bridegroom may put the purchaſe-money too of that ſame preſentation into his pocket.

Jen. Truly, ma'am, I ſhould think this would prove the beſt match for the lady.

Mrs. Mech. Who doubts it?—Here, Jenny, carry theſe things above ſtairs. Take care of the aigrette, leave the watch upon the table, and be ſure you don't miſlay the pearl necklace; the lady goes to Mrs. Cornelly's to-night; and, if ſhe has any luck, ſhe will be ſure to redeem it to-morrow.

[*Exit Jenny.*

Sim. What a world of affairs! it is a wonder, madam, how you are able to remember them all.

Mrs. Mech. Trifles, mere trifles, maſter Simon.—But I have a great affair in hand—Such an affair, if well managed, it will be the making of us all.

Sim. If I, ma'am, can be of the leaſt uſe——

Mrs. Mech. Of the higheſt! there is no doing without you.—You know the great——

Enter JENNY.

Jen. I have put the things where you ordered, ma'am.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Very well, you may go.—[*Exit Jenny.*]—I ſay, you know the great commiſſary, that is come to lodge in my houſe. Now they ſay this Mr. Fungus is as rich as an Indian governor; heaven knows how he came by it: but that you know is no buſineſs of ours. Pretty pickings, I warrant, abroad.—[*Loud knocking.*]—Who the deuce can that be? But let it be who it will, you muſt not go till I ſpeak to you.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. The widow Loveit, ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. What, the old liquoriſh dowager from Devonſhire Square? ſhew her in.—[*Exit Jenny.*]—You'll wait in the kitchen, Simon, I ſhall ſoon diſpatch her affair. [*Exit Simon.*

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. So, ſo, good morning to you, good Mrs. Mechlin. John, let the coach ſtand at the corner.

Mrs. Mech. You had better ſit here, madam.

Mrs. Lov. Any where. Well, my dear woman, I hope you have not forgot your old friend—Ugh, ugh, ugh,—[*coughs.*]—Conſider I have no time to looſe, and you are always ſo full of employment.

Mrs. Mech. Forgot you! you ſhall judge, Mrs. Loveit. I have, ma'am, provided a whole cargo of huſbands for you, of all nations, complexions, ages, tempers, and ſizes: ſo you ſee you have nothing to do but chooſe.

Mrs. Lov. To chooſe! Mrs. Mechlin; Lord help me, what choice can I have? I look upon wedlock to be a kind of a lottery, and I have already drawn my prize; and a great one it was! My

My poor dear man that's gone, I ſhall never meet with his fellow.

Mrs. Mech. 'Pſhaw! madam, don't let us trouble our heads about him, it's high time that he was forgot.

Mrs. Lov. But won't his relations think me rather too quick.

Mrs Mech. Not a jot; the greateſt compliment you could pay to his memory; it is a proof he gave you reaſon to be fond of the ſtate. But what do you mean by quick! Why he has been buried theſe three weeks—

Mrs. Lov. And three days, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed! quite an age!

Mrs. Lov. Yes; but I ſhall never forget him; ſleeping, or waking, he's always before me. His dear ſwelled belly, and his poor ſhrunk legs, Lord bleſs me, Mrs. Mechlin, he had no more calf than my fan.

Mrs. Mech. No!

Mrs. Lov. No, indeed; and then, his bit of a purple noſe, and his little weezen face as ſharp as a razor—don't mention it, I can never forget him. [*Cries.*

Mrs. Mech. Sweet marks of remembrance, indeed. But, ma'am, if you continue to be ſo fond of your laſt huſband, what makes you think of another?

Mrs. Lov. Why, what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? a poor lone widow woman as I am; there's no body minds me; my tenants behind-hand, my ſervants all careleſs, my children undutiful—Ugh, ugh, ugh— [*Coughs.*

Mrs. Mech. You have a villainous cough, Mrs. Loveit; ſhall I ſend for ſome lozenges?

Mrs.

Mrs. Lov. No, I thank you, it's nothing at all; mere habit, juſt a little trick I've got.

Mrs. Mech. But I wonder you ſhould have all theſe vexations to plague you, madam, you, who are ſo rich, and ſo——

Mrs. Lov. Forty thouſand in the Four per Cents. every morning I riſe, Mrs. Mechlin, beſides two houſes at Hackney; but then my affairs are ſo weighty and intricate; there is ſuch tricking in lawyers, and ſuch torments in children, that I can't do by myſelf; I muſt have a helpmate; quite neceſſity, no matter of choice.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, I underſtand you, you marry merely for convenience; juſt only to get an aſſiſtant, a kind of a guard, a fence to your property?

Mrs. Lov. Nothing elſe.

Mrs. Mech. I thought ſo; quite prudential; ſo that age is none of your object; you don't want a ſcampering, giddy, ſprightly, young—

Mrs. Lov. Young! Heaven forbid. What, do you think, like ſome ladies I know, that I want to have my huſband taken for one of my grand-children; No, no; thank Heaven, ſuch vain thoughts never entered my head.

Mrs. Mech. But yet, as your matters ſtand, he ought not to be ſo very old neither; for inſtance now, of what uſe to you would be a huſband of ſixty?

Mrs. Lov. Sixty! Are you mad, Mrs. Mechlin, what do you think I want to turn nurſe?

Mrs. Mech. Or fifty-five?

Mrs. Love. Ugh, ugh, ugh——

Mrs. Mech. Or fifty?

Mrs. Lov. Oh! that's too cunning an age; men, now-a-days, rarely marry at fifty, they are too knowing and cautious.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Or forty-five, or forty, or—

Mrs. Lov. Shall, I Mrs. Mechlin, tell you a piece of my mind?

Mrs. Mech. I believe ma'am that will be your beſt way.

Mrs. Lov. Why then, as my children are young and rebellious, the way to ſecure and preſerve their obedience, will be to marry a man that won't grow old in a hurry.

Mrs. Mech. Why I thought you declared againſt youth.

Mrs. Lov. So I do, ſo I do; but then, ſix or ſeven and twenty is not ſo very young, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. No, no, a pretty ripe age; for at that time of life, men can buſtle and ſtir, they are not eaſily check'd, and whatever they take in hand they go through with.

Mrs. Lov. True, true.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, it is then they may be ſaid to be uſeful; it is the only tear and wear ſeaſon.

Mrs. Lov. Right, right.

Mrs. Mech. Well, ma'am, I ſee what you want, and to-morrow about this time, if you'll do me the favour to call—

Mrs. Lov I ſhan't fail.

Mrs. Mech. I think I can ſuit you.

Mrs. Lov. You'll be very obliging.

Mrs. Mech. You may depend upon't, I'll do my endeavours.

Mrs. Lov. But, Mrs. Mechlin, be ſure don't let him be older than that, not above ſeven or eight and twenty at moſt; and let it be as ſoon as you conveniently can.

Mrs. Mech. Never fear, ma'am.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lov. Becauſe you know, the more children I have by the ſecond venture, the greater plague I ſhall prove to thoſe I had by the firſt.

Mrs. Mech. True ma'am. You had better lean on me to the door; but, indeed, Mrs. Loveit, you are very malicious to your children, very revengeful, indeed.

Mrs. Lov. Ah, they deſerve it; you can't think what ſad whelps they turn out; no puniſhment can be too much; if their poor father could but have foreſeen they would have——why did I mention the dear man! it melts me too much. Well, peace be with him.——To-morrow about this time, Mrs. Mechlin, will the party be here, think you?

Mrs. Mech. I can't ſay.

Mrs. Lov. Well, a good day, good Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Here, John, take care of your miſtreſs.—[*Exit Mrs.* Loveit.]—A good morning to you, ma'am. Jenny, bid Simon come up.—A huſband! there now is a proof of the prudence of age; I wonder they don't add a clauſe to the act to prevent the old from marrying clandeſtinely as well as the young. I am ſure there are as many unſuitable matches at this time of life as the other.

Enter SIMON.

Shut the door, Simon. Are there any of Mr. Fungus's ſervants below?

Sim. Three or four ſtrange faces.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, ſome of that troop, I ſuppoſe; come, Simon, be ſeated.—Well, Simon, as I was telling you; this Mr. Fungus, my lodger above, that has brought home from the wars a whole cart load of money, and who, (between you and

and I) went there from very little better than a driver of carts—

Sim. I formerly knew him, ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. But he does not know you?

Sim. No, no.

Mrs. Mech. I am glad of that—this ſpark, I ſay, not content with being really as rich as a lord, is determined to rival them too in every other accompliſhment.

Sim. Will that be ſo eaſy? why he muſt be upwards of—

Mrs. Mech. Fifty, I warrant.

Sim. Rather late in life to ſet up for a gentleman.

Mrs. Mech. But fine talents you know, and a ſtrong inclination.

Sim. That, indeed.—

Mrs. Mech. Then I promiſe you he ſpares for no pains.

Sim. Diligent?

Mrs. Mech. Oh, always at it. Learning ſomething or other from morning to night; my houſe is a perfect academy, ſuch a throng of fencers, dancers, riders, muſicians—but, however, to ſweeten the pill, I have a fellow feeling for recommending the teachers.

Sim. No doubt, ma'am; that's always the rule.

Mrs. Mech. But one of his ſtudies is really diverting, I own I can't help laughing at that.

Sim. What may that be?

Mrs. Mech. Oratory.—You muſt know his firſt ambition is to have a ſeat in a certain aſſembly; and in order to appear there with credit, Mr. What d'ye Call'em, the man from the city, attends every morning to give him a lecture upon ſpeaking, and there is ſuch harranguing and bellowing

lowing between them—Lord have mercy upon—but you'll ſee enough on't yourſelf; for do you know, Simon, you are to be his valet de chambre?

Sim. Me, madam!

Mrs. Mech. Ay, his privy counſellor, his confidant, his director in chief.

Sim. To what end will that anſwer?

Mrs. Mech. There I am coming—You are to know, that our 'Squire Would-be is violently bent upon matrimony; and nothing forſooth will go down but a perſon of rank and condition.

Sim. Ay, ay, for that piece of pride he's indebted to Germany.

Mrs. Mech. The article of fortune he holds in utter contempt, a grand alliance is all that he wants; ſo that the lady has but her veins full of high blood, he does not care two-pence how low and empty her purſe is.

Sim. But, ma'am, won't it be difficult to meet with a ſuitable ſubject? I believe there are few ladies of quality that——

Mrs. Mech. Oh, as to that, I am already provided.

Sim. Indeed!

Mrs. Mech. You know my niece Dolly?

Sim. Very well.

Mrs. Mech. What think you of her?

Sim. Of Miſs Dolly, for what?

Mrs. Mech. For what? you are plaguily dull; why, a woman of faſhion, you dunce.

Sim. To be ſure Miſs Dolly is very deſerving, and few ladies have a better appearance; but, bleſs me, madam, here people of rank are ſo generally known, that the ſlighteſt enquiry would poiſon your project.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, Simon, I have no fears from that quarter: there I think, I am pretty ſecure.

Sim. If that, indeed, be the caſe.—

Mrs. Mech. In the firſt place, Mr. Fungus has an intire reliance on me.

Sim. That's ſomething.

Mrs. Mech. Then to baffle any idle curioſity, we are not derived from any of your new-fangled gentry, who owe their upſtart nobility to your Harrys and Edwards. No, no, we are ſcions from an older ſtock; we are the hundred and fortieth lineal deſcendant from Hercules Alexander, earl of Glendowery, prime miniſter to king Malcolm the Firſt.

Sim. Odſo; a qualification for a Canon of Straſbourg. So then it ſeems you are tranſplanted from the banks of the Tweed; Cry you mercy! But how will Miſs Dolly be able to manage the accent!

Mrs. Mech. Very well; ſhe was two years an actreſs in Edenborough.

Sim. That's true; is the overture made, has there been any interview?

Mrs. Mech. Several; we have no diſlike to his perſon; can't but own he is rather agreeable; and as to his propoſals, they are greater than we could deſire; but we are prudent and careful, ſay nothing without the Earl's approbation.

Sim. Oh, that will be eaſily had.

Mrs. Mech. Not ſo eaſily; and now comes your part: but firſt, how goes the world with you, Simon?

Sim. Never worſe! The ten bags of tea, and the cargo of brandy, them peering raſcals took from me in Suſſex, has quite broken my back.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Poor Simon! why then I am afraid there's an end of your traffick.

Sim. Totally: for now thoſe fellows have got the Iſle of Man in their hands, I have no chance to get home. Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Then you are intirely at leiſure?

Sim. As a Bath turnſpit in the month of July.

Mrs. Mech. You are then, Simon, an old family ſervant in waiting here on the lady; but diſpatched to the North with a view to negotiate the treaty: you are juſt returned with the noble Peer's reſolution. Prepare you a ſuitable equipage, I will provide you with a couple of letters, one for the lover and one for the lady ———

Sim. The contents ——

Mrs. Mech. Oh, you may read them within: now with regard to any queſtions, I will furniſh you with ſuitable anſwers; but you have a bungler to deal with, ſo your cards will be eaſily played.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Miſs Dolly, ma'am, in a hackney coach at the corner; may ſhe come in?

Mrs. Mech. Are the ſervants out of the way?

Jen Oh, ſhe is ſo muffled up and diſguiſed, that ſhe'll run no danger from them.

Mrs. Mech. Be ſure keep good watch at the door, Jenny.

Jen. Oh, never fear, ma'am. [*Exit Jenny.*

Mrs. Mech. Simon, take thoſe two letters that are under the furthermoſt cuſhion in the window, run home, get a dirty pair of boots on, a great coat, and a whip, and be here with them in half an hour at fartheſt.

Sim.

Sim. I will not fail. But have you no farther directions?

Mrs. Mech. Time enough. I ſhall be in the way; for it is me that muſt introduce you above. —[*Exit Simon.*]—So, things ſeem now in a pretty good train; a few hours, it is to be hoped, will make me eaſy for life. To ſay truth, I begin to be tired of my trade. To be ſure the profits are great; but then, ſo are the riſks that I run: beſides, my private practice begins to be ſmoaked. Ladies are ſuppoſed to come here with different deſigns than merely to look at my goods: ſome of my beſt cuſtomers too, are got out of my channel, and manage their matters at home by their maids. Thoſe aſylums, they gave a dreadful blow to my buſineſs. Time has been, when a gentleman wanted a friend, I could ſupply him with choice in an hour; but the market is ſpoiled, and a body might as ſoon produce a hare or a partridge as a pretty——[*Enter Dolly.*]——So Niece, are all things prepared; have you got the papers from Harpy?

Dolly. Here they are, ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. Let me ſee—Oh the marriage articles for Fungus to ſign. Have you got the contract about you?

Dolly. You know, aunt, I left it with you.

Mrs. Mech. True, I had forgot: but where is the bond that I——Here it is; this, Dolly, you muſt ſign and ſeal before witneſs.

Dolly. To what end, aunt?

Mrs. Mech. Only, child, a trifling acknowledgment for all the trouble I have taken; a little hint to your huſband, that he may reimburſe your poor aunt, for your cloaths, board, lodging and breeding.

Dolly.

Dolly. I hope my aunt does not ſuſpect that I can ever be wanting ——

Mrs. Mech. No, my dear, not in the leaſt: but it is beſt, Dolly, in order to prevent all retroſpection, that we ſettle accounts before you change your condition.

Dolly. But, ma'am, may not I ſee the contents?

Mrs. Mech. The contents, love, of what uſe will that be to you? Sign and ſeal, that's enough.

Dolly. But, aunt, I chooſe to ſee what I ſign.

Mrs. Mech. To ſee, what then you ſuſpect me?

Dolly. No, ma'am; but a little caution ———

Mrs. Mech. Caution! Here's an impudent baggage! how dare you diſpute my commands; have not I made you, raiſed you from nothing, and won't a word from my mouth reduce you again?

Dolly. Madam, I——

Mrs. Mech. Anſwer me, huſſy, was not you a beggar's brat at my door: did not I, out of compaſſion, take you into my houſe, call you my niece, and give you ſuitable breeding?

Dolly. True, madam.

Mrs. Mech. And what return did you make me? You was ſcarce got into your teens, you forward ſlut, but you brought me a child almoſt as big as yourſelf; and a delightful father you choſe for it! Doctor Catgut, the meagre muſician; that ſick monkey-face maker of crotchets; that eternal trotter after all the little draggle-tailed girls of the town. Oh, you low ſlut, had it been by a gentleman, it would not have vexed me; but a fiddler!

Dolly. For heaven's ſake.———

Mrs. Mech. After that you eloped, commenced ſtroller, and in a couple of years, returned to town in your original trim, with ſcarce a rag to your back.

Dolly.

Dolly. Pray, ma'am———

Mrs. Mech. Did not I, notwithſtanding, receive you again? have not I tortured my brains for your good? found you a huſband as rich as a Jew, juſt brought all my matters to bear, and now you refuſe to ſign a paltry paper?

Dolly. Pray, madam, give it me, I will ſign, execute, do all that you bid me.

Mrs. Mech. You will; yes, ſo you had beſt. And what's become of the child, have you done as I ordered?

Dolly. The doctor was not at home; but the nurſe left the child in the kitchen.

Mrs. Mech. You heard nothing from him?

Dolly. Not a word.

Mrs. Mech. Then he is meditating ſome miſchief, I warrant. However, let our good ſtars ſecure us to-day, and a fig for what may happen to-morrow. It is a little unlucky tho', that Mr. Fungus has choſen the doctor for his maſter of muſic? but as yet he has not been here, and, if poſſible, we muſt prevent him.

Enter JENNY, *haſtily.*

Jen. Mr. Fungus, the tallow chandler, ma'am, is croſſing the way, ſhall I ſay you are at home?

Mrs. Mech. His brother has ſervants enough, let ſome of them anſwer. Hide, Dolly.—[*Exeunt Dolly and Jenny.*]——[*One knock at the door.*]—Ay, that's the true tap of the trader; this old brother of ours tho' is ſmoaky and ſhrewd, and tho' an odd, a ſenſible fellow; we muſt guard againſt him: if he gets but an inkling, but the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion, our project is marr'd.—[*A noiſe without.*]—What the deuce is the matter! As I live, a ſquabble between him and La Fleur, the French footman

footman we hired this morning. This may make mirth, I'll liſten a little. [*Retires.*

Enter Mr. ISAAC FUNGUS, *driving in* LA FLEUR.

I. Fun. What, is there no body in the houſe that can give me an anſwer; where's my brother, you raſcal?

La Fleur. Je n'entend pas.

I. Fun. Pas, what the devil is that; anſwer yes or no, is my brother at home? don't ſhrug up your ſhoulders at me, you——Oh, here comes a rational being.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Madam Mechlin, how fares it? this here lanthorn-jaw'd raſcal won't give me an anſwer, and indeed would ſcarce let me into the houſe.

La Fleur. C'eſt gros Bourgeois a fait une tapage de diable,

Mrs. Mech. Fy donc, c'eſt le frere de monſieur.

La Fleur. Le frere! Mon Dieu!

I. Fun. What is all this? what the devil linguo is the fellow a-talking?

Mrs. Mech. This is a footman from France that your brother has taken.

I. Fun. From France! and is that the beſt of his breeding? I thought we had taught them better manners abroad, than to come here and inſult us at home. People make ſuch a rout about ſmuggling their frenchified goods, their men do us more miſchief. If we could but hinder the importing of them——

Mrs. Mech. Ay, you are a true Briton, I ſee that, Mr. Iſaac.

I. Fun. I warrant me: is brother Zachary at home?

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Above ſtairs, ſir.

I. Fun. Any company with him?

Mrs. Mech. Not any to hinder your viſit. La Fleur, ouvrez la porte.

I. Fun. Get along you—Mrs. Mechlin, your ſervant.—I can't think what the devil makes your quality ſo fond of the monſieurs; for my part I don't ſee——March and be hanged to you—you ſooty-faced———

[*Exeunt I. Fungus and La Fleur.*

Mrs Mech. Come Dolly, you now may appear.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Mr. Paduaſoy, ma'am, the Spitalfields weaver; he has been waiting this hour, and ſays he has ſome people at home———

Mrs. Mech. Let him enter; in a couple of minutes I'll follow you, Dolly. [*Exit Jenny.*

Enter PADUASOY.

Mrs. Mech. Mr. Paduaſoy, you may load yourſelf home with thoſe ſilks, they won't do for my market.

Pad. Why, what's the matter, madam?

Mrs. Mech. Matter! you are a pretty fellow indeed; you a tradeſman! but it's lucky I know you, things might have been worſe; let us ſettle accounts, Mr. Paduaſoy; you'll ſee no more of my money.

Pad. I ſhall be ſorry for that, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Sorry! anſwer me one queſtion; am not I the beſt cuſtomer that ever you had?

Pad. I confeſs it.

Mrs. Mech. Have not I mortgaged my precious ſoul, by ſwearing to my quality-cuſtomers that

the ſtuff from your looms was the produce of Lyons?

Pad. Granted.

Mrs. Mech. And unleſs that had been believed, could you have ſold them a yard, nay a nail?

Pad. I believe not.

Mrs. Mech. Very well. Did not, ſir, I procure you more money for your curſed goods, when ſold as the manufacture of France, than as mere Engliſh they could have ever produced you?

Pad. I never denied it.

Mrs. Mech. Then are not you a pretty fellow, to blow up and ruin my reputation at once?

Pad. Me, madam!

Mrs. Mech. Yes, you.

Pad. As how?

Mrs. Mech. Did not you tell me theſe pieces of ſilk were entire, and the only ones you had made of that pattern?

Pad. I did.

Mrs. Mech. Now mind. Laſt Monday I left them as juſt landed, upon a pretence to ſecure them from ſeizure, at the old counteſs of Furbelow's, by whoſe means, I was ſure, at my own price, to get rid of them both; and who ſhould come in laſt night at the ball at the Manſion-Houſe, where my lady unluckily happened to be, with a full ſuit of the blue pattern upon her back, but Mrs. Deputy Dowlaſs, dizened out like a ducheſs.

Pad. Mrs. Deputy Dowlaſs! Is it poſſible?

Mrs. Mech. There is no denying the fact: but that was not all; if indeed Mrs. Deputy had behaved like a gentlewoman, and ſwore they had been ſent her from Paris, why there the thing would have died; but ſee what it is to have to do

do with mechanicks, the fool owned ſhe had them from you. I ſhould be glad to ſee any of my cuſtomers at a loſs for a lye. But thoſe trumpery traders, Mr. Paduaſoy, you'll never gain any credit by them.

Pad. This muſt be a trick of my wife's; I know the women are intimate, but this piece of intelligence will make a hot houſe. None of my fault indeed, Mrs. Mechlin; I hope, ma'am this won't make any difference?

Mrs. Mech. Difference! I don't believe I ſhall be able to ſmuggle a gown for you theſe ſix months. What is in that bundle?

Pad. Some India handkerchiefs, that you promiſed to procure of a ſupercargo at Woolwich, for Sir Thomas Callico's lady.

Mrs. Mech. Are you pretty forward with the light ſprigged waiſtcoats from Italy?

Pad. They will be out of the loom in a week.

Mrs. Mech. You need not put any Genoa velvets in hand till the end of the autumn; but you may make me immediately a freſh ſortment of foreign ribbons for ſummer

Pad. Any other commands, Mrs. Mechlin?

Mrs. Mech. Not at preſent, I think.

Pad. I wiſh you, madam, a very good morning.

Mrs. Mech. Mr Paduaſoy, Lord! I had liked to have forgot. You muſt write an anonymous letter to the Cuſtom-houſe, and ſend me ſome old ſilks to be ſeized; I muſt treat the town with a bonfire: it will make a fine paragraph for the papers; and at the ſame time advertiſe the public where ſuch things may be had.

Pad. I ſhan't fail, madam. [*Exit Paduaſoy.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Who ſays now that I am not a friend to my country! I think the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, ſhould vote me a premium. I am ſure I am one of the greateſt encouragers of our own manufactures.

[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE Continues.

Enter ZACHARIAH FUNGUS, ISAAC FUNGUS, *and Mrs.* MECHLIN.

Zac. Fungus.

BROTHER Iſaac, you are a blockhead I tell you. But firſt anſwer me this; can knowledge do a man any harm?

I. Fun. No, ſartingly, what is befitting a man for to learn.

Z. Fun. To learn! and how ſhould you know what is befitting a gentleman to learn! Stick to your trade, maſter tallow-chandler.

I. Fun. Now, brother Zachary, can you ſay in your conſcience, as how, it is deſcent to be learning to dance, when you ha' almoſt loſt the uſe of your legs?

Z. Fun. Loſt the uſe of my legs? to ſee but the malice of men! Do but ax Mrs. Mechlin; now, ma'am, does not Mrs. Dukes ſay, that, conſidering my time, I have made a wonderful progreſs?

I. Fun. Your time, brother Zac!

Z. Fun.

Z. Fun. Ay, my time, brother Iſaac. Why, I han't been at it paſſing a couple of months, and we have at our ſchool two aldermen and a ſerjeant at law, that were full half a year before they could get out of hand.

Mrs. Mech. Very true, ſir.

Z. Fun. There now, Mrs. Mechlin can vouch it. And pray, ma'am, does not maſter allow, that of my age, I am the moſt hopeful ſcholar he has?

Mrs. Mech. I can't but ſay, Mr. Iſaac, that the 'ſquire has made a moſt prodigious improvement.

Z. Fun. Do you hear that? I wiſh we had but a kit, I would ſhow you what I could do: one, two, three, ha. One, two, three, ha. There are riſings and ſinkings.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, marry, as light as a cork.

Z. Fun. A'n't it! Why, before next winter is over, he ſays, he'll fit me for dancing in public; and who knows but in Lent, you may ſee me amble at a Ridotto with an opera ſinger.

Mrs. Mech. And I warrant he acquits himſelf as well as the beſt.

I. Fun. Mercy on me; and pray brother, that thing like a ſword in your hand, what may the uſe of that implement be?

Z. Fun. This! oh, this is a foil.

I. Fun. A foil.

Z. Fun. Ay, a little inſtrument, by which, we who are gentlemen, are inſtructed to kill one another.

I. Fun. To kill! Marry, heaven forbid: I hope you have no ſuch bloody intentions. Why, brother Zac. you was uſed to be a peaceable man.

Z. Fun. Ay, that was when I was a paltry mechanick, and afraid of the law, but now I am another gueſs perſon; I have been in camps, cantoons,

toons, and intrenchments: have marched over bridges and breaches; I have ſeen the Ezel and Wezell; I'm got as rich as a Jew, and if any man dares to affront me, I'll let him know that my trade has been fighting.

I. Fun. Rich as a Jew! Ah, Zac. Zac. but if you had not had another gueſs trade than fighting, I doubt whether you would have returned altogether ſo rich: but now you have got all this wealth, why not ſit down and enjoy it in quiet?

Z. Fun. Hark ye, Iſaac, do you purtend to know life? are you acquainted with the Beaux Eſprits of the age?

I. Fun. I don't underſtand you.

Z. Fun. No, I believe not; then how ſhould you know what belongs to gentility?

I. Fun. And why not as well as you, brother Zac. I hope I am every whit as well born?

Z. Fun. Ay, Iſaac, but the breeding is all; conſider I have been a gentleman above five years and three quarters, and I think ſhould know a little what belongs to the buſineſs; hey, Mrs. Mechlin?

Mrs. Mech. Very true, Sir.

Z. Fun. And as to this foil, do you know, Iſaac, in what the art of fencing conſiſts?

I. Fun. How ſhould I?

Z. Fun. Why it is ſhort; there are but two rules; the firſt is, to give your antagoniſt as many thruſts as you can; the ſecond, to be careful and receive none yourſelf.

I. Fun. But how this is to be done?

Z. Fun. Oh, eaſy enough: for do you ſee, if you can but divert your adverſary's point from the line of your body, it is impoſſible he ever ſhould hit you; and all this is done by a little turn of the wriſt,

wriſt, either this way, or that way. But I'll ſhow you: John, bring me a foil. Mrs. Mechlin, it will be worth your obſerving. Here, brother Iſaac. [*Offers him a foil.*

I. Fun. Not I.

Z. Fun. Theſe bourgeois are ſo frightful. Mrs. Mechlin, will you, ma'am, do me the favour to puſh at me a little? Mind, brother, when ſhe thruſts at me in carte, I do ſo; and when ſhe puſhes in tierce, I do ſo; and by this means a man is ſure to avoid being killed. But it may not be amiſs, brother Iſaac, to give you the progreſs of a regular quarrel; and then you will ſee what ſort of a thing a gentleman is. Now I have been told, do you ſee, brother Iſaac, by a friend who has a regard for my honour, that Captain Jenkins, or Hopkins, or Wilkins, or what captain you pleaſe, has in public company called me a cuckold——

I. Fun. A cuckold? But how can that be? becauſe why, brother Zac. you ben't married.

Z. Fun. But as I am juſt going to be married, that may very well happen you know.

Mrs. Mech. True.

Z. Fun. Yes, yes, the thing is natural enough. Well, the captain has ſaid I am a cuckold. Upon which, the firſt time I ſet eyes on captain Wilkins, either at Vaux-hall, or at Ranelagh, I accoſt him, in a courteous, genteel-like manner.

I. Fun. And that's more than he merits.

Z. Fun. Your patience, dear Iſaac —— in a courteous, gentleman-like manner; captain Hopkins, your ſervant.

I. Fun. Why, you call'd him but now captain Wilkins.

Z. Fun. 'Pſhaw! you blockhead, I tell you the name does not ſignify nothing——Your ſervant; ſhall

ſhall I crave your ear for a moment? The captain politely replies, Your commands, good Mr. Fungus? then we walk ſide by ſide—Come here, Mrs, Mechlin.—[*They walk up and down*]—for ſome time as civil as can be. Mind brother Iſaac.

I. Fun. I do, I do.

Z. Fun. Hey——no, t'other ſide, Mrs. Mechlin.——that's right——I hear, captain Wilkins—

I. Fun. I knew it was Wilkins.

Z. Fun. Zounds! Iſaac, be quiet—Wilkins, that you have taken ſome liberties about and concerning of me, which damme, I don't underſtand—

I. Fun. Don't ſwear, brother Zachary.

Z. Fun. Did ever mortal hear the like of this fellow!

I. Fun. But you are grown ſuch a reprobate ſince you went to the wars—

Z. Fun. Mrs. Mechlin, ſtop the tongue of that blockhead; why, dunce, I am ſpeaking by rule, and Mrs. Mechlin can tell you that duels and damme's go always together.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, always.

Z. Fun. Which, damme, I don't underſtand. Liberties with you, cries the captain, where, when, and in what manner? Laſt Friday night in company at the St. Alban's, you called me a buck, and moreover ſaid that my horns were exalted. Now, ſir, I know very well what was your meaning by that, and therefore demand ſatisfaction. That, ſir, is what I never deny to a gentleman; but as to you, Mr. Fungus, I can't conſent to give you that rank. How, ſir, do you deny my gentility! Oh, that affront muſt be anſwered this inſtant——Draw, ſir. Now puſh, Mrs. Mechlin.—

[*They*

[*They fence.*]—There I parry tierce, there I parry carte, there I parry —— Hold, hold, have a care, zooks, Mrs. Mechlin.

I. Fun. Ha, ha, ha! I think you have met with your match; well puſhed, Mrs. Mechlin.

Z. Fun. Ay, but inſtead of puſhing in tierce, ſhe puſhed me in carte, and came ſo thick with her thruſts, that it was not in nature to parry them.

I. Fun. Well, well, I am fully convinced of your ſkill; but I think, brother Zac. you hinted an intention of marrying, is that your deſign?

Z. Fun. Undoubtedly.

I. Fun. And when?

Z. Fun. Why this evening.

I. Fun. So ſudden? and pray is it a ſecret to whom?

Z. Fun. A ſecret, no, I am proud of the match; ſhe brings me all that I want, her veins full of good blood; ſuch a family! ſuch an alliance! zooks, ſhe has a pedigree as long as the Mall, brother Iſaac, with large trees on each ſide, and all the boughs loaded with lords.

I. Fun. But has the lady no name?

Z. Fun. Name! ay, ſuch a name, lord, we have nothing like it in London: none of your ſtunted little dwarfiſh words of one ſyllable; your Watts, and your Potts, and your Trotts; this rumbles through the throat like a cart with broad wheels. Mrs. Mechlin, you can pronounce it better than me.

Mrs. Mech. Lady Sachariſſa Mackirkincroft.

Z. Fun. Kirkincroft! there are a mouthful of ſyllables for you. Lineally deſcended from Hercules Alexander Charlemagne Hannibal, Earl of Glendowery,

Glendowery, prime miniſter to king Malcolm the firſt.

I. Fun. And are all the parties agreed?

Z. Fun. I can't ſay quite all; for the right honourable peer that is to be my papa, (who by the bye) is as proud as the devil, has flatly renounced the alliance, calls me here in his letter Plebeian, and ſays if we have any children, they will turn out very little better than pye balls.

I. Fun. And what does the gentlewoman ſay?

Z. Fun. The gentlewoman! Oh, the gentlewoman, who (between ourſelves) is pretty near as high as her father; but, however, my perſon has proved too hard for her pride, and I take the affair to be as good as concluded.

I. Fun. It is reſolved?

Z. Fun. Fixed.

I. Fun. I am ſorry for it.

Z. Fun. Why ſo? come, come, brother Iſaac, don't be uneaſy, I have a ſhrewd gueſs at your grievance; but though you may not be ſuffered to ſee lady Sachariſſa at firſt, yet who knows before long I may have intereſt enough with her to bring it about; and in the mean time you may dine when you will with the ſteward.

I. Fun. You are exceedingly kind.

Z. Fun. Mrs. Mechlin, you don't think my lady will gainſay it?

Mrs. Mech. By no means; it is wonderful conſidering her rank, how mild and condeſcending ſhe is: why, but yeſterday, ſays her ladyſhip to me, Though, Mrs. Mechlin, it can't be ſuppoſed that I ſhould admit any of the Fungus family into my preſence——

Z. Fun. No, no, to be ſure; not at firſt, as I ſaid.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Yet his brother or any other relation, may dine with the ſervants every day.

Z. Fun. Do you hear, Iſaac, there's your true, inherent nobility, ſo humble and affable; but people of real rank never have any pride; that is only for upſtarts.

I. Fun. Wonderfully gracious; but here, brother Zac. you miſtake me, it is not for myſelf I am ſorry.

Z. Fun. Whom then?

I. Fun. For you. Don't you think that your wife will deſpiſe you?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Can you ſuppoſe that you will live together a month?

Z. Fun. Yes.

I. Fun. Why, can you bear to walk about your own houſe like a paltry dependant?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. To have yourſelf and your orders contemned by your ſervants?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. To ſee your property devoured by your lady's beggarly couſins, who, notwithſtanding, won't vouchſafe you a nod?——

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Can you be blind at her bidding, run at her ſending, come at her calling, dine by yourſelf when ſhe has bettermoſt company, and ſleep ſix nights a week in the garret?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Why, will you dare to diſobey, have the impudence to diſpute the ſovereign will and pleaſure of a lady like her?

Z. Fun. Ay, marry will I.

I. Fun. And don't you expect a whole clan of

Andrew

Andrew Ferraros, with their naked points at your throat?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Then you don't know half you will have to go through.

Z. Fun. Look you, brother, I know what you would be at; you don't mean I ſhould marry at all.

I. Fun. Indeed, brother Zachary, you wrong me; I ſhould with pleaſure ſee you equally matched, that is, to one of your own rank and condition.

Z. Fun. You would? I don't doubt it, but that is a pleaſure you never will have. Look you, Iſaac, I have made up my mind; it is a lady I like, and a lady I will have; and if you ſay any more, I'll not be contented with that, for damme, I'll marry a ducheſs.

Enter La Fleur.

La Fleur. Le Maitre pour donner d'eloquence.

Z. Fun. What does the puppy ſay, Mrs. Mechlin? for you know I can't parler vous.

Mrs. Mech. The gentleman from the city, that is to make you a ſpeaker.

Z. Fun. Odzooks! a ſpecial fine fellow, let's have him.

Mrs. Mech. Faites l'entrer. [*Exit La Fleur.*

I. Fun. Brother, as you are buſy, I will take another ———

Z. Fun. No, no, this is the fineſt fellow of all, it is he that is to make me a man; and hark ye, brother, if I ſhould chance to riſe in the ſtate, no more words, your buſineſs is done.

I. Fun. What, I reckon ſome member of parliament.

Z. Fun.

Z. Fun. A member! Lord help you, brother Iſaac, this man is a whole ſenate himſelf. Why it is the famous orationer that has publiſhed the book.

I. Fun. What, Mr. Gruel.

Z. Fun. The ſame.

I. Fun. Yes, I have ſeen his name in the News.

Z. Fun. His knowledge is wonderful; he has told me ſuch ſecrets: why do you know, Iſaac, by what means 'tis we ſpeak?

I. Fun. Speak! why we ſpeak with our mouths.

Z. Fun. No, we don't.

I. Fun. No!

Z. Fun. No. He ſays we ſpeak by means of the tongue, the teeth, and the throat; and without them we only ſhould bellow.

I. Fun. But ſurely the mouth—

Z. Fun. The mouth, I tell you, is little or nothing, only juſt a cavity for the air to paſs through.

I. Fun. Indeed!

Z. Fun. That's all; and when the cavity's ſmall, little ſounds will come out; when large, the great ones proceed; obſerve now in whiſtling and bawling.—[*whiſtles and bawls.*]—Do you ſee. Oh he is a miraculous man.

I. Fun. But of what uſe is all this?

Z. Fun. But it's knowledge, a'n't it; and of what ſignification is that, you fool! and then as to uſe, why he can make me ſpeak in any manner he pleaſes; as a lawyer, a merchant, a country gentleman; whatever the ſubject requires.—But here he is.

Enter

Enter Mr. GRUEL.

Mr. Gruel, your ſervant; I have been holding forth in your praiſe.

Gruel. I make no doubt, Mr. Fungus, but to your declamation, or recitation, (as Quintilian more properly terms it) I ſhall be indebted for much future praiſe, in as much as the reputation of the ſcholar does (as I may ſay) confer or rather as it were reflect, a marvellous kind of luſtre on the fame of the maſter himſelf.

Z. Fun. There, Iſaac! didſt ever hear the like? he talks juſt as if it were all out of a book; what would you give to be able to utter ſuch words?

I. Fun. And what ſhould I do with them? them holiday terms would not paſs in my ſhop; there's no buying and ſelling with them.

Gruel. Your obſervation is pithy and pertinent; different ſtations different idioms demand, poliſhed periods accord ill with the mouths of mechanics; but as that tribe is permitted to circulate a baſer kind of coin, for the eaſe and convenience of inferior traffic, ſo it is indulged with a vernacular or vicious vulgar phraſeology, to carry on their interlocutory commerce; but I doubt, ſir, I ſoar above the region of your comprehenſion?

I. Fun. Why if you would come down a ſtep or two, I can't ſay but I ſhould underſtand you the better.

Z. Fun. And I too.

Gruel. Then to the familiar I fall: if the gentleman has any ambition to ſhine at a veſtry, a common-hall, or even a convivial club, I can ſupply him with ample materials.

I. Fun.

I. Fun. No, I have no ſuch deſire.

Gruel. Not to loſe time; your brother here, (for ſuch I find the gentleman is) in other reſpects a common man like yourſelf——

Z. Fun. No better.

Gruel. Obſerve how altered by means of my art: are you prepared in the ſpeech on the great importance of trade?

Z. Fun. Pretty well, I believe.

Gruel. Let your geſticulations be chaſte, and your muſcular movements conſiſtent.

Z. Fun. Never fear——[*Enter Jenny, and whiſpers Mrs. Mechlin.*]——Mrs. Mechlin, you'll ſtay?

Mrs. Mech. A little buſineſs, I'll return in an inſtant. [*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

Gruel. A little here to the left, if you pleaſe, ſir, there you will only catch his profile—that's right—now you will have the full force of his face; one, two, three; now off you go.

Z. Fun. When I conſider the vaſt importance of this day's debate; when I revolve the various viciſſitudes that this ſoil has ſuſtained; when I ponder what our painted progenitors were; and what we, their civilized ſucceſſors, are; when I reflect, that they fed on crab-apples and cheſnuts——

Gruel. Pignuts, good ſir, if you pleaſe.

Z. Fun. You are right; crab-apples and pignuts; and that we feaſt on green-peas, and on cuſtards: when I trace in the recording hiſtorical page, that their floods gave them nothing but frogs, and now know we have fiſh by land carriage. I am loſt in amazement at the prodigious power of commerce. Hail commerce! daughter of induſtry, conſort to credit, parent of opulence, full ſiſter to liberty,

liberty, and great grandmother to the art of navigation—

I. Fun. Why this gentlewoman has a pedigree as long as your wife's, brother Zac.

Z. Fun. Prithee Iſaac be quiet—art of navigation—a—a—'vigation.—Zooks, that fellow has put me quite out.

Gruel. It matters not; this day's performance has largely fulfilled your yeſterday's promiſe.

Z. Fun. But I han't half done, the beſt is to come; let me juſt give him that part about turnpegs—for the ſloughs, the mires, the ruts, the impaſſable bogs, that the languid, but generous, ſteed travelled through; he now pricks up his ears, he neighs, he canters, he capers through a whole region of turnpegs.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Your riding-maſter is below.

Z. Fun. Gadſo! then here we muſt end. You'll pardon me, good Mr. Gruel; for as I want to be a finiſhed gentleman as ſoon as I can, it is impoſſible for me to ſtick long to any one thing.

Gruel. Sir, Though your exit is rather abrupt, yet the multiplicity of your avocations do, (as I may ſay) in ſome meaſure, cicatriſe the otherwiſe mortal wound on this occaſion ſuſtained by decorum.

Z. Fun. Cicatriſe! I could hear him all day: He is a wonderful man. Well, Mr. Gruel, to morrow we will at it again.

Gruel. You will find me prompt at your ſlighteſt volition.

Z. Fun. I wiſh, brother Iſaac, I could have ſtaid, you ſhould have heard me oration away like a lawyer;

a lawyer, about pleadings and preſidents, but all in good time.— [*Exit Fungus.*

Mrs. Mech. This gentleman, ſir, will gain you vaſt credit.

Gruel. Yes, ma'am, the capabilities of the gentleman, I confeſs, are enormous; and as to you I am indebted for this promiſing pupil, you will permit me to expunge the obligation by an inſtantaneous and gratis lecture on that ſpecies of eloquence peculiar to ladies.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, ſir, I have no ſort of occaſion—

Gruel. As to that biped, man, (for ſuch I define him to be) a male or maſculine manner belongs—

Mrs. Mech. Any other time, good Mr. Gruel.

Gruel. So to that biped, woman, ſhe participating of his general nature, the word homo, in Latin, being promiſcuouſly uſed as woman or man—

Mrs. Mech. For Heaven's ſake—

Gruel. But being caſt in a more tender and delicate mould—

Mrs. Mech. Sir, I have twenty people in waiting—

Gruel. The ſoft, ſupple, inſinuating graces—

Mrs. Mech. I muſt inſiſt——

Gruel. Do appertain, (as I may ſay) in a more peculiar, or particular manner;——

Mrs. Mech. Nay, then——

Gruel. Her rank, in the order, of entities.—

Mrs. Mech. I muſt thruſt you out of my houſe.

Gruel. Not calling her forth——

Mrs. Mech. Was there ever ſuch a——

[*puſhing him out.*

Re-

Re-enter GRUEL.

Gruel. To thoſe eminent, hazardous, and (as I may ſay) perilous conflicts, which ſo often——

Mrs. Mech. Get down ſtairs, and be hanged to you.—[*Puſhes him out.*]—There he goes, as I live, from the top to the bottom; I hope I han't done him a miſchief: You ar'n't hurt, Mr. Gruel?—No, all's ſafe; I hear him going on with his ſpeech; an impertinent puppy!

J. Fun. Impertinent, indeed, I wonder all thoſe people don't turn your head, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, I am pretty well uſed to 'em But who comes here! Mr. Iſaac, if you will ſtep into the next room, I have ſomething to communicate that well deſerves your attention.

[*Exit Iſaac Fungus.*

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Doctor Catgut at the foot of the ſtairs.

Mrs. Mech. The devil he is! What can have brought him at this time of day? Watch, Simon, that nobody comes up whilſt he is here.—[*Exit. Simon.*]—I hope he has not heard of the pretty preſent we ſent him to day.

Enter Dr. CATGUT.

Dr. Cat. Madam Mechlin, your humble. I have, ma'am, received a couple of compliments from your manſion this morning; one I find from a lodger of your's, the other I preſume from your niece; but for the laſt, I rather ſuppoſe I am indebted to you.

Mrs. Mech. Me! indeed, Doctor, you are widely miſtaken; I aſſure you, ſir, ſince your buſineſs broke out, I have never ſet eyes of her once.

Dr. Cat.

Dr. Cat. Then I am falſely informed.

Mrs. Mech. But after all you muſt own it is but what you deſerve. I wonder, Doctor you don't leave off theſe tricks.

Dr. Cat. Why what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? my conſtitution requires it.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed, I ſhould not have thought it.

Dr. Cat. Then the dear little devils are ſo deſperately fond.

Mrs. Mech. Without doubt.

Dr. Cat. And for frolick, flirtation, diligence, dreſs and addreſs——

Mrs. Mech. To be ſure.

Dr. Cat. For what you call genuine gallantry, few men, I flatter myſelf, will be found that can match me.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, that's a point given up.

Dr. Cat. Hark ye, Molly Mechlin; let me periſh, child, you look divinely to-day.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed!

Dr. Cat. But that I have two or three affairs on my hands, I ſhould be poſitively tempted to trifle with thee a little.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, but Doctor, conſider I am not of a trifling age, it would be only loſing your time.

Dr. Cat. Ha, ſo coy! But a propos, Molly, this lodger of your's; who is he, and what does he want?

Mrs. Mech. You have heard of the great Mr. Fungus!

Dr. Cat. Well!

Mrs. Mech. Being informed of your ſkill and abilities, he has ſent for you to teach him to ſing.

Dr. Cat.

Dr. Cat. Me teach him to ſing! What does the ſcoundrel mean to affront me?

Mrs. Mech. Affront you!

Dr. Cat. Why don't you know, child, that I quitted that paltry profeſſion?

Mrs. Mech. Not I.

Dr. Cat. Oh, intirely renounced it.

Mrs. Mech. Then what may you follow at preſent?

Dr. Cat. Me!—nothing. I am a poet, my dear.

Mrs. Mech. A poet!

Dr. Cat. A poet. The Muſes; you know I was always fond of the ladies: I ſuppoſe you have heard of Shakſpeare, and Shadwell, of Tom Brown, and of Milton, and Hudibras?

Mrs. Mech. I have.

Dr. Cat. I ſhall blaſt all their laurels, by gad; I have juſt given the public a taſte, but there's a belly-full for them in my larder at home.

Mrs. Mech. Upon my word, you ſurpriſe me; but pray, is poetry a trade to be learned?

Dr. Cat. Doubtleſs. Capital as I am, I have not acquired it above a couple of years.

Mrs. Mech. And could you communicate your art to another?

Dr. Cat. To be ſure. Why I have here in my pocket, my dear, a whole folio of rhymes, from Z quite to great A. Let us ſee, A. Ay, here it begins, A, aſs, paſs, graſs, maſs, laſs, and ſo quite thro' the alphabet down to Z. Zounds, grounds, mounds, pounds, hounds.

Mrs. Mech. And what do you do with thoſe rhymes?

Dr. Cat. Oh, we ſupply them.

Mrs. Mech. Supply them?

Dr. Cat.

Dr. Cat. Ay, fill them up, as I will ſhew you. Laſt week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made theſe rhimes into a duet for a new comic opera I have on the ſtocks. Mind, for I look upon the words as a model for that ſort of writing.

Firſt ſhe.—*There to ſee the ſluggiſh aſs,*
Thro' the meadows as we paſs,
Eating up the farmer's graſs,
Blyth and merry, by the maſs,
As a little country laſs.

Mrs. Mech. Very pretty.

Dr. Cat. A'n't it. Then he replies,

Hear the farmer cry out, zounds!
As he trudges thro' the grounds,
Yonder beaſt has broke my mounds;
If the pariſh has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds.

Then Da Capo, both join in repeating the laſt ſtanza; and this tacked to a tolerable tune, will run you for a couple of months. You obſerve?

Mrs. Mech. Clearly. As our gentleman is deſirous to learn all kinds of things, I can't help thinking but he will take a fancy to this.

Dr. Cat. In that caſe, he may command me, my dear; and I promiſe you, in a couple of months, he ſhall know as much of the matter as I do.

Mrs. Mech. At preſent he is a little engaged, but as ſoon as the honey-moon is over ——

Dr. Cat. Honey-moon! Why is he going to be married?

Mrs. Mech. This Evening, I fancy.

Dr. Cat. The fineſt opportunity for an introduction, in nature; I have by me, ma'am Mechlin,

lin, of my own compoſition, ſuch an epithalamium.

Mrs. Mech. Thalmium, what's that?

Dr. Cat. A kind of an elegy, that we poets compoſe at the ſolemnization of weddings.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, ho!

Dr. Cat. It is ſet to muſick already, for I ſtill compoſe for myſelf.

Mrs. Mech. You do?

Dr. Cat. Yes. What think you now of providing a band, and ſerenading the 'ſquire to-night? It will be a pretty extempore compliment.

Mrs. Mech. The prettieſt thought in the world. But I hear Mr. Fungus's bell. You'll excuſe me, dear Doctor, you may ſuppoſe we are buſy.

Dr. Cat. No apology then, I'll about it this inſtant.

Mrs. Mech. As ſoon as you pleaſe; any thing to get you out of the way. [*Aſide and exit.*

Dr. Cat. Your obſequious, good madam Mechlin. But notwithſtanding all your fine ſpeeches, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect my bleſſed bargain at home was a preſent from you; and what ſhall I do with it? ——Theſe little embarraſſes we men of intrigue are eternally ſubject to. There will be no ſending it back. She will never let it enter the houſe. —Hey! gad, a lucky thought is come into my head——this ſerenade is finely contrived.—— Madam Mechlin ſhall have her couſin again, for I will return her bye-blow in the body of a double baſs-viol; ſo the bawd ſhall have a concert as well as the 'ſquire.—— [*Exit.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE Continues.

Enter HARPY, YOUNG LOVEIT *and* JENNY.

Harpy.

TELL your miſtreſs my name is Harpy; ſhe knows me, and how precious my time is.

Jen. Mr. Harpy, the attorney of Furnival's Inn? [*Exit Jenny.*

Har. The ſame. Ay, ay, young gentleman, this is your woman; I warrant your buſineſs is done. You knew Kitty Williams, that married Mr. Abednego Potiphar, the Jew broker?

Y. Lov. I did.

Har. And Robin Rainbow, the happy huſband of the widow Champanſy, from the iſle of St. Kitt's?

Y. Lov. I have ſeen him.

Har. All owing to her. Her ſucceſs in that branch of buſineſs is wonderful! Why, I dare believe, ſince laſt ſummer, ſhe has not ſent off leſs than forty couple to Edinburgh.

Y. Lov. Indeed! She muſt be very adroit.

Har. Adroit! You ſhall judge. I will tell you a caſe: you know the large brick houſe at Peckham, with a turret at top?

Y. Lov. Well.

Har. There lived Miſs Cicely Mite, the only daughter of old Mite the cheeſemonger, at the corner of Newgate-ſtreet, juſt turned of fourteen, and under the wing of an old maiden aunt, as watchful

ful as a dragon—but hush—I hear Mrs. Mechlin, I'll take another season to finish my tale.

Y. Lov. But, Mr. Harpy, as these kind of women are a good deal given to gossiping, I would rather my real name was a secret till there is a sort of necessity.

Har. Gossiping! She, lord help you, she is as close as a Catholic confessor.

Y. Lov. That may be, but you must give me leave to insist.

Har. Well, well, as you please.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Your very humble servant, good madam Mechlin; I have taken the liberty to introduce a young gentleman, a friend of mine, to crave your assistance.

Mrs. Mech. Any friend of yours, Mr. Harpy; won't you be seated, sir.

Y. Lov. Ma'am. [*They sit down.*

Mrs. Mech. And pray, sir, how can I serve you?

Har. Why, ma'am, the gentleman's situation is —but, sir, you had better state your case to Mrs. Mechlin yourself.

Y. Lov. Why, you are to know, ma'am, that I am just escaped from the university, where (I need not tell you) you are greatly esteemed.

Mrs. Mech. Very obliging. I must own, sir, I have had a very great respect for that learned body, ever since they made a near and dear friend of mine a doctor of music.

Y. Lov. Yes, ma'am, I remember the gentleman.

Mrs. Mech. Do you know him, sir? I expect him here every minute to instruct a lodger of mine.

Y. Lov. Not intimately. Just arrived, but last night: upon my coming to town I found my father deceased,

deceaſed, and all his fortune deviſed to his relict, my mother.

Mrs. Mech. What, the whole!

Y. Lov. Every ſhilling. That is, for her life.

Mrs Mech. And to what ſum may it amount?

Y. Lov. Why, my mother is eternally telling me, that after her, I ſhall inherit fifty or ſixty thouſand at leaſt.

Mrs. Mech. Upon my word, a capital ſum.

Y. Lov. But of what uſe, my dear Mrs. Mechlin, ſince ſhe refuſes to advance me a guinea upon the credit of it, and while the graſs grows——You know the proverb.———

Mr. Mech. What, I ſuppoſe you want ſomething for preſent ſubſiſtence?

Y. Lov. Juſt my ſituation.

Mrs. Mech. Have you thought of nothing for yourſelf?

Y. Lov. I am reſolved to be guided by you.

Mrs. Mech. What do you think of a wife?

Y. Lov. A wife!

Mrs. Mech. Come, come, don't deſpiſe my advice; when a young man's finances are low, a wife is a much better reſource than a uſurer; and there are in this town a number of kind-hearted widows that take a pleaſure in repairing the injuries done by fortune to handſome young fellows.

Har. Mrs. Mechlin has reaſon.

Y. Lov. But, dear ma'am, what can I do with a wife.

Mrs. Mech. Do! why like other young fellows who marry ladies a little ſtricken in years; make her your banker and ſteward. If you ſay but the word, before night I'll give you a widow with two thouſand a year in her pocket.

Y. Lov.

Y. Lov. Two thouſand a year! a pretty employment, if the reſidence could but be diſpenſed with.

Mrs. Mech. What do you mean by reſidence? Do you think a gentleman, like a pitiful trader, is to be eternally tacked to his wife's petticoat? when ſhe is in town, be you in the country; as ſhe ſhifts do you ſhift. Why, you need not be with her above thirty days in the year; and let me tell you, you won't find a more eaſy condition; twelve months ſubſiſtence for one month's labour!

Y. Lov. Two thouſand a year, you are ſure?

Mrs. Mech. The leaſt penny.

Y. Lov. Well madam, you ſhall diſpoſe of me juſt as you pleaſe.

Mrs. Mech. Very well, if you will call in half an hour at fartheſt, I believe we ſhall finiſh the buſineſs.

Y. Lov. In half an hour?

Mrs. Mech. Preciſely. Oh, diſpatch is the very life and ſoul of my trade. Mr. Harpy will tell you my terms, you will find them reaſonable enough.

Har. Oh, I am ſure we ſhall have no diſpute about thoſe.

Y. Lov. No, no.—— [*Going.*

Mrs. Mech. Oh, but Mr. Harpy, it may be proper to mention that the gentlewoman, the party, is upwards of ſixty.

Y. Lov. With all my heart; it is the purſe, not the perſon I want! Sixty! ſhe is quite a girl; I wiſh with all my ſoul ſhe was ninety.

Mrs. Mech. Get you gone, you are a devil, I ſee that.

Y. Lov. Well, for half an hour, ſweet Mrs. Mechlin, adieu.

[*Exeunt Young Loveit and Harpy.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Soh! I have provided for my dowager from Devonſhire-ſquare, and now to cater for my commiſſary. Here he comes.

Enter FUNGUS *and* BRIDOUN.

Fun. So in ſix weeks—Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, any news from the lady?

Mrs. Mech. I expect her here every moment. She is conſcious that in this ſtep, ſhe deſcends from her dignity; but being deſirous to ſcreen you from the fury of her noble relations, ſhe is determined to let them ſee that the act and deed is intirely her own.

Fun. Very kind, very obliging indeed. But, Mrs. Mechlin, as the family is ſo furious, I reckon we ſhall never be reconciled.

Mrs. Mech. I don't know that. When you have bought commiſſions for her three younger brothers, diſcharged the mortgage on the paternal eſtate, and portioned off eight or nine of her ſiſters, it is not impoſſible but my lord may be prevailed on to ſuffer your name——

Fun. Do you think ſo?

Mrs. Mech. But then a work of time, Mr. Fungus.

Fun. Ay, ay, I know very well things of that kind are not brought about in a hurry.

Mrs. Mech. But I muſt prepare matters for the lady's reception.

Fun. By all means. The jewels are ſent to her ladyſhip?

Mrs. Mech. To be ſure.

Fun. And the ring for her ladyſhip, and her ladyſhip's licence?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, and her ladyſhip's parſon too; all are prepared.

Fun.

Fun. Parſon! why won't her ladyſhip pleaſe to be married at Powl's?

Mrs. Mech. Lord, Mr. Fungus, do you think a lady of her rank and condition would bear to be ſeen in public at once with a perſon like you?

Fun. That's true, I———

Mrs. Mech. No, no; I have ſent to Dr. Tickletext, and the buſineſs will be done in the parlour below.

Fun. As you and her ladyſhip pleaſes, good Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. You will get dreſſed as ſoon as you can.

Fun. I ſhall only take a ſhort leſſon from Mr. Bridoun, and then wait her ladyſhip's pleaſure. Mrs. Mechlin, may my brother be by?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, provided his being ſo is kept a ſecret from her.

Fun. Never fear.——[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*]——Well, Mr. Bridoun, and you think I am mended a little.———

Brid. A great deal.

Fun. And that in a month or ſix weeks I may be able to prance upon a long-tailed horſe in Hyde-park, without any danger of falling?

Brid. Without doubt.

Fun. It will be vaſt pleaſant, in the heat of the day, to canter along the King's-road, ſide by ſide with the ladies, in the thick of the duſt; but that I muſt not hope for this ſummer.

Brid. I don't know that, if you follow it cloſe.

Fun. Never fear, I ſhan't be ſparing of——But come, come, let us get to our buſineſs——John, have the carpenters brought home my new horſe?

Enter

Enter JOHN.

John. It is here, ſir, upon the top of the ſtairs.

Fun. Then fetch it in, in an inſtant,—[*Exit John.*]—What a deal of time and trouble there goes, Mr. Bridoun, to the making a gentleman. And do your gentlemen born now (for I reckon you have had of all ſorts) take as much pains as we do?

Brid. To be ſure; but they begin at an earlier age.

Fun. There is ſomething in that; I did not know but they might be apter, more cuterer now in catching their larning.

Brid. Diſpoſitions do certainly differ.

Fun. Ay, ay, ſomething in nater, I warrant, as they ſay the children of blackamoors will ſwim as ſoon as they come into the world ——[*Enter Servants with a wooden horſe.*]——Oh, here he is, Ods me! it is a ſtately fine beaſt.

Brid. Here, my lads, place it here—very well, where's your ſwitch, Mr. Fungus?

Fun. I have it.

Brid. Now let me ſee you vault nimbly into your ſeat. Zounds! you are got on the wrong ſide, Mr. Fungus!

Fun. I am ſo, indeed, but we'll ſoon rectify that. Now we are right: may I have leave to lay hold of the mane?

Brid. If you can't mount him without.

Fun. I will try; but this ſteed is ſo deviliſh tall —Mr. Bridoun, you don't think he'll throw me?

Brid. Never fear.

Fun. Well, if he ſhould he can't kick, that's one comfort, however.

Brid. Now mind your poſition.

Fun.

Fun. Stay till I recover my wind.

Brid. Let your head be erect.

Fun. There.

Brid. And your ſhoulders fall eaſily back.

Fun. Ho —— there.

Brid. Your ſwitch perpendicular in your right hand——Your right ——that is it, your left to the bridle.

Fun. There.

Brid. Your knees in, and your toes out.

Fun. There.

Brid. Are you ready?

Fun. When you will.

Brid. Off you go.

Fun. Don't let him gallop at firſt.

Brid. Very well: preſerve your poſition.

Fun. I warrant.

Brid. Does he carry you eaſy?

Fun. All the world like a cradle. But, Mr. Bridoun, I go at a wonderful rate.

Brid. Mind your knees.

Fun. Ay, ay, I can't think but this here horſe ſtands ſtill very near as faſt as another can gallop.

Brid. Mind your toes.

Fun. Ho, Stop the horſe. Zounds! I'm out of the ſtirrups, I can't ſit him no longer; there I go.—— [*Falls off.*

Brid. I hope you ar'n't hurt?

Fun. My left hip has a little confuſion.

Brid. A trifle, quite an accident; it might happen to the very beſt rider in England.

Fun. Indeed!

Brid. We have ſuch things happen every day at the manege; but you are vaſtly improved.

Fun. Why, I am grown bolder a little; and, Mr.

Mr. Bridoun, when do you think I may venture to ride a live horſe?

Brid. The very inſtant you are able to keep your ſeat on a dead one.———

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Bleſs me, Mr. Fungus, how you are trifling your time! I expect lady Sachariſſa every moment, and ſee what a trim you are in!

Fun. I beg pardon, good madam Mechlin. I'll be equipped in a couple of minutes; where will her ladyſhip pleaſe to receive me?

Mrs. Mech. In this room, to be ſure; come, ſtir, ſtir.

Fun. I have had a little fall from my horſe.—I'll go as faſt as I—Mr. Bridoun, will you lend me a lift? [*Exeunt Fungus and Bridoun.*

Mrs. Mech. There—Jenny, ſhow Mrs. Loveit in here—Who's there?—

Enter SERVANTS.

Pray move that piece of lumber out of the way. Come, come, make haſte. Madam, if you'll ſtep in here for a moment.

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. So, ſo, Mrs. Mechlin; well, you ſee I am true to my time; and how have you throve, my good woman?

Mrs. Mech. Beyond expectations.

Mrs. Lov. Indeed! And have you provided a party?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, and ſuch a party, you might ſearch the town round before you could meet with his fellow: he'll ſuit you in every reſpect.

Mrs. Lov. As how, as how, my dear woman?

Mrs. Mech. A gentleman by birth and by breeding,

ing, none of your little whipper ſnapper Jacks, but a countenance as comely, and a preſence as portly; he has one fault indeed, if you can but overlook that.

Mrs. Lov. What is it?

Mrs. Mech. His age.

Mrs. Lov. Age! how, how?

Mrs. Mech. Why he is rather under your mark, I am afraid; not above twenty at moſt.

Mrs. Lov. Well, well, ſo he anſwers in every thing elſe, we muſt overlook that; for, Mrs. Mechlin, there is no expecting perfection below.

Mrs. Mech. True, ma'am.

Mrs. Lov. And where is he?

Mrs. Mech. I look for him every minute; if you will but ſtep into the drawing-room, I have given him ſuch a picture, that I am ſure he is full as impatient as you.

Mrs. Lov. My dear woman, you are ſo kind and obliging: but, Mrs. Mechlin, how do I look? don't flatter me, do you think my figure will ſtrike him?

Mrs. Mech. Or he muſt be blind.

Mrs. Lov. You may juſt hint black don't become me, that I am a little paler of late; the loſs of a huſband one loves will cauſe an alteration, you know.

Mrs. Mech. True; oh, he will make an allowance for that.

Mrs. Lov. But things will come round in a trice.

[*Exit Mrs. Loveit.*

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Madam, miſs Dolly is dizened out, and every thing ready.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Let her wait for the Commiſſary here, I will introduce him the inſtant he is dreſſed.

[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

Sim. Miſs Dolly, you may come in, your aunt will be here in an inſtant.

Enter DOLLY *and* JENNY.

Dolly. Huſh, Simon, huſh, to your poſt.

Sim. I am gone——— [*Exit Simon.*

Dolly. Well, Jenny, and have I the true quality air?

Jen. As perfectly, ma'am, as if you had been bred to the buſineſs; and for figure, I defy the firſt of them all. For my part, I think Mr. Fungus very well off; when the ſecret comes out, I don't ſee what right he has to be angry.

Dolly. Oh, when once he is nooſed, let him ſtruggle as much as he will, the cord will be drawn only the tighter.

Jen. Ay, ay, we may truſt to your management. I hope, miſs, I ſhall have the honour to follow your fortunes; there will be no bearing this houſe, when once you have left it.

Dolly. No, Jenny, it would be barbarous to rob my aunt of ſo uſeful a ſecond; beſides, for miſtreſs and maid, we rather know one another a little too well.

Jen. Indeed! but here comes Mr. Fungus; remember diſtance and dignity.

Dolly. I warrant you, wench.

Jen. So, I ſee what I have to hope. Our young filly ſeems to be ſecure of her match; but I may joſtle her the wrong ſide the poſt: we will have a trial, however; but I muſt ſee and find out the brother.

Enter

Enter Z. FUNGUS *and Mrs.* MECHLIN.

Fun. Yes, Scarlet is vaſtly becoming, and takes very much with the ladies; quite proper too, as I have been in the army.

Mrs. Mech. Stay where you are till you are announced to the lady. Mr. Fungus begs leave to throw himſelf at your ladyſhip's feet.

Dolly. The mon may dra nigh.

Mrs. Mech. Approach.

Fun. One, two, three, ha! Will that do?

Mrs. Mech. Pretty well.

Fun. May I begin to make love?

Mrs. Mech. When you will.

Fun. Now ſtand my friend, Mr. Gruel But ſhe has ſuch a deal of dignity that ſhe daſhes me quite.

Mrs. Mech. Courage.

Fun. Here, hold the paper to prompt me in caſe I ſhould ſtumble—Madam, or, May it pleaſe your ladyſhip, When I preponderate the grandeur of your high ginnyalogy, and the mercantile meanneſs of my dingy deſcent; when I conſider that your anceſtors, like admiral Anſon, ſailed all round the world in the ark; and that it is a matter of doubt, whether I ever had any forefathers or no; I totter, I tremble, at the thoughts of my towering ambition — Ah — a, is not Phaeton next?———

Mrs. Mech. Hey!—[*Looking at the paper.*]—No, Luna.

Fun. Right;—ambition—dignity how debaſed, diſtance how great; it is as if the link ſhould demand an alliance with Luna; or the buſhy-bramble court the boughs of the ſtately Scotch fir; it is as if——What's next?

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Next——hey ;——I have loſt the place I am afraid—Come, come, enough has been ſaid ; you have ſhewn the ſenſe you entertain of the honour. Upon theſe occaſions, a third perſon is fitteſt to cut matters ſhort. Your ladyſhip hears that ———

Dolly. Yes, yes, I ken weel enough what the mon would be at. Mrs. Mechlin has ſpear'd ſike things in your great commendations, Mr. Fungus, that I cannot but ſay I clik'd a fancy to you from the very beginning.

Fun. Much obliged to Mrs. Mechlin, indeed, pleaſe your la'ſhip.—

Dolly. You ken I am of as auncient a family as any North Briton can boaſt.

Fun. I know it full well, pleaſe your la'ſhip.

Dolly. And that I ſhall get the ill-wull of a' my kin by this match.

Fun. I am ſorry for that, pleaſe your la'ſhip.

Dolly. But after the ceremony it will be proper to withdraw from town for a ſhort ſpace o' time.

Fun. Pleaſe your la'ſhip, what your la ſhip pleaſes.

Dolly. In order to gi that goſſip, Scandal, juſt time to tire her tongue.

Fun. True, your la'ſhip.

Dolly. I mun expect that the folk will mak' free wi' my character in chooſing ſike a conſort as you.

Fun. And with me too, pleaſe your la'ſhip.

Dolly. Wi' you, mon !

Mrs. Mech. Hold your tongue.

Dolly. Donna you think the honor will dra mickle envy upon you ?

Fun. Oh, to be ſure, pleaſe your la'ſhip. I did not mean that.

Dolly. Weel, I ſay we'll gang into the country.

Fun.

Fun. As ſoon as your la'ſhip pleaſes; I have a ſweet houſe hard by Reading.

Dolly. You ha'; that's right.

Fun. One of the moſt pleaſanteſt places that can be again.

Dolly. Ha' you a good proſpect?

Fun. Twenty ſtage-coaches drive every day by the door, beſides carts and gentlemen's carriages.

Dolly. Ah, that will ———

Mrs. Mech. Oh, your ladyſhip will find all things prepared: in the next room the attorney waits with the writings.

Fun. The honour of your la'ſhip's hand—

Dolly. Maiſter Fungus, you're a little too haſty. [*Exit Dolly.*

Mrs. Mech. Not till after the nuptials; you muſt not expect to be too familiar at firſt.

Fun. Pray, when do you think we ſhall bring the bedding about?

Mrs. Mech. About the latter end of the year, when the winter ſets in.

Fun. Not before!

Enter Young LOVEIT, *haſtily.*

Y. Lov. I hope, Madam Mechlin, I have not exceeded my hour; but I expected Mr. Harpy would call.

Mrs. Mech. He is in the next room with a lady. Oh, Mr. Fungus, this gentleman is ambitious of obtaining the nuptial benediction from the ſame hands after you.

Fun. He's heartily welcome: What, and is his wife a woman of quality too?

Mrs. Mech. No, no, a cit; but monſtrouſly rich; but your lady will wonder———

Fun.

Fun. Ay, ay, but you'll follow; for I ſhan't know what to ſay to her when we are alone.—

[*Exit Fungus.*

Mrs. Meſh. I will ſend you, ſir, your ſpouſe in an inſtant: the gentlewoman is a widow, ſo you may throw in what raptures you pleaſe.

Y. Lov. Never fear.—[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*]—And yet this ſcene is ſo new, how to acquit myſelf—let me recollect—ſome piece of a play now.——"Vouchſafe divine perfection"——No, that won't do for a dowager; it is too humble and whining. But ſee, the door opens, ſo I have no time for rehearſal—I have it——"Claſp'd "in the folds of love I'll meet my doom, and act my"———

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov Hah!

Y. Lov. By all that's monſtrous, my mother!

Mrs. Lov. That rebel my ſon, as I live!

Y. Lov. The quotation was quite a-propos: had it been a little darker, I might have revived the ſtory of Œdipus.

Mrs. Lov. So, ſirrah, what makes you from your ſtudies?

Y. Lov. A ſmall hint I received of your inclinations brought me here, ma'am, in order to prevent, if poſſible, my father's fortune from going out of the family.

Mrs. Lov. Your father! how dare you diſturb his dear aſhes; you know well enough how his dear memory melts me; and that at his very name my heart is ready to break.

Y. Lov. Well ſaid, my old matron of Epheſus.

Mrs. Lov. That is what you want, you diſobedient unnatural monſter; but compleat, accompliſh your

your cruelty: ſend me the ſame road your villanies forced your father to take.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Hey-day! What the deuce have we here; our old lady in tears!

Mrs. Lov. Diſappointed a little; that's all.

Mrs. Mech. Pray, ma'am what can occaſion——

Mrs. Lov. Lord bleſs me, Mrs. Mechlin, what a blunder you have made.

Mrs. Mech. A blunder! as how?

Mrs. Lov. Do you know who you have brought me?

Mrs. Mech. Not perfectly.

Mrs. Lov. My own ſon! that's all.

Mrs. Mech. Your ſon!

Mrs. Lov. Ay, that rebellious, unnatural—

Mrs. Mech. Blunder indeed! But who could have thought it: why by your account, ma'am, I imagined your ſon was a child ſcarce out of his frocks.

Mrs. Lov. Here's company coming, ſo my reputation will be blaſted for ever.

Mrs. Mech. Never fear, leave the care on't to me.

Enter FUNGUS *and* DOLLY.

Fun. What is the matter: you make ſuch a noiſe, there is no ſuch thing as minding the writings.

Mrs. Mech. This worthy lady an old friend of mine, not having ſet eyes on her ſon ſince the death of his father; and being appriſed by me, that here ſhe might meet with him, came with a

true

true maternal affection to give him a little wholſome advice.

Mrs. Lov. Well ſaid, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Which the young man returned in a way ſo brutal and barbarous, that his poor mother—be comforted, ma'am; you had better repoſe on my bed.

Mrs. Lov. Any where to get out of his ſight.

Mrs. Mech. Here, Jenny.

Mrs. Lov. Do you think you can procure me another party.

Mrs. Mech. Never doubt it.

Mrs. Lov. Ugh, ugh—— [*Exit coughing.*

Mrs. Mech. Bear up a little, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Fun. Fye upon you, you have thrown the old gentlewoman into the ſtericks.

Y. Lov. Sir!

Fun. You a man! you are a ſcandal, a ſhame to your ſect.

Enter Dr. CATGUT.

Dr. Cat. Come, come, Mrs. Mechlin, are the couple prepared; the fiddles are tuned, the bows ready roſined, and the whole band—Oh, you, ſir, are one party I reckon, but where is the—Ah, Dolly, what are you here, my dear.

Dolly. Soh!

Fun. Dolly! Who the devil can this be?

Dr. Cat. As nice and as ſpruce too, the bridemaid I warrant: why you look as blooming, you ſlut.

Fun. What can this be? hark ye, ſir!

Dr. Cat. Well, ſir.

Fun. Don't you think you are rather too familiar with a lady of her rank and condition?

Dr. Cat. Rank and condition: what, Dolly?

Fun.

Fun. Dolly; what a plague poſſeſſes the man; this is no Dolly, I tell you.

Dr. Cat. No!

Fun. No this is lady Scachariſſa Mackirkincroft.

Dr. Cat. Who?

Fun. Deſcended from the old, old, old earl of Glendowery.

Dr. Cat. What ſhe, Dolly Mechlin?

Fun. Dolly Devil, the man's out of his wits, I believe.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, will you ſet this matter to rights?

Mrs. Mech. How, Dr. Catgut!

Fun. The ſtrangeſt fellow here has danced up ſtairs, and has Dolly, Dolly, Dolly'd my lady; who the plague can he be?

Dr. Cat. Oh, a-propos, Molly Mechlin, what is this the man that is to be married? the marriage will never hold good; why he is more frantic and madder ———

Fun. Mad! John, fetch me the foils; I'll carte and tierce you, you ſcoundrel.

Enter ISAAC FUNGUS *and* JENNY.

I. Fun. Where's brother, it an't over; you be'n't married, I hope.

Z. Fun. No, I believe not; why, what is the ——

I. Fun. Pretty hands you are got into! Your ſervant, good madam; what this is the perſon, I warrant; ay how pretty the puppet is painted; do you know who ſhe is?

Z. Fun. Who ſhe is? without doubt.

I. Fun.

I. Fun. No, you don't, brother Zac. only the ſpawn of that devil incarnate, dreſſed out as—

Z. Fun. But hark ye, Iſaac, are—don't be in a hurry—are you ſure—

I. Fun. Sure—the girl of the houſe, abhorring their ſcandalous project, has freely confeſſed the whole ſcheme. Jenny, ſtand forth, and anſwer boldly to what I ſhall aſk: Is not this wench the woman's niece of the houſe?

Jen. I fancy ſhe will hardly deny it.

I. Fun. And is not this miſtreſs of yours a moſt profligate ———

Mrs. Mech. Come, come, Maſter Iſaac, I will ſave you the trouble, and cut this matter ſhort in an inſtant:—well then, this girl, this Dolly, is my niece; and what then?

Z. Fun. And ar'n't you aſhamed?

Y. Lov. She aſhamed! I would have told you, but I could not get you to liſten; why ſhe brought me here to marry my mother.

Z. Fun. Marry your mother! Lord have mercy on us, what a monſter! to draw a young man in to be guilty of incenſe. But hark ye, brother Iſaac. [*They retire.*

Dr. Cat. Gads my life, what a ſweet project I have helped to deſtroy; but come, Dolly, I'll piece thy broken fortunes again; thou haſt a good pretty voice, I'll teach thee a thrill and a ſhake, perch thee amongſt the boughs at one of the gardens: and then as a miſtreſs, which, as the world goes, is a much better ſtation than that of a wife, not the proudeſt of them all—

Mrs. Mech. Miſtreſs! No, no, we have not managed our matters ſo badly. Hark ye, Mr. Commiſſary.

Z. Fun. Well, what do you want?

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Do you propoſe to conſummate your nuptials?

Z. Fun. That's a pretty queſtion, indeed.

Mrs. Mech. You have no objection then to paying the penalty, the contract here that Mr. Harpy has drawn.

Z. Fun. The contract, hey, brother Iſaac.

I. Fun. Let me ſee it.

Mrs. Mech. Soft you there, my maker of candles, it is as well where it is; but you need not doubt of its goodneſs: I promiſe you the beſt advice has been taken.

Z. Fun. What a damned fiend, what a harpy!

Mrs. Mech. And why ſo, my good maſter Fungus; is it becauſe I have practiſed that trade by retail which you have carried on in the groſs? What injury do I do the world? I feed on their follies, 'tis true; and the game, the plunder, is fair; but the fangs of you and your tribe,

A whole people have felt, and for ages will feel:
To their candour and juſtice I make my appeal;
Tho' a poor humble ſcourge in a national cauſe,
As I truſt I deſerve, I demand your applauſe.

[Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

THE

LAME LOVER,

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, 38, Bedford Street.

1808.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS SEYMOUR CONWAY,

EARL OF HERTFORD,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF

HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSHOLD,

TO WHOSE

POLITENESS AND CANDOUR

THE AUTHOR

OWES EVERY ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

THIS COMEDY IS

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP's

MOST OBLIGED

AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

SAM. FOOTE.

North End.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

Mr. GENTLEMAN.

PROLOGUES, like cards of compliment, we find,
Most as unmeaning as politely kind;
To beg a favour, or to plead excuse,
Of both appears to be the gen'ral use.
Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare
A kind exertion of your tend'rest care?
Shall I present our author to your sight,
All pale and trembling for his fate this night?
Shall I solicit the most pow'rful arms
To aid his cause—the force of beauty's charms?
Or tell each critic, his approving taste
Must give the sterling stamp, wherever plac'd?
This might be done—but so to seek applause
Argues a conscious weakness in the cause.
No—let the Muse in simple truth appear,
Reason and Nature are the judges here:
If by their strict and self-describing laws,
The sev'ral characters to-night she draws;
If from the whole a pleasing piece is made,
On the true principles of light and shade;
Struck with the harmony of just design,
Your eyes—your ears—your hearts, will all combine
To grant applause:—but if an erring hand
Gross disproportion marks in motley band,
If the group'd figures false connexions show,
And glaring colours without meaning glow,
Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,
Will justly damn—th' abortion of a play.
As Farquhar has observ'd, our English law,
Like a fair spreading oak, the Muse shall draw,
By Providence design'd, and wisdom made
For honesty to thrive beneath its shade;
Yet from its boughs some insects shelter find,
Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,
Who thrive, alas! too well, and never cease
To prey on justice, property, and peace.

PROLOGUE.

At such to-night, with other *legal* game,
Our vent'rous author takes satiric aim;
And brings, he hopes, originals to view,
Nor pilfers from th' Old Magpie, nor the New*.
But will to Candour chearfully submit;
She reigns in boxes, galleries, and pit.

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's Prologue to the Jubilee.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Luke Limp,	Mr. Foote.
Serjeant Circuit,	Mr. Vandermere.
Colonel Secret,	Mr. Robson.
Jack,	Mr. Weston.
Mr. Woodford,	Mr. Knowles.
Mr. Fairplay,	Mr. Wheeler.
First Servant,	Mr. Dancer.
Second Servant,	Mr. Griffiths.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Circuit,	Mrs. Gardner.
Charlotte,	Mrs. Jewell.
Mrs. Simper,	Mrs. Saunders.
Betty,	Mrs. Read.

THE

LAME LOVER.

ACT I.

Enter Serjeant Circuit and Charlotte.

Char.

I TELL you, sir, his love to me is all a pretence: it is amazing that you, who are so acute, so quick in discerning on other occasions, should be so blind upon this.

Serj. But where are your proofs, Charlotte? What signifies your opening matters which your evidence cannot support?

Char. Surely, sir, strong circumstances in every court should have weight.

Serj. So they have collaterally, child, that is by way as it were of corroboration, or where matters are doubtful; then indeed, as Plowden wisely observes "Les circonstances ajout beaucoup de-poids aux faits"—You understand me?

Char. Not perfectly well.

Serj. Then to explain by case in point; A, we will suppose, my dear, robs B of a watch upon Hounslow heath—dy'e mind, child?

Char. I do, sir.

Serj. A is taken up and indicted; B swears positively to the identity of A.—Dy'e observe?

Char. Attentively.

Serj. Then what does me A, but sets up the alibi C, to defeat the affidavit of B.—You take me?

Char. Clearly.

Serj. So far you see then the balance is even.

Char. True.

Serj. But then to turn the scale, child, against A, in favour of B, they produce the circumstance D, viz. B's watch found in the pocket of A; upon which, the testimony of C being contradicted by B,—no, by D,—why then A, that is to say C, —no D,—joining B, they convict C,—no, no, A, —against the affidavit of C.—So this being pretty clear, child, I leave the application to you.

Char. Very obliging, sir. But suppose now, sir, it should appear that the attention of sir Luke Limp is directed to some other object, would that not induce you to —

Serj. Other object! Where?

Char. In this very house.

Serj. Here! why the girl is non compos; there's nobody here, child, but a parcel of Abigails.

Char. No, sir?

Serj. No.

Char. Yes, sir, one person else.

Serj. Who is that?

Char. But remember, sir, my accusation is confined to sir Luke.

Serj. Well, well.

Char. Suppose then, sir, those powerful charms which made a conquest of you, may have extended their empire over the heart of sir Luke?

Serj. Why, hussy, you don't hint at your mother-in-law?

Char. Indeed, sir, but I do.

Serj. Ay; why this is point blank treason against my sovereign authority: but can you, Charlotte, bring proof of any overt acts?

Char. Overt acts!

Serj. Ay; that is any declaration by writing, or even word of mouth is sufficient; then let 'em demur if they dare.

Char. I can't say that, sir; but another organ has been pretty explicit.

Serj. Which?

Char. In those cases a very infallible one—the eye.

Serj. Pshaw! nonsense and stuff.—The eye! —the eye has no authority in a court of law.

Char. Perhaps not, sir; but it is a decisive evidence in a court of love.

Serj. Hark you, hussy, why you would not file an information against the virtue of madam your mother; you would not insinuate that she has been guilty of crim. con.?

Char. Sir, you mistake me; it is not the lady, but the gentleman I am about to impeach.

Serj. Have a care, Charlotte, I see on what ground your action is founded—jealousy.

Char. You were never more deceived in your life; for it is impossible, my dear sir, that jealousy can subsist without love.

Serj. Well.

Char. And from that passion (thank Heaven) I am pretty free at present.

Serj. Indeed!

Char. A sweet object to excite tender desires!

Serj. And why not, hussy?

Char. First as to his years.

Serj. What then?

Char. I own, sir, age procures honour, but I believe it is very rarely productive of love.

Serj. Mighty well.

Char. And tho' the loss of a leg can't be imputed to sir Luke Limp as a fault —

Serj. How!

Char. I hope, sir, at least you will allow it as a misfortune.

Serj. Indeed?

Char. A pretty thing truly, for a girl, at my time of life, to be tied to a man with one foot in the grave.

Serj. One foot in the grave! the rest of his

body is not a whit the nearer for that.—There has been only an execution issued against part of his personals, his real estate is unencumbered and free—besides, you see he does not mind it a whit, but is as alert, and as merry, as a defendant after non-suiting a plaintiff for omitting an S.

Char. O, sir! I know how proud sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare, that he would not change his bit of timber for the best flesh and bone in the kingdom.

Serj. There's a hero for you!

Char. To be sure, sustaining unavoidable evils with constancy is a certain sign of greatness of mind.

Serj. Doubtless.

Char. But then to derive a vanity from a misfortune, will not I'm afraid be admitted as a vast instance of wisdom, and indeed looks as if the man had nothing better to distinguish himself by.

Serj. How does that follow?

Char. By inuendo.

Serj. Negatur.

Char. Besides, sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serj. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of loving and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't understand you?

Char. I mean the property of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj. Keeping good company! a laudable ambition!

Char. True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage, could with that be entail'd on the son.

Serj. Have a care, hussy—there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.—

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char. No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more, than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage, but, come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say sir Luke is —

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither person attainted or outlaw'd, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney, or in propria persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit not only personalities, such as goods, and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever, and wheresoever.

Char. But sir—

Serj. Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm lett, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and ——

Char. Without doubt, sir; but there are notwithstanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by lord Coke.

Serj. Hey!

Char. There is your next-door neighbour, sir Harry Hen, an absolute blank.

Serj. How so, Mrs. Pert?

Char. What, sir! a man who is not suffered to hear, see, smell, or in short to enjoy the free use of any one of his senses; who, instead of having a positive will of his own, is denied even a paltry negative; who can neither resolve or reply, consent or deny, without first obtaining the leave of his lady: an absolute monarch to sink into the sneaking state of being a slave to one of his subjects—Oh fye!

Serj. Why, to be sure, sir Harry Hen, is as I may say —

Char. Nobody, sir, in the fullest sense of the word— Then your client lord Solo.

Serj. Heyday! Why you would not annihilate a peer of the realm, with a prodigious estate, and an allowed judge too of the elegant arts.

Char. O yes, sir, I am no stranger to that nobleman's attributes; but then, sir, please to consider, his power as a peer he gives up to a proxy; the direction of his estate, to a rapacious, artful attorney: and as to his skill in the elegant arts, I presume you confine them to painting and music, he is directed in the first by mynheer Van Eisel, a Dutch dauber; and in the last is but the echo of signora Florenza, his lordship's mistress and an opera singer.

Serj. Mercy upon us! at what a rate the jade runs!

Char. In short, sir, I define every individual who, ceasing to act for himself, becomes the tool, the mere engine of another man's will, to be nothing more than a cypher.

Serj. At this rate the jade will half unpeople the world: but what is all this to sir Luke? to him, not one of your cases apply.

Char. Every one—Sir Luke has not a first principle in his whole composition; not only his pleasures, but even his passions are prompted by others; and he is as much directed to the objects of his love and his hatred, as in his eating, drinking, and dressing. Nay, though he is active, and eternally busy, yet his own private affairs are neglected; and he would not scruple to break an appointment that was to determine a considerable part of his property, in order to exchange a couple of hounds for a lord, or to buy a pad-nag for a lady. In a word—but he's at hand, and will explain himself best; I hear his stump on the stairs.

Serj. I hope you will preserve a little decency before your lover at least.

Char. Lover! ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sir Luke Limp.

Sir Luke. Mr. Serjeant, your slave—Ah! are you there my little —O Lord! Miss, let me tell you something for fear of forgetting—Do you know that you are new christened, and have had me for a gossip?

Char. Christened! I don't understand you.

Sir Luke. Then lend me your ear—Why last night, as colonel Kill'em, sir William Weezy, lord Frederick Foretop, and I were carelessly sliding the Ranelagh round, picking our teeth, after a damn'd muzzy dinner at Boodle's, who should trip by but an abbess, well known about town, with a smart little nun in her suite. Says Weezy (who, between ourselves, is as husky as hell) Who is that? odds flesh, she's a delicate wench! Zounds! cried lord Frederick, where can Weezy have been, not to have seen the Harietta before? for you must know Frederick is

a bit of a Macaroni, and adores the soft Italian termination in *a*.

Char. He does?

Sir Luke. Yes, a dilettante all over.—Before? replied Weezy: crush me if ever I saw any thing half so handsome before!—No! replied I in an instant; colonel, what will Weezy say when he sees the Charlotta?—Hey! you little ——

Char. Meaning me, I presume.

Sir Luke. Without doubt; and you have been toasted by that name ever since.

Serj. What a vast fund of spirits he has!

Sir Luke. And why not, my old splitter of causes?

Serj. I was just telling Charlotte, that you was not a whit the worse for the loss.

Sir Luke. The worse! much the better, my dear. Consider, I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, or gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes.

Serj. Right.

Sir Luke. What, dy'e think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumsticks, or chop with lord Lumber for both of his logs?

Serj. No!

Sir Luke. No, damn it, I am much better.—Look there—Ha!—What is there I am not able to do? To be sure I am a little aukward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his sum.

Serj. Ay, and I'll go his halves.

Sir Luke. Then as to your dancing, I am cut out at Madam Cornelly's, I grant, because of the croud; but as far as a private set of six couple, or moving a chair-minuet, match me who can.

Char. A chair minuet! I don't understand you.

Sir Luke. Why, child, all grace is confined to the motion of the head, arms, and chest, which may be as fully displayed sitting as if one had as

many legs as a polypus.—As thus—tol de rol—don't you see?

Serj. Very plain.

Sir Luke. A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are, with but half the things that we have.

Char. Ay, sir Luke! how do you prove that?

Sir Luke. By constant experience.—You must have seen the man who makes and uses pens without hands.

Serj. I have.

Sir Luke. And not a twelvemonth ago, I lost my way in a fog, at Mile-End, and was conducted to my house in May-Fair by a man as blind as a beetle.

Serj. Wonderful!

Sir Luke. And as to hearing and speaking, those organs are of no manner of use in the world.

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. If you doubt it, I will introduce you to a whole family, dumb as oysters, and deaf as the dead, who chatter from morning till night by only the help of their fingers.

Serj. Why, Charlotte, these are cases in point.

Sir Luke. Oh! clear as a trout-stream; and it is not only, my little Charlotte, that this piece of timber answers every purpose, but it has procured me many a bit of fun in my time.

Serj. Ay!

Sir Luke. Why, it was but last summer, at Tunbridge, we were plagued the whole season by a bullet-headed Swiss from the canton of Bern, who was always boasting, what, and how much he dared do; and then, as to pain, no Stoic, not Diogenes, held it more in contempt.—By gods, he vas no more minds it dan nothings at all—so, foregad, I gave my German a challenge.

Serj. As how?—Mind, Charlotte.

Sir Luke. Why, to drive a corking pin into the calves of our legs.

Serj. Well, well.

Sir Luke. Mine, you may imagine, was easily done—but when it came to the Baron—

Serj. Ay, ay.

Sir Luke. Our modern Cato soon lost his coolness and courage, screw'd his nose up to his foretop, rapp'd out a dozen oaths in high Dutch, limp'd away to his lodgings, and was there laid up for a month—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant, and delivers a card to Sir Luke.

Sir Luke reads. "Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired." Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engag'd for these three weeks.

Serj. What, I find sir Gregory is return'd for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke. Is he so? Oh ho!—That alters the case.—George, give my compliments to sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to alderman Inkle's, in Threadneedle-street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confin'd to bed two days with the new influenza.

[*Exit Servant.*

Char. You make light, sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? These damn'd fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take scandalous advantage; teaze. When will you do me the honour, pray, sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day.—They are as bad as a beggar, who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them, without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time too—

three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke. Not but, upon these occasions, no man in England is more punctual than ——

Enter a Servant, who gives sir Luke a Letter.

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. Answer!—By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] "Taste for music —Mons. Duport—fail—Dinner upon table at five." —Gadso! I hope sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke. Run after him as fast as you can—tell him, quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed,—and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*

Char. You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith; it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business.—No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit: You know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary—

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that—

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house,

(which does them infinite honour) his goods or chattels may be ——

Sir Luke. Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnish'd lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return "non inventus"—

Sir Luke. A pox o'your law, you make me lose sight of my story. One morning, a Welch coach-maker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are call'd, I think, Mr. Lloyd?—At your lordship's service, my lord.——What, Lloyd with an L?—It was with an L indeed, my lord.—Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Fluyd were synonimous, the very same names. Very often indeed, my lord.—But you always spell your's with an L?—Always.—That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying by debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him.—I'll call on sir Gregory myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotta; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people positively; promised to procure a husband for lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Ben-

gal, a nabob newly arrived: so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow you may—

Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against sir Luke.

Can't you see where you are running, you rascal!

Serv. Sir, his grace the duke of ——

Sir Luke. Grace!—Where is he?—Where —

Serv. In his coach at the door.—If you an't better engaged would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach did you say?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets—or—

Serv. I believe so.

Sir Luke. There's no resisting of that.—Bid Joe run to sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—Step first to sir Greg's, then pop in at lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Any thing—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey!—Why tell him—hold I have it—Tell him, that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried to the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—

[*Exeunt sir Luke and Servant.*

Char. Well, sir, what dy'e think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they do'nt vitiate the title, that stands unimpeached; and—But, madam, your mother.

Enter Mrs. Circuit.

Mrs. Circ. What have you done with the knight?—Why you have not let him depart?

Char. It was not in my power to keep him.

Mrs. Circ. I don't wonder at that; but what took him away?

Char. What will at any time take him away—a duke at the door.

Mrs. Circ. Are you certain of that?

Serj. Why truly, chuck, his retreat was rather precipitate for a man that is just going to be married.

Mrs. Circ. The prospect of marriage does not always prove the strongest attachment.

Serj. Pardon me, lovee; the law allows no higher consideration than marriage.

Mrs. Circ. Pshaw!

Serj. Insomuch, that if duke A was to intermarry with chambermaid B, difference of condition would prove no bar to the settlement.

Mrs. Circ. Indeed!

Serj. Ay; and this was held to be law by chief-baron Bind'em, on the famous case of the marquis of Cully, and Fanny Flip-flap the French dancer.

Mrs. Circ. The greater blockhead the baron: but don't pester me with your odious law cases.—Did not you tell me you was going to Kingston to-day to try the crown causes?

Serj. I was begg'd to attend for fear his lordship should not be able to sit; but if it proves inconvenient to you—

Mrs. Circ. To me! Oh, by no means in the world; I am too good a subject to desire the least delay in the law's execution: and when d'ye set out?

Serj. Between one and two; I shall only just give a law lecture to Jack.

Mrs. Circ. Lord! I wonder, Mr. Circuit, you would breed that boy up to the bar.

Serj. Why not, chuck? He has fine steady parts, and for his time moots a point —

Mrs. Circ. Steady! stupid you mean: nothing sure could add to his heaviness but the being loaded with law. Why don't you put him into the army?

Serj. Nay, chuck, if you choose it, I believe I have interest to get Jack a commission.

Mrs. Circ. Why, Mr. Circuit, you know he is no son of mine; perhaps a cockade may animate the lad with some fire.

Serj. True, lovee; and a knowledge of the law mayn't be amiss to restrain his fire a little.

Mrs. Circ. I believe there is very little danger of his exceeding that way.

Serj. Charlotte, send hither your brother.

[*Exit Charlotte.*

Mrs. Circ. I'll not interrupt you.

Serj. Far from it, lovee; I should be glad to have you a witness of Jacky's improvement.

Mrs. Circ. Of that I am no judge; besides, I am full of business to day—There is to be a ballot at one, for the Ladies' Club lately established, and lady Bab Basto has proposed me for a member.—Pray, my dear, when will you let me have that money to pay my lord Loo?

Serj. The three hundred you mean?

Mrs. Circ. And besides, there is my debt to Kitty Cribbage; I protest I almost blush whenever I meet them.

Serj. Why really, lovee, 'tis a large sum of money.—Now, were I worthy to throw in a little advice, we might make a pretty good hand of this business.

Mrs. Circ. I don't understand you.

Serj. Bring an action against them on the statute, in the name of my clerk; and so not only rescue the debt from their hands, but recover likewise considerable damages.

Mrs. Circ. A pretty conceit, Mr. Serjeant! but does it not occur to your wisdom, that as I have (by the help of captain Cog) been oftener a winner than loser, the tables may be turned upon us?

Serj. No, no, chuck, that did not escape me; I have provided for that.—Do you know, by the law, both parties are equally culpable; so that, lovee, we shall be able to fleece your friends not only of what they have won of poor dearee, but likewise for what they have lost.

Mrs. Circ. Why, what a paltry, pettifogging puppy art thou!—And could you suppose that I would submit to the scandalous office?

Serj. Scandalous! I don't understand this strange perversion of words. The scandal lies in breaking the laws, not in bringing the offenders to justice.

Mrs. Circ. Mean-spirited wretch!—What, do you suppose that those laws could be levell'd against people of their high rank and condition? Can it be thought that any set of men would submit to lay legal restraints on themselves?—Absurd and preposterous!

Serj. Why, by their public practice, my love, one would suspect that they thought themselves excepted by a particular clause.

Mrs. Circ. Oh! to be sure; not the least doubt can be made.

Serj. True, chuck—But then your great friends should never complain of highwaymen stopping their coaches, or thieves breaking into their houses.

Mrs. Circ. Why, what has that to do with the business?

Serj. Oh! the natural consequence, lovee; for whilst the superiors are throwing away their fortunes, and consequently their independence above

—you can't think but their domestics are following their examples below.

Mrs. Circ. Well, and what then?

Serj. Then! the same distress that throws the master and mistress into the power of any who are willing to purchase them, by a regular gradation, seduces the servants to actions, tho' more criminal, perhaps not more atrocious.

Mrs. Circ. Pshaw! stuff!—I have no head to examine your dirty distinctions—Don't teize me with your jargon.—I have told you the sums I shall want, so take care they are ready at your returning from Kingston.—Nay, don't hesitate; recollect your own state of the case, and remember, my honour is in pawn, and must, some way or other, be redeem'd by the end of the week. [*Exit.*

Serj. My honour is in pawn!—Good lord! how a century will alter the meaning of words!—Formerly, chastity was the honour of women, and good faith and integrity the honour of men: but now, a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her losses at play, and a gentleman who kills his best friend in some trifling frivolous quarrel, are your only tip-top people of honour. Well, let them go on, it brings grist to our mill: for whilst both the sexes stick firm to their honour, we shall never want business, either at Doctor's Commons, or the Old Bailey. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Serjeant Circuit and Jack.

Serj.

JACK, let Will bring the chaise to the door.

Jack. Mr. Fairplay, sir, the attorney, begs to speak a few words.

Serj. How often have I told you, that I will see none of these sort of folks but at chambers; you know how angry your mother is at their rapping and littering the house.

Jack. He says, sir, he will not detain you five minutes.

Serj. Well, bid him walk in.

Enter Fairplay.

Serj. Well, Mr. Fairplay, what's your will?

Fairp. I just call'd, Mr. Serjeant, to know your opinion upon the case of young Woodford, and if you like the proposal of being concern'd.

Serj. If it turns out as you state it, and that the father of the lad was really a minor, the Essex estate may without doubt be recover'd; and so may the lands in the North.

Fairp. We have full proofs to that fact.

Serj. May be so; but really, Mr. Fairplay, you know the length of time that these kind of suits—

Fairp. True, sir, but then your experience will shorten I appreh ——

Serj. That's more than I know: and then not only my fees lying dormant, but, perhaps, an expectation of money to be advanced.

Fairp. The property, sir, is of very great value,

and, upon the recovery, any acknowledgement shall be readily made.

Serj. There again, *any!* do you know that in law, that word *any* has no meaning at all? Besides, when people are in distress, they are lavish enough of their offers; but when their business is done, then we have nothing but grumbling and grudging.

Fairp. You have only to dictate your terms.

Serj. Does the lad live in town?

Fairp. He has been under my care since the death of his father; I have given him as good an education as my narrow fortune would let me; he is now studying the law in the Temple, in hopes that should he fail of other assistance, he may be able one day to do *himself* justice.

Serj. In the Temple?

Fairp. Yes, sir, in those little chambers just over your head—I fancy the young gentleman knows him.

Jack. Who? Mr. Woodford! lord, as well as myself, he is a sweet sober youth, and will one day make a vast figure, I am sure.

Serj. Indeed!

Jack. I am positive, sir, if you were to hear him speak at the Robinhood in the Butcher-row, you would say so yourself: why he is now reckon'd the third; except the breeches-maker from Barbican, and sawny Sinclair the snuffman, there is not a mortal can touch him.

Serj. Peace, puppy; well, Mr. Fairplay, leave the papers a little longer with me and—pray who is employ'd against you?

Fairp. A city attorney, one Sheepskin.

Serj. A cunning fellow, I know him; well, sir, if you will call at Pump-court in a week.

Fairp. I shall attend you.

Serj. Jack, open the door for Mr.—[*Exeunt Fairplay and Jack.*] Something may be made of this matter: I'll see this Sheepskin myself. So much

in future for carrying on the suit, or so much in hand to make it miscarry: a wise man should well weigh which party to take for.

Enter Jack.

So Jack, any body at chambers to-day?

Jack. Fieri Facias from Fetter-lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape against Will Vizard, this term.

Serj. Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

Jack. Yes, sir.

Serj. Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other! [*half aside to himself.*] but we shall make master Vizard refund, we'll shew him what long hands the law has.

Jack. Facias says, that in all the books he can't hit on a precedent.

Serj. Then I'll make one myself; *aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership-profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder, against money, watches, and rings, on Epping-forest, Hounslow-heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

Jack. He says, if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

Serj. Cowardly rascal! but however, the caution may'nt prove amiss. [*Aside.*] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

Jack. The declaration too is delivered in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against sir Solomon Simple.

Serj. What, the affair of the note?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Why, he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

Jack. Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but, notwithstanding, they have three witnesses to prove a consideration, and signing the note.

Serj. They have?

Jack. He is puzzled what plea to put in.

Serj. Three witnesses ready, you say?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note, [*Jack starts.*] and bid him, against the trial comes on, to procure four persons at least to prove the payment, at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

Jack. But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

Serj. Well put, Jack; but we have a *salvo* for that; plaintiff happen'd not to have the note in his pocket, but promised to deliver it up, when call'd thereunto by defendant.

Jack. That will do rarely.

Serj. Let the defence be a secret, for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conn'd those instructions I gave you?

Jack. Yes, sir.

Serj. Well, that we shall see. How many points are the great object of practice?

Jack. Two.

Serj. Which are they?

Jack. The first is to put a man into possession of what is his right.

Serj. The second?

Jack. Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as possible *out* of possession.

Serj. Good boy! To gain the last end what are the best means to be used?

Jack. Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

Serj. Name them.

Jack. Injunctions, demurrers, sham-pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-

rebutters,, replications, exceptions, essoigns, and imparlance.

Serj. [*To himself.*] Fine instruments in the hands of a man who knows how to use them.—But now, Jack, we come to the point: if an able advocate has his choice in a cause, (which if he is in reputation he may readily have,) which side should he choose, the right, or the wrong?

Jack. A great lawyer's business, is always to make choice of the wrong.

Serj. And prithee why so?

Jack. Because a good cause can speak for itself, whilst a bad one demands an able counsellor to give it a colour.

Serj. Very well But in what respects will this answer to the lawyer himself?

Jack. In a two-fold way; firstly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

Serj. Secondly?—

Jack His reputation will rise, by obtaining the victory in a desperate cause.

Serj. Right, boy.—Are you ready in the case of the cow?

Jack. Pretty well, I believe.

Serj. Give it then.

Jack. First of April, anno seventeen hundred and blank, John a Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank, in the county of blank, for stealing a cow, contra pacem, etcet.—and against the statute in that case provided and made, to prevent stealing of cattle.

Serj. Go on.

Jack. Said Nokes was convicted upon the said statute.

Serj. What follow'd upon?——

Jack. Motion in arrest of judgment, made by counsellor Puzzle. First, because the field from whence the cow was convey'd is laid in the indictment as round, but turn'd out upon proof to be square.

Serj. That's well: a valid objection.

Jack. Secondly, Because in said indictment the colour of the cow is called red, there being no such things in rerum natura as red cows, no more than black lions, spread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

Serj. Well put.

Jack. Thirdly, said Nokes has not offended against form of the statute; because stealing of *cattle* is there provided against; whereas we are only convicted for stealing a *cow.* Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows must be cattle.

Serj. Bravo, bravo! buss me, you rogue; you are your father's own son! go on, and prosper.—I am sorry, dear Jack, I must leave thee. If Providence but sends thee life and health, I prophesy, thou wilt wrest as much land from the owners, and save as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner since the days of king Alfred.

Jack. I'll do my endeavour. [*Exit Serjeant.*] So! —father is set off. Now if I can but lay eyes on our Charlotte, just to deliver this letter, before madam comes home. There she is.—Hist, sister Charlotte!

Enter Charlotte.

Char. What have you got there, Jack?

Jack. Something for you, sister.

Char. For me! Prithee, what is it?

Jack. A thing.

Char. What thing?

Jack. A thing that will please you I'm sure.

Char. Come, don't be a boy, let me have it. [*Jack gives the letter.*] How's this! a letter! from whom?

Jack. Can't you guess?

Char. Not I; I don't know the hand.

Jack. May be not; but you know the inditer.

Char. Then tell me his name.

Jack. Break open the seal, and you'll find it.

Char. [*Opening the letter.*] "Charles Woodford!"—I am sure I know nothing of him.

Jack. Ay, but sister, you do.

Char. How! when, and where?

Jack. Don't you remember about three weeks ago, when you drank tea at our chambers, there was a young gentleman in a blue sattin waistcoat, who wore his own head of hair?

Char. Well?

Jack. That letter's from he.

Char. What can be his business with me?

Jack. Read that, and you'll know.

Char. [*reads.*] "Want words to apologize—hum—very first moment I saw you—hum, hum—smother'd long in my breast—hum, hum—happiest, or else the most wretched of men."—So, sir, you have undertaken a pretty commission! and what do you think my father will ——

Jack. Why, I hope you won't go for to tell him.

Char. Indeed, sir, but I shall.

Jack. No, sister, I'm sure you won't be so cross. Besides, what could I do? The poor young lad begg'd so hard; and there for this fortnight he has gone about sighing, and musing, and moping: I am satisfied it would melt you to see him. Do, sister, let me bring him this evening, now father is out.

Char. Upon my word!—The young man has made no bad choice of an agent; you are for pushing matters at once.—But harkee, sir, who is this spark you are so anxious about? And how long have you known him?

Jack. Oh! a prodigious long while: above a month I am certain. Don't you think him mighty genteel? I assure you he is vastly liked by the ladies.

Char. He is.

Jack. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Congo, at the Grecian coffee-house, says, he's the soberest youth that comes to the house: and all Mrs. Mittens's prentices throw down their work, and run to the window every time he goes by.

Char. Upon my word!

Jack. And moreover, besides that, he has several great estates in the country, but only for the present, he is kept out of 'em all by the owners.

Char. Ah, Jack! that's the worst part of the story.

Jack. Pshaw! that's nothing at all. His guardian, Mr. Fairplay, has been with father today, and says, he is certain that he can set all to rights in a trice.

Char. Well, Jack, when that point is determined, it will be time enough to ———

Jack. Then! lord of mercy! why, sister Charlotte, it is my private opinion that if you don't give him some crumbs of comfort, he won't live till Midsummer term.

Char. I warrant you. Either Cupid's darts were always but poetical engines, or they have been lately deprived of their points. Love holds no place in the modern bills of mortality. However, Jack, you may tell your friend, that I have observed his frequent walks in our street.

Jack. Walks! Why one should think he was appointed to relieve the old watchman? for no sooner one is *off*, but the other comes *on*.

Char. And that from his eyes being constantly fixed on my window (for the information of which, I presume, he is indebted to you)—

Jack. He! he! he!

Char. I had a pretty shrewd guess at his business; but tell him that unless my fa —— Hush! our tyrant is return'd. Don't leave the house till I see you.

Enter Mrs. Circuit and Betty.

Mrs. Circ. So, sir, what makes you loitering from chambers? I thought I told you, you should never be here but at meals? [*Exit Jack.*] One spy is enough in a family.—Miss, you may go to your room; and d'ye hear—I shall have company, so you need not come down. [*Exit Charlotte.*]—Betty, no message or letter?

Betty. None, madam.

Mrs. Circ. That is amazing!—You know I expect colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper every instant.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Circ. Put the fruit and the wine on the table in the next room.

Betty. Very well, madam.

Mrs. Circ. And, Betty, order the fellow to let nobody in but sir Luke.

Betty. Madam, I shall take care. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Circ. [*sits down.*] The ballot must be over by this time. Sure there is nothing so dreadful as a state of suspence: but should they black-ball me!—No, there's no danger of that; miss Mattadore has insured me success.—Well, this is certainly one of the most useful institutions; it positively supplies the only point of time one does not know how to employ. From twelve, the hour of one's rising, to dinner, is a most horrible chasm; for though teizing the mercers and milliners by tumbling their wares, is now and then an entertaining amusement, yet upon repetition it palls.—But every morning to be sure of a party, and then again at night after a rout, to have a place to retire to; to be quite freed from all pain of providing; not to be pester'd at table with the odious company of clients, and country cousins; for I am determined to dine, and sup at the club, every day.

I can tell 'em, they'll have but very few forfeits from me.

Enter Betty, in haste, with a Letter.

Betty. By a chairman, madam, from the Thatch'd-House.

Mrs. Circ. Give it me, Betty, this instant;—ay—this is Mattadore's hand. [*opens and reads the letter.*] "My dear Circuit—it is with the utmost concern, and confusion, I find myself obliged to acquaint you, that notwithstanding all the pains I have taken, the club have thought fit to reject."——Oh! [*she faints*]

Betty. Bless my soul! my lady is gone!—John! Will! Kitty! run hither this instant.—

Enter two Maids and a Man-servant.

All. What, what's the matter?

Betty. Quick! quick! some hartshorn and water [*pats her hands.*] Madam! madam —

Servant. Here! here! here! [*bringing water.*]

Betty. John, go for the potter-carrier this instant—I believes to my soul she is dead——Kitty, fetch some feathers to burn under her nose;—there, stand further off, and give her some air——— [*Exeunt John and Kitty.*

Enter sir Luke.

Sir Luke. Hey day! what the deuce is the matter? What's the meaning of all this, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. Oh! sir, is it you— my poor lady! [*cries*] clap the bottle hard to her nose.

Sir Luke. But how came it about?

Betty. Some of the continents of that curs'd letter, she has there in her hand.

Sir Luke. Here, here, take some of my eau-de-luce. [*offering a bottle.*]

Betty. There! she recovers a little—some water

—I believe it is nothing but a satirical fit, I have had them myself—now she opens her eyes—so, so —bend her forward a little.

Sir Luke. My sweet Mrs. Circuit.

Mrs. Circ. Who is that?

Betty. Nobody at all, madam, but only sir Luke.

Mrs. Circ. Oh! sir Luke, such a stroke, so fatal, so sudden, it is not in nature I should ever survive it.

Sir Luke. Marry, heaven forbid! but what cause—what could ——

Mrs. Circ. Leave the room. [*to the servants, who go out.*]—Only, look over that letter.

Sir Luke. Hum, hum,—[*reads*] " fit to reject you"—this——

Mrs. Circ. There! there! there!

Sir Luke. I own this is the utmost malice of fortune—but let me finish the letter.—" This calamity, dear Circuit, is of such a nature as baffles all advice, or interposition of friends, I shall therefore leave you to time, and your own good understanding." (pretty and sensible)—" yours, &c."—But let us see, what says the postscript—[*reads.*] " Perhaps it may give you some comfort to know that you had sixteen almonds, and but two raisins against you."

Mrs. Circ. But two!

Sir Luke. No more!

Mrs. Circ. This must be Kitty Cribbage's doing, she has been tattling about the paultry trifle I owe her.

Sir Luke. Not unlikely; but come, bear up, my dear madam, and consider that two.—

Mrs. Circ. Is as bad as two thousand.

Sir Luke. Granted; but perhaps it mayn't be too late to repair.—Gadso! I have thought of a scheme—I'll be elected myself, and then I warrant we manage ——

Mrs. Circ. You, sir Luke? That never can be.

Sir Luke. No, madam, and why not?—Why you don't suppose that they would venture to——

Mrs. Circ. It would not only be against the spirit, but the very letter of their constitution to chuse you a member.

Sir Luke. Ay, madam, how so?

Mrs. Circ. Their statutes are selected from all the codes that ever existed from the days of Lycurgus to the present Czarina.

Sir Luke. Well.

Mrs. Circ. The law that relates to your case they have borrow'd from the Roman religion.

Sir Luke. As how?

Mrs. Circ. As no man can be admitted a Monk, who has the least corporal spot, or defect; so, no candidate can be received as a member who is deprived of the use of any one of his limbs.

Sir Luke. Nay, then indeed I am clearly cut out; that incapacity can never be got over.

Mrs. Circ. Indeed, the Serjeant says, if the club could be induced to resolve in your favour, then the original law would signify nothing.

Sir Luke. Well, well, we'll see what can be done. [*a loud knocking.*] But hush! the company's come; collect yourself, sweet Mrs. Circuit; don't give your enemies the malicious pleasure of seeing how this disappointment affects you.

Mrs. Circ. Never fear; I know a little too much of the world not to turn this defeat to my credit.

Enter colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper.

Mrs. Sim. Your servant, sir Luke; my dear Circuit, I am frighten'd to death—your people tell me, you are but just recover'd from a ——

Mrs. Circ. Oh! nothing at all! a faintness, a kind of swimming—but those people are ever swelling those mole hills to mountains.

Mrs. Sim. I protest I was afraid that you had suffer'd your late disappointment to lay hold of your spirits.

Mrs. Circ. What disappointment, my dear?

Col. Mrs. Simper hints at the little mistake made this morning at the Thatch'd-house.

Mrs. Circ. That! ridiculous! I could have told you that a fortnight ago, child—all my own doing.

Mrs. Sim. How!

Sir Luke. Entirely.

Mrs. Circ. Oh! I always detested the thoughts of the thing;—they would put me up, let me say what I would, so I was reduced to the necessity of prevailing upon two friends to black-ball me.

Mrs. Sim. That, indeed, alters the case.

Col. I am vastly happy to hear it: your old acquaintance were afraid they should lose you.

Mrs. Circ. It is a sign they know but little of me—but come, my good folks, I have prepared a small collation in the next room, will you ——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack and Woodford.

Jack. I'll watch sister, to see that nobody comes; now, Woodford, make good use of your time. [*Exit Woodford.*] There, I have left 'em together; if I had staid, I don't believe they would have open'd their mouths for a month: I never saw such an alteration in a lad since the day I was born.—Why, if I had not known him before, I should not have thought he had a word to throw to a dog; but I remember the old proverb:

True lovers are shy,
When people are by.

I'll take a peep to see how they go on;—there they are, just in the same posture I left them; she

folding her fingers, and he twirling his hat; why they don't even look at each other: was there ever such a couple of—stay, stay, now he opens his mouth—pshaw!—lord! there he shuts it again—hush! I hear somebody coming—no—nothing at all:—mother is safe I am sure,—there is no danger from her—now let us take t'other—[*peeps at the door*] hum!—gadso, matters are mightily mended—there! there! very well—there he lays down the law—now he claps his hand on his heart—vastly pretty, I vow—there he swops with both his knees on the ground—charming!—and squeezes his hat with both hands, like one of the actors—delightful! she wants him to rise and he won't—prodigious moving indeed!

Enter Betty.

Betty. So, sir, what are you doing there?

Jack. There; where?

Betty. With your eyes glew'd close to the key-hole.

Jack. I wanted to speak a word to my sister.

Betty. Then why don't you open her door?

Jack. I did not know but she might be saying her prayers.

Betty. Prayers! a likely story! who says their prayers at this time of the day?—No, no, that won't upon me.—Let me look—very pretty! So, so, I see there's somebody else at his prayers too—fine doings! —As soon as the company goes, I shall take care to inform madam your mother.

Jack. Nay, but Mrs. Betty, you won't be so—

Betty. Indeed, Mr. John, but I shall——I'll swallow none of your secrets, believe me.

Jack. What, perhaps your stomach is overloaded already.

Betty. No matter for that, I shall be even with miss for telling master about and concerning my drums.

Jack. Why, Mrs. Betty, surely sister could not ——

Betty. When she very well knows that I have not sent cards but twice the whole season.

Jack. Lord! what signi ——

Betty. What would she say, if she visited the great families I do? For though I am as I may say but a commoner, no private gentlewoman's gentlewoman, has a more prettier set of acquaintance.

Jack. Well, but ——

Betty. My routs indeed!—There is Mrs. Allspice, who lives with lady Cicely Sequence, has six tables every Sunday, besides looers, and braggers; and moreover proposes giving a masquerade, the beginning of June, and I intends being there.

Jack. Well, but to talk calmly.

Betty. And as miss is so fond of fetching and carrying, you may tell her we are to have a private play among ourselves, as the quality have: the Distrustful Mother, 'tis call'd ——Pylades, by Mr. Thomas, lord Catastrophe's butler—Hermione, Mrs. Allspice; and I shall do Andromache myself.

Jack. A play! lord, Mrs. Betty, will you give me a ticket?

Betty. All's one for that—and so you may tell miss that—[*bell rings*] coming, madam, this minute—and that, Mr. John, is the long and the short on't.—[*bell rings again*] lord, I am coming. [*Exit.*

Enter Woodford to Jack.

Woodf. What's the matter?

Jack. Here, Betty, my mother's fac totum, has just discover'd your haunts; and is gone to lay an information against you—so depend upon it, a search warrant will issue directly.

Woodf. Stay but a moment, till I take leave of your sister.

Jack. Zooks! I tell you the constables will be here in a trice, so you have not a moment to lose.

Woodf. How unlucky this is!

Jack. But I hope you have obtain'd a verdict however.

Woodf. No.

Jack. No!

Woodf. It would not have been decent, to have press'd the judge too soon for a sentence.

Jack. Soon!—You are a ninny, I tell you so: —here you will suffer judgment to go by default. —You are a pretty practitioner indeed!

Woodf. This, you may know, my dear Jack, is an equity case; I have but just fil'd my bill; one must give the parties time to put in an answer.

Jack. Time!—How you may come off in court I can't tell, but you will turn out but a poor chamber counsel I fear.—Well, come along, perhaps I may be able to procure another hearing before it is—but, lord o'mercy! there is father crossing the hall—should he see us all's over—we have nothing for't but taking shelter with sister. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

Sir Luke Limp, *Mrs.* Circuit, *Colonel* Secret, *and Mrs.* Simper, *discover'd at a table, with a collation before them.*

Mrs. Circ.

OH! by the bye, sir Luke—take some of these sweetmeats, my dear *(to Mrs. Simper)*—did not you promise to introduce to me that little agreeable piece of imperfection that belongs to the opera?—Colonel, won't you taste the champaign?

Sir Luke. Who, Signior Piano?—Let me assist Mrs. Simper.—Why, madam, I made an attempt; but at present—shan't I send you a biscuit?—he is in the possession of a certain lady, who never suffers him out of her sight for a moment.

Mrs. Sim. Oh! the curmudgeon!—I am vastly fond of these custards.

Sir Luke. Yes, they have a delicate flavour—but he promised, if possible, to escape for an hour—won't you? [*to Mrs. Circuit.*]

Mrs. Circ. No, it gives me the heart-burn,—Then let us leave him a cover.

Col. By all means in the world.

Mrs. Circ. But there is, likewise, another party, for whom a place ought to be kept.

Mrs. Sim. Another! Who can that be I wonder.

Mrs. Circ. A small appendix of mine.

Sir Luke. How, madam!

Mrs. Circ. You need not be jealous sir Luke—taste that tart, Mrs. Simper—it is only my husband the Serjeant.—Ha! ha! ha!—Betty makes them herself.

Mrs. Sim. Oh! you abominable creature! How could such a thought come into your head?

Sir Luke. Ma'am—[*Offering sweetmeats to Mrs. Simper.*]

Mrs. Sim. Not a bit more, I thank you.—I swear and vow I should swoon at the sight.

Mrs. Circ. And I should receive him with the polite indifference of an absolute stranger.

Sir Luke. Well said, my good lady Intrepid! But, notwithstanding, I would venture a trifle that his appearance would give you such an electrical shock——

Mrs. Circ. You are vastly deceived.

Sir Luke. Dare you come to the proof? Will you give me leave to introduce Mr. Serjeant? He is not far off.

Mrs. Circ. What, my husband?

Sir Luke. Even he! I saw him as I enter'd the hall.

Mrs. Circ. Impossible!

Sir Luke. Nay, then I must fetch him.

[*Exit sir Luke.*

Col. I can't conceive what the knight would be at.

Mrs. Sim. Why, he is mad.

Mrs. Circ. Or turn'd fool.

Enter sir Luke, with the Serjeant's peruke on a block.

Sir Luke. Now, Madam, have I reason? Is this your husband or not?

Mrs. Sim. It is he; not the least doubt can be made.

Col. Yes, yes, it is the Serjeant himself.

Mrs. Circ. I own it; I acknowledge the lord of my wishes. [*Kisses the block.*]

Mrs. Sim. All his features are there!

Col. The grave cast of his countenance!

Sir Luke. The vacant stare of his eye!

Mrs. Circ. The livid hue of his lips!

Mrs. Sim. The rubies with which his cheeks are enrich'd!

Col. The silent solemnity when he sits on the bench!

Mrs. Circ. We must have him at table: but pray good folks let my husband appear like himself.—I'll run for the gown. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sim. By all means in the world.

Sir Luke. Dispatch, I beseech you.

Mrs. Circuit returns with a gown and band.

Mrs. Circ. Sir Luke, lend your assistance.

Col. There, place him at the head of the table.

[*They fix the head at the back of a chair, and place it at table; then all sit.*]

Mrs. Sim. Madam, you'll take care of your husband.

Mrs. Circ. I don't want to be put in mind of my duty.

Mrs Sim. Oh, madam! I know that very well.

Sir Luke. Come, Hob or Nob, master Circuit —let us try if we can't fuddle the Serjeant.

Col. O, fie! I have a proper respect for the coif.

Mrs. Sim. Don't be too facetious, sir Luke: it is not quite so safe to sport with the heads of the law; you don't know how soon you may have a little business together.

Sir Luke. But come, the Serjeant is sulky.—I have thought of a way to divert him:—You know he is never so happy as when he is hearing a cause; suppose we were to plead one before him; Mrs. Circuit and I to be counsel, the Colonel the clerk, and Mrs. Simper the cryer.

Mrs. Circ. The finest thought in the world! And stay, to conduct the trial with proper solemnity, let's rummage his wardrobe; we shall there be able to equip ourselves with suitable dresses.

Sir Luke. Alons, alons!

Mrs. Sim. There is no time to be lost. [*all rise.*]
Mrs. Circ. [*Stopping short as they are going out.*] But won't my husband be angry if we leave him alone? Bye, dearee—we shall soon return to thee again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Serjeant Circuit, not perceiving the collation.

Serj. So, my lord not being able to sit, there was no occasion for me.—I can't put that girl's nonsense out of my head—My wife is young to be sure, and loves pleasure I own; but as to the *main* article, I have not the least ground to suspect her in that—No, no!—And then sir Luke! my *prochain ami*, the dearest friend I have in the—Heyday! [*seeing the collation*] What the deuce have we here?—A collation!—So, so—I see madam knows how to divert herself during my absence.—What's this? [*seeing the block.*] Oh, ho! ha! ha; ha!—Well, that's pretty enough I protest—Poor girl, I see she could not be happy without having something at table that resembled me.—How pleased she will be to find me here in propria persona.—By your leave, Mrs. Circuit— [*sits down and eats*] Delicate eating, in troth—and the wine [*drinks*]—Champaign as I live—must have t'other glass—They little think how that gentleman there regales himself in their absence—Ha! ha! ha! —quite convenient, I vow—the heat of the weather has made me—Come, brother Coif, here's your health—[*drinks*]—I must pledge myself I believe—[*drinks again*]—devilish strong—pshut!—Somebody's coming—[*gets up and goes towards the wings*]—What do I see? four lawyers? What the devil can be the meaning of this? I should be glad to get at the bottom of—Hey! By your leave, brother Serjeant—I must crave the use of your robe—[*sits down, and gets under the gown*]—Between ourselves, this is not the first time this gown has cover'd a fraud.

Enter sir Luke, Colonel, Mrs. Circuit, and Mrs. Simper, dressed as counsellors.

Sir Luke. Come, come, gentlemen, dispatch, the court has been waiting some time. Brother Circuit, you have look'd over your brief?

Mrs. Circ. What, do you suppose, sir, that like some of our brethren I defer that till I come into court? No, no.

Sir Luke. This cause contains the whole marrow and pith of all modern practice.

Mrs. Circ. One should think, sir Luke, you had been bred to the bar.

Sir Luke. Child, I was some years in the Temple; but the death of my brother robb'd the robe of my labours.

Mrs. Sim. What a loss to the public!

Sir Luke. You are smart, Mrs. Simper. I can tell you, serjeant Snuffle, whose manner I studied, pronounced me a promising youth.

Mrs. Sim. I don't doubt it.

Sir Luke. But let us to business. And first, for the state of the case; The parties you know are Hobson and Nobson; the object of litigation is a small parcel of land, which is to decide the fate of a borough.

Mrs. Circ. True; call'd Turnbury Mead.

Sir Luke. Very well. Then to bring matters to a short issue, it was agreed, that Nobson should on the premises cut down a tree, and Hobson bring his action of damage.

Mrs. Circ. True, true.

Sir Luke. The jury being sworn, and the counsellors feed, the court may proceed.—Take your seats—But hold—I hope no gentleman has been touch'd on both sides.

All. Oh, fie!

Sir Luke. Let silence be call'd.

Mrs. Sim. Silence in the court!

Sir Luke. But stop. To be regular, and provide for fresh causes, we must take no notice of the borough and lands, the real objects in view, but stick fast to the tree, which is of no importance at all.

All. True, true.

Sir Luke. Brother Circuit, you may proceed.

Mrs. Circ. Gentlemen of the Jury—I am in this cause counsel for Hobson, the plaintiff.—The action is brought against Nebuchadonezer Nobson, That he, the said Nobson, did cut down a tree, value two-pence, and to his own use said tree did convert.—Nobson justifies, and claims tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, first state the probable evidence, and then come to the positive: and first as to the probable.—When was this tree here belonging to Hobson, and claim'd by Nobson, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the sun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on?—No; it was cut down privately, in the night, in a dark night, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see—Hum—And then with respect and regard to this tree, I am instructed to say, gentlemen, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the spot where it grew. Now can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if tree had been his tree? —Certainly no—And again, gentlemen, we moreover insist, that this tree was not only ornamental to the spot where it grew, but it was a useful tree to the owner: it was a plum-tree, and not only a plum-tree, but I am authorized to say the best of plum-trees, it was a damascen plum.—Now can it be thought, that any man would come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree;

which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a useful tree; and not only a useful tree, but a plum-tree; and not only a plum-tree, but the best of plum-trees, a damascen plum? Most assuredly no.—If so be then, that this be so, and so it most certainly is, I apprehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full costs of suit, in such a manner and so forth, as may nevertheless appear notwithstanding.

Sir Luke. Have you done, Mr. Serjeant?

Mrs. Circ. You may proceed.

Sir Luke. Gentlemen of the Jury—I am in this cause counsel for Hob—Zounds! I think the head moves.

All. Hey!

Col. No, no, Mrs. Simper jogg'd the chair with her foot, that was all.

Sir Luke. For Hercules Hobson—(I could have sworn it had stir'd)—I shan't, gentlemen, upon this occasion, attempt to move your passions, by flowing periods and rhetorical flowers, as Mr. Serjeant has done; no, gentlemen, if I get at your hearts, I will make my way through your heads, however thick they may be—in order to which, I will pursue the learned gentleman, through what he calls his probable proofs: and first, as to this tree's being cut down in the night; in part we will grant him that point, but, under favour, not a dark night Mr. Serjeant; no, quite the reverse, we can prove the moon shone bright, with uncommon lustre that night—So that if so be as how people did not see, that was none—[*Serjeant sneezes.*] nay, Mrs. Circuit, if you break the thread of my ——

Mrs. Circ. Me break! I said nothing I'm sure.

Sir Luke. That's true, but you sneezed.

Mrs. Circ. Not I.

Sir Luke. I am sure somebody did; it could not be the head—consider the least interruption puts one out of one's—None of our faults, they might

have look'd on and seen if they would. And then as to this beautiful tree, with which Mr. Serjeant has ornamented his spot—No, gentlemen, no such matter at all; I am instructed to say quite the reverse; a stunted tree, a blighted, blasted tree; a tree not only limbless, and leafless, but very near lifeless; that was the true state of the tree: and then as to its use, we own it was a plum-tree indeed, but not of the kind Mr. Serjeant sets forth, a damascen plum; our proofs say loudly a bull plum; but if so be and it had been a damascen plum, will any man go for to say, that a damascen plum is the best kind of plum; not a whit, I take upon me to say it is not a noun substantive plum—with plenty of sugar it does pretty well indeed in a tart, but to eat it by itself, will Mr. Serjeant go to compare it with the queen mother, the padrigons——

Serj. [*Appearing suddenly from under the gown.*] The green gages, or the orleans.

Mrs. Circ. As I live 'tis my husband! [*All run off except sir Luke, and the Serjeant.*]

Serj. Nay, sir Luke, don't you run away too—give me a buss—since I was born I never heard a finer reply; I am sorry I did not hear your argument out—but I could not resist.

Sir Luke. This I own was a little surprise—had you been long here, Mr. Serjeant?

Serj. But the instant you enter'd.

Sir Luke. So, then all is safe. [*Aside.*

Serj. But come, won't you refresh you, sir Luke—you have had hard duty to-day.

Sir Luke. I drank very freely at table.

Serj. Nay, for the matter of that, I ha'nt been idle; [*both drink.*] But come, throw off your gown, and let us finish the bottle: I ha'nt had such a mind to be merry I can't tell the day when.

Sir Luke. Nay then, Mr. Serjeant, have at you—come, here's long life and health to the law.

[*Drinks.*

Serj. I'll pledge that toast in a bumper. [*Drinks.*] —I'll take Charlotte's hint, and see if I can't draw the truth out of the knight by a bottle. [*Aside.*]

Sir Luke. I'll try if I can't fuddle the fool, and get rid of him that way. [*Aside.*]

Serj. I could not have thought it: why where the deuce did you pick up all this? But by the bye, pray who was the cryer?

Sir Luke. Did you not know her? Mrs. Simper, your neighbour.

Serj. A pestilent jade! she's a good one I warrant.

Sir Luke. She is thought very pretty; what say you to a glass in her favour?

Serj. By all means in the world! [*they drink.*] and that spark the clerk?

Sir Luke. Colonel Secret, a friend to the lady you toasted.

Serj. A friend! oh, ay,—I understand you—come, let us join 'em together

Sir Luke. Alons. [*drink.*] Egad, I shall be caught in my own trap, I begin to feel myself fluster'd already. [*Aside.*]

Serj. Delicate white wine, indeed! I like it better every glass. [*Sings.*]

Drink and drive care away,
Drink and be merry.

Sir Luke. True, my dear Serjeant—this is the searcher of secrets—the only key to the heart.

Serj. Right, boy, in vino veritas.

Sir Luke. No deceit in a bumper. [*sings.*] Drink and be merry.

Serj. Merry! damme, what a sweet fellow you are, what would I give to be half so jolly and gay.

Sir Luke. [*Appearing very drunk.*] Would you? And yet do you know, Serjeant, that at this very juncture of time, there is a thing has popp'd into my head, that distresses me very much.

Serj. Then drive it out with a bumper. [*drinks*] Well, how is it now?

Sir Luke. Now! the matter is not mended at all.

Serj. What the deuce is the business that so sticks in your stomach.

Sir Luke. You know my dear Serjeant, I am your friend, your real, your affectionate friend.

Serj. I believe it, sir Luke.

Sir Luke. And yet, for these six months, I have conceal'd a secret, that touches you near, very near.

Serj. Me near! That was wrong, very wrong; friends should have all things in common.

Sir Luke. That's what I said to myself; sir Luke, says I, open your heart to your friend; but to tell you the truth, what sealed up my lips, was the fear that this secret should make you sulky and sad.

Serj. Me sulky and sad! ha! ha! how little you know of me.

Sir Luke. Swear then that you won't be uneasy.

Serj. Well, I do.

Sir Luke. [*Rising.*] Soft! let us see that all's safe;—well, Mr. Serjeant, do you know that you are—a fine, honest fellow?

Serj. Is that a secret?

Sir Luke. Be quiet; a damn'd honest fellow—but as to your wife——

Serj. Well?

Sir Luke. She is an infamous strum—

Serj. How! it is a falshood, sir Luke, my wife is as virtuous a wom———

Sir Luke. Oh! if you are angry, your servant—I thought that the news would have pleased you—for after all, what is the business to me? What do I get by the bargain?

Serj. That's true; but then would it not vex any man to hear his wife abused in such a——

Sir Luke. Not if it's true, you old fool.

Serj. I say it is false: prove it; give me that satisfaction, sir Luke.

Sir Luke. Oh! you shall have that pleasure directly; and to come at once to the point—you remember last new year's day how severely it froze.

Serj. I do recollect.

Sir Luke. Very well; we were all invited to dine at alderman Inkle's.

Serj. Very right.

Sir Luke. Well, and I did not go: Mrs. Circuit made me dine here in this house—was it my fault?

Serj. No, no, sir Luke, no.

Sir Luke. At table says she—she said, I was the picture of you—was it my fault?

Serj. Well, and suppose you are; where's the mischief in that?

Sir Luke. Be quiet I tell you;—then throwing her arms round my neck,—it is my husband himself I embrace, it is my little old man that I kiss!—for she has a prodigious affection for you at bottom—was it my fault?

Serj. But what is there serious in this, dost think I mind such trifles?

Sir Luke. Hold your tongue, you fool, for a moment—then throwing her Teresa aside—upon my soul she is prodigious fine every where here—was it my fault?

Serj. My fault! my fault! I see no fault in all this.

Sir Luke. [*pretending to cry.*] No! why then my dear friend, do you know that I was so unworthy, so profligate, so abandon'd—as to—[*rises*] say no more, the business is done.

Serj. Ay, indeed!

Sir Luke. Oh! fact! there is not the least doubt of the matter; that is no *hear-say*, dy'e see, I was by all the while.

Serj. Very pretty! very fine upon my word.

Sir Luke. Was it my fault? What could I do? Put yourself in my place; I must have been more, or less, than man to resist.

Serj. Your fault, sir Luke, no, no—you did but your duty—but as to my wife——

Sir Luke. She's a diabolical fiend, I shall hate her as long as I live.

Serj. And I too.

Sir Luke. Only think of her forcing me, as it were with a sword at my breast, to play such a trick; you, my dear Serjeant, the best, truest friend I have in the world. [*Weeps.*]

Serj. [*Weeping.*] Dry your tears, dear sir Luke; I shall ever gratefully acknowledge your confidence in trusting me with the secret—[*taking him forward.*] But I think it might be as well kept from the rest of the world.

Sir Luke. My dear soul, do you think I would tell it to any mortal but *you?* No, no, not to my brother himself—You are the only man upon earth I would trust.

Serj. Ten thousand thanks, my dear friend! sure there is no comfort, no balsam in life like a friend—but I shall make madam Circuit remember ——

Sir Luke. We neither of us ought to forgive her—were I you, I'd get a divorce.

Serj. So I will—provided you will promise not to marry her after.

Sir Luke. Me! I'll sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses—no, my dear friend, we will retire to my house in the country together, and there, in innocence and simplicity, feeding our pigs and pigeons, like Pyramus and Thisbe, we will live paragons of the age.

Serj. Agreed; we will be the whole earth to each other; for, as Shakespeare says,

"The friend thou hast and his adoption tried
Clasp to thy soul, and quit the world beside."—

Sir Luke. Zounds, here comes madam Serjeant herself.

Enter Mrs. Circuit.

Mrs. Circ. So, gentlemen! a sweet tête-â-tête you have been holding—but I know it all, not a syllable you have said has been lost.

Sir Luke. Then, I hope you have been well entertained, Mrs Circuit.

Mrs. Circ. And you, you mean-spirited, dastardly wretch, to lend a patient ear to his infamous improbable tales, equally shameful both to you and me.

Serj. How madam! have you the assurance—

Mrs. Circ. Yes, sir, the assurance that innocence gives; there is not a soul, I thank heaven, that can lay the least soil, the least spot, on my virtue; nor is there a man on earth but yourself would have sat and silently listen'd to the fictions and fables of this intemperate sot.

Serj. Why to be sure the knight is overtaken a little; very near drunk.

Sir Luke. I hope he believes it is a lie. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Circ. Do me instant justice on this defamer, this liar, or never more expect to see me in your house.

Serj. I begin to find out the fraud, this is all a flam of the knight's.

Mrs. Circ. I'll drive this instant to a friend of mine in the Commons, and see if no satisfaction can be had, for blasting the reputation of a woman like me—and hark you, sir, what inducement, what devil could prompt? ——

Serj. Ay; what devil could prompt—

Sir Luke. Heyday!

Mrs. Circ. But I guess at your motive; you flatter'd yourself, that by marrying Charlotte, and discarding of me, you should engross all his affections and ——

Serj. True, true—stop, my life, let me come at

him, a little: hark you, Mr. Knight, I begin to discover that you are a very sad dog.

Sir Luke. Et tu Brute!

Serj. Brute!—you'll find I am not the brute you would have me believe—I have consider'd both sides of the question.

Sir Luke. Both sides of the question?

Serj. Both: if your story is true, you are a scoundrel to debauch the wife of your friend, and if it is false, you are an infamous liar.

Sir Luke. Well argued.

Serj. So in both cases, get out of my house.

Sir Luke. Nay, but Serjeant ———

Serj. Troop I tell you, and never again enter these walls—you have libelled my wife, and I will see you no more.

Sir Luke. Was there ever such a ——

Serj. March! and as to my daughter, I would as soon marry her to a forma pauperis client.

[*Serjeant pushes sir Luke off.*

Mrs. Circ. Do you consider, Mr. Circuit, where you are pushing the fellow?—That chamber is Charlotte's.

Enter sir Luke, Woodford, Charlotte, and Jack.

Sir Luke. Heyday! who the deuce have we here?—Pray walk in, my good folks—your servant, miss Charlotte; your servant, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.—Mr. Serjeant, you need not trouble yourself to cater for miss; your family you see can provide for themselves.

Serj. Heyday! What the deuce is all this! Who are you, sir, and how came you here?

[*To Woodford.*

Jack. It was I, father, that brought him.

Serj. How, sirrah!

Sir Luke. Well said, my young limb of the law.

Jack. Come, let us have none o'your—though I brought Mr. Woodford, you could not persuade

me to do the same office for you—father, never stir if he did not make me the proffer, if I would let him into the house the night you was at Kingston, of a new pair of silk stockings, and to learn me a minuet.

Sir Luke. Me! I should never have got you to turn out your toes.

Jack. Ay, and moreover you made me push out my chest, and do so with my fingers, as if I was taking two pinches of snuff.

Sir Luke. You see, Mr. Serjeant, what a fondness I have for every twig of your family.

Serj. I shall thank *you* hereafter—but from you, Charlotte, I expected other guess —

Char. When, sir, you hear this whole matter explain'd, you will acquit me, I am sure.

Woodf. Indeed, sir, I am wholly to blame; my being here was as much a surprize upon miss Charlotte as——

Serj. But now you are here, pray what's your business?

Jack. O! father, I can acquaint you with that —he wanted me to bring a love-letter to Charlotte, so I told him he might bring it himself, for that I would not do any such thing for never so much, for fear of offending of you.

Serj. You mended the matter indeed—but after all, who, and what are you?

Jack. It's the young gentleman that lives over our heads, to whom Mr. Fairplay is guardian.

Serj. Who, Woodford?

Jack. The same.

Serj. And are you, young man, in a situation to think of a wife?

Woodf. I am flattered, sir, that as justice is with me, I shall one day have no contemptible fortune to throw at her feet.

Serj. Justice is!—What signifies justice?—Is the law with you, you fool?

Woodf. With your help, sir, I should hope for their union, upon this occasion at least.

Serj. Well, sir, I shall re-consider your papers, and, if there are probable grounds, I may be induced to hear your proposals.

Woodf. Nay then, sir, the recovering my paternal possessions makes me anxious indeed—Could I hope that the young lady's good wish would attend me!

Char. I have a father, and can have no will of my own.

Sir Luke. So then it seems poor Pil Garlick here is discarded at once.

Serj. Why, could you have the impudence, after what has happen'd, to hope that——

Mrs. Circ. He has given wonderful proofs of his modesty.

Sir Luke. Be quiet, Mrs. Circuit.—Come, good folks, I will set all matters to rights in a minute; and first, Mr. Serjeant, it becomes me to tell you, that I never intended to marry your daughter.

Serj. How! never!

Sir Luke. Never. She is a fine girl I allow; but would it now, Mr. Serjeant, have been honest in me, to have robb'd the whole sex of my person, and confin'd my favours to her?

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. No! I was struck with the immorality of the thing; and therefore to make it impossible that you should ever give me your daughter, I invented the story I told you concerning Mrs. Circuit and me.

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. Truth, upon my honour.—Your wife there will tell you the whole was a lie.

Serj. Nay, then indeed.—But with what face can I look up to my dear? I have injured her beyond the hopes of forgiveness.—Would you, lovee, but pass an act of oblivion——

Sir Luke. [*kneels*] See me here prostrate to implore your clemency in behalf of my friend.

Mrs. Circ. Of that I can't determine directly.—But as you seem to have some sense of your guilt, I shall grant you a reprieve for the present; which contrition and amendment may, perhaps, in time, swell into a pardon.

But if again offending you are caught,
Serj. Then let me suffer, dearee, as I ought.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

A NEW EDITION OF

THE

BANKRUPT.

A

COMEDY.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

THE

BANKRUPT.

A

COMEDY.

IN

THREE ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for W. WOODFALL, and S. BLADON,
in Pater-noster-Row, 1782.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY,

THE PATRON OF LETTERS,

THE HOPE AND ORNAMENT

OF HIS COUNTRY,

THIS COMEDY

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST

DEVOTED AND OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT

SAMUEL FOOTE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

FOR wit's keen ſatire, and this laughing ſtage,
What theme ſo fruitful as a Bankrupt Age?
For not confin'd to commerce is the curſe,
The head is near as empty as the purſe;
Equally ſunk, our credit and our wit,
Nor is the ſage more ſolvent than the cit;
All theſe——but ſoft, ere thus abroad we roam,
Were it not prudent firſt to look at home?
You, gentle Sirs, have giv'n me credit long,
And took my word for many an idle ſong;
But if exhauſted, I give notes to-day—
For wit and humour, which I cannot pay,
I muſt turn Bankrupt too, and hop away.
Unleſs, indeed, I modiſhly apply,
For leave to ſell my works by lottery.
Tho' few will favour, where's no caſh to fee'em,
Poor hopes, that way, to part with my Muſeum:
My old friend, Smirk, indeed, may lend his aid,
And ſell by auction all my ſtock in trade;
His placid features, and imploring eye,
May tempt, perhaps, the tardy town to buy;
His winning manner, and his ſoft addreſs,
To other ſales of mine have giv'n ſucceſs;
But after all, my ever honour'd friends,
On you alone my fate this night depends;
I've fought ſome battles, gain'd ſome vict'ries here,
And little thought a culprit to appear
Before this Houſe; but if reſolv'd you go,
To find me guilty, or to make me ſo,
To grant me neither wit, nor taſte, nor ſenſe,
Vain were my plea, and uſeleſs my defence.
But ſtill, I will not ſteal, I will not beg,
Tho' I've a paſſport in this wooden leg.
But to my cot contentedly retire,
And ſtew my cabbage by my only fire;
Mean time, great Sirs, my ſentence yet unknown,
E'en as your Juſtice be your candour ſhewn,
And when you touch my honour, don't forget your own.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Robert Riſcounter, - -	Mr. Foote.
Sir James Biddulph, - -	Mr. Aickin.
Pillage, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Reſource, - -	Mr. Fearon.
Margin, - -	Mr. Baddeley.
Robin, - - -	Mr. Whitefield.
Phelim O'Flam, - -	Mr. Bannister.
James, - -	Mr. R. Palmer.
Sir Thomas Tradewell, - -	Mr. Davis.
Dingey, - -	Mr. Griffiths.
Pepper, - -	Mr. Stephens.
Plaiſter, - -	Mr. Jones.
Rumour, - -	Mr. Lloyd.
Clerk, - -	Mr. Walters.

WOMEN.

Lady Riſcounter, - -	Miſs Sherry.
Lydia, - -	Mrs. Jewell.
Lucy, - - -	Miſs Ambrose.
Kitty, - - -	Miſs Platt.

THE

BANKRUPT.

ACT I.

Enter Robin *and* Kitty, *meeting.*

Robin. THIS letter and caſket, with my maſter's moſt reſpectful compliments, you will, Kitty, with your own fair hands, deliver to Miſs.

Kitty. The caſket is heavy—I ſuppoſe, Mr. Robin, this is what my Lady calls the Purry-funalia?

Robin. A ſmall tribute, Madam, to adorn the bride on the happy occaſion.

Kitty. What then, I ſuppoſe you look upon this marriage as good as concluded.

Robin. Things are gone ſuch a length, that not the leaſt doubt can be made.

Kitty. And yet between the cup and the lip, —you remember the proverb?

Robin. One of the parties may die to be ſure, otherwiſe I don't know how—

Kitty. No?

Robin.

Robin. No: The young lady has not alter'd her mind?

Kitty. Not to my knowledge.

Robin. What, Sir Robert Riſcounter, her father? theſe curmudgeonly cits regard no ties, no obligations when they have an higher intereſt in view. I ſuppoſe he has received larger propoſals from ſome other party.

Kitty. I have heard no ſuch thing.

Robin. Well then, I am ſure no impediment can ariſe from our quarter. My maſter, Sir James Biddulph, is too much a man of honour: beſides, I know his whole ſoul is wrapt up in Miſs Lydia.

Kitty. He has given her pretty convincing proofs of his paſſion.

Robin. What, I ſuppoſe the malicious mother-in-law, who, I know, hates Miſs, and has a damn'd deal of art, in conjunction with Miſs Lucy, that precious pledge of her former huſband's affections, has contrived to throw ſome confounded rub in the way.

Kitty. Bleſs me, Mr. Robin, I don't know what you mean, I am ſure I ſaid nothing at all.

Robin. No?

Kitty. No. But only that things which are not done, may perhaps never be done; there is nothing certain but death.

Robin. Very moral, Miſs Kitty,—(there is ſome myſtery, if I could but get at it, but this ſlut is as cunning—I will have a trial however) nay, for the matter of that, I can have, Mrs. Kitty, no intereſt at all in this match; there is ſo much confinement, and form, even in the moſt faſhionable families, that a ſingle ſervice is beſt ſuited to me, eſpecially too, that now I am got

got into moſt of the clubs: there is one circumſtance I ſhall moſt feelingly regret: That I own will greatly touch me.

Kitty. And pray, what may that be, Mr. Robin?

Robin. Not living under the ſame roof with Miſs Kitty. I made no doubt, Madam, but your fortunes would follow your miſtreſs's, and, in that caſe, I thought to ſoften the rigours of my captivity, in your agreeable converſe.

Kitty. Really, Mr. Robin? Well, I proteſt, I did not.

Robin. And when our mutual endeavours had procured for us a ſmall independence, I flatter'd myſelf with gently ſliding the down-hill of life, ſubject to no other will but Miſs Kitty's.

Kitty. What a difference between him, and the ſervants of this ſide the bar?——Really, Mr. Robin, you talk nearly as well as your maſter.

Robin. And no wonder, Madam, ſince love, the ſame deity, inſpires us both.

Kitty. How quick you are in your ripparttees, Mr. Robin! are you good at a riddle?

Robin. If you mean the making them, no; it is too low a ſpecies of writing for me; for novels I have now and then ſome dealings with Noble, and have by me a genteel comedy of one act, that is thought to have a good deal of merit.

Kitty. And pray when does it make its appearance?

Robin. Why, faith, I don't know, all the managers are ſuch ſcribblers, that they won't give

give a genius fair play, but engroſs the whole ſtage to themſelves.

Kitty. Very ſelfiſh, indeed. Well, Mr. Robin, though you won't make a riddle, I will, which, as my Lady expects me, you may ſtudy to expound by yourſelf. This match won't take place, and yet are none of the parties to blame; I may live in the ſame houſe with you, though I ſhould leave my young Miſtreſs's ſervice, and the loſs of my place may perhaps be the making of my fortune. So Adieu.

Robin. Nay, but Miſs Kitty, one word, if you pleaſe.

Kitty. Not a ſyllable, go, and puzzle your brains. But take this, for your comfort, that if you cannot at preſent make out my meaning, a little time will fully explain it. [*Exit.*

Robin. So ſkittiſh and ſhy, Mrs. Pert! but if our next meeting don't bring forth this ſecret, you are no true chambermaid, nor I fit for a valet de chambre. All reſerve amongſt ſervants is flat treaſon againſt the community. Every well-diſciplin'd domeſtic is bound in honour, however careful of his own, to reveal all family ſecrets, to the reſt of the tribe. But I muſt bruſh off, for here comes my Lady. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Riſcounter, *and* James.

Lady Riſc. And he has promiſed that the paragraph ſhall appear in the paper this morning?

James. I am afraid, Madam, there is no doubt of his keeping his word.

Lady Riſc. Afraid! what a puſillanimous creature art thou?

James. As your Ladyſhip, by what means I know not, is acquainted with my veneration for

for Miſs, you can't wonder at my feeling ſome compunction, in becoming an inſtrument to ruin her fame.

Lady Riſe. Why the fellow is a fool: don't you conſider, that her ruin, as you call it, will be your riſe?

James. Perhaps, ſo, Madam, but how can I—

Lady Riſe. You love Lydia, you ſay?

James. More than I have words to expreſs.

Lady Riſe. And Sir James Biddulph you deteſt, as a ſucceſsful rival, no doubt?

James. Except on that account, I have no reaſon.

Lady Riſe. And what better reaſon can any man have? don't you know, that the two great maſter paſſions that give birth to all that we do, is hatred and love?

James. Without doubt.

Lady Riſe. The mind would ſtagnate without them; and are not you particularly fortunate, in being able, by one maſterly ſtroke, to gratify both?

James. Were I indeed ſure of ſucceeding with Miſs?

Lady Riſe. You have every probable chance in your favour: in the firſt place, it is impoſſible, conſiſtently with his honour, that Sir James Biddulph can purſue his deſigns upon Lydia.

James. May be not.

Lady Riſe. Nor will any proper ſuitable perſon think of her when her reputation is gone.

James. Too true, I believe.

Lady

Lady Riſe. Then, who ſo likely to ſucceed as yourſelf? as you are the party ſuſpected, common policy will point out you for her huſband.

James. But will Miſs Lydia be brought to ſubmit?

Lady Riſe. She can have no choice but her father's. Him, I can eaſily manage, and poſſibly, as a douceur, prevail on him to augment the very conſiderable fortune ſhe derives from her aunt; never fear, things are in a very good way.

James. I muſt ſubmit all to your ladyſhip's management.

Lady Riſe. Your part will be eaſy enough, you will have nothing to do but be paſſive.

Enter Kitty, *and* Lucy, *with a news-paper in her hand.*

Lucy. Here, Madam, here it is, and placed in a moſt conſpicuous part of the paper.

Lady Riſe. And no alteration?

Lucy. Not a word. In the exact form that we ſent it.

Lady Riſe. Pr'ythee read it, my dear.

Lucy. [*Reads.*] "We can aſſure the "publick, from the very beſt authority, that "the beautiful daughter, by a former venture, "of an eminent banker, not far from the Mo-"nument, was ſurpriſed by the ſervants, in a "moſt critical ſituation, with Mr. J——s, clerk "to her father."

Lady Riſe. Right, right.

Lucy. "And what heightens her crime, ſhe "was on the eve of being married to an amia-"ble

" ble young baronet, at the weſt end of the " town, the apparent object of her own choice."

Lady Riſc. Finely circumſtantial, it is impoſſible for any body to err in the perſon.

Lucy. Not in nature; now, I think, we ſhall pull down Miſs Prudery's pride.

Lady Riſc. It cannot fail. Kitty, you have carefully peruſed the inſtructions I gave you.

Kitty. Pleaſe your ladyſhip, I have them by heart.

Lady Riſc. Don't be too forward in replying to any queſtion they put to you; but anſwer with a kind of reluctant heſitation, as if the facts were forc'd from your mouth.

Kitty. Never fear, Madam.

Lady Riſc. Don't forget to make frequent profeſſions of the great love and affection you bear your young miſtreſs, that you could not have thought it, ſhan't know whom to truſt for the future; ready to lay down your life for your lady.

Lucy. Suggeſt too, that ſome ſtrange arts muſt have been uſed, or you are convinc'd ſhe could never have been brought to ſubmit.

Kitty. I ſhall carefully, Madam, obey your directions.

Lady Riſc. And ſqueeze out a tear now and then if you can.

Lucy. Or, if they won't come, rub your eyes till they are red.

Lady Riſc. Right; this will give probability to all that you ſay.

Lucy. Otherwiſe, the young hypocrite's behaviour has been always ſo ſpecious, thoſe who know her won't credit the ſtory.

Kitty.

Kitty. Suppoſe, Madam, Sir James Biddulph, or any body elſe, ſhould make any enquiry?

Lady Riſe. Anſwer none of their queſtions; your tenderneſs for Lydia will be a proper excuſe; to your maſter's authority, indeed, you are obliged to ſubmit. You comprehend me?

Kitty. Perfectly, Madam.

Lady Riſe. Within, I will give you further inſtructions; and remember, Kitty, your fortune is at ſtake: Succeſs, in this one inſtance, will make you eaſy for life.

Kitty. The beſt I can do will be but a poor return for your ladyſhip's goodneſs.

Lady Riſe. Send the news-paper into your maſter. [*Exit* Kitty.] You have, James, ſeen none of our people this morning?

James. I have not enter'd the ſhop.

Lady Riſe. Then get out of the way as faſt as you can; ſecrete yourſelf ſomewhere, that will give additional ſtrength to the ſtory. Your withdrawing will argue a conſcioufneſs ariſing from guilt.

James. That I moſt ſufficiently feel.

Lady Riſe. Succeſs will ſoon drown the remembrance. [*Exit* James.] That fellow muſt not appear; his mind is ſo maukiſh, that, ſhould he be confronted with Lydia, he would betray our whole plot in an inſtant.

Lucy. It is a wonder, Madam, how you have got all this addreſs: inſtead of a private family, you are form'd to govern a country.

Lady Riſe. Why, I think, I may without vanity ſay, that I deriv'd from nature ſome talents for this kind of intrigue; but to the care of my education I chiefly owe what I am.

Lucy.

Lucy. Indeed, Madam!

Lady Riſc. My father was a ſtock-broker, you know, and your father, my firſt huſband, an attorney, my dear.

Lucy. True, Madam.

Lady Riſc. And as they had no reſerve, they kept no ſecrets from me, I muſt have been a blockhead, indeed, not to have made ſome progreſs in their profeſſional arts.

Lucy. True, Madam.

Lady Riſc. But after defeating Sir James Biddulph's deſigns upon Lydia, to turn the tide of his affections, and ſubſtitute you in her room, will, Lucy, be the great political effort.

Lucy. From your ladyſhip's great abilities there cannot be the leaſt doubt of ſucceſs: beſides, her father is ſo haſty and violent that, I am ſure, he will never be brought to forgive her.

Lady Riſc. There is no relying on that; no mortal was ever ſo mutable. Our various climate is not ſo inconſtant as he. Sir Robert is choleric enough, but then, as he is provoked without cauſe, he is appeaſed without reaſon; one word will inflame, another extinguiſh the fire; whom one minute he perſecutes, the next he protects. His joy, grief, love, hatred, are in eternal rotation, and I have been often tempted to think his mind a machine, moved only by the immediate objects before it.

Lucy. And yet, Madam, how compleatly you rule him!

Lady Riſc. No longer, child, than I ſtay by his ſide; after that, the firſt perſon has him that

that ſees him, and all my impreſſions are effac'd in an inſtant.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. My maſter has got at the paragraph.

Lady Riſc. Has he ſo? well, and—

Kitty. He enquired, Madam, for you, and putting his finger here, bid me ſhew this directly to your ladyſhip.

Lady Riſc. He did not ſuſpect then that I had ſeen it before?

Kitty. Not in the leaſt—but here he comes tottering and trembling—with his face as white as a ſheet.

Lady Riſc. Get you behind.

Enter Sir Robert Riſcounter.

Sir Rob. Riſc. Well, my dear, have you read——

Lady Riſc. Sir Robert, I have.

Sir Rob. Riſc. Have you ſo? Well, and pray what do you think? Did you ever ſee ſuch an audacious, abominable, impudent, ſcandalous piece of ſcurrility? Zounds, give me my cane, I will go directly to the raſcally printer's, and——

Lady Riſc. But ſuppoſe, Sir Robert, the printer ſhould not be paſſive, and, in return for the ſtrokes of your cane, ſhould leave the marks of his nails in your face.

Sir Rob. There may be ſomething in that, as your ladyſhip ſays, I have heard ſome of the rogues are ſtrong and ſturdy enough.

Lady Riſc. And, firſt, let us be ſure who the party is the paragraph points at.

Sir Rob.

Sir Rob. Hey! what d'ye ſay? points at? why, it is as clear as the ſun—[*takes the paper*] banker---Monument--- firſt venture---zounds they might as well have publiſhed my name, and my daughter's, at length.

Lady Riſc. Why, to ſay truth, the marks are pretty ſtrong; but ſtill let us coolly conſider the caſe. Kitty, go down; Lucy, my dear, leave Sir Robert and me together a little. [*Exit* Lucy *and* Kitty.

Sir Rob. Ay, go, child, pr'ythee go. I don't believe, Lady Riſcounter, that there is a ſingle man in the Ward, who would have the leaſt heſitation in pronouncing who was---

Lady Riſc. Well, but don't let us be in ſuch hurry to make the application ourſelves; the malice of others will be ready enough to do that: let me ſee, is there no other banker lives near the Monument?

Sir Rob. Not that I know; but ſuppoſe there ſhould, here, the weſt end of the town, and the amiable baronet, puts the matter out of diſpute: hey, what d'ye ſay?---

Lady Riſc. That, indeed; but, hold a little, does not it mention the name of the paramour? Ay, here it is, J---S.

Sir Rob. J--s.

Lady Riſc. J---s, I don't recollect any body that viſits here, whoſe name thoſe letters will ſuit.

Sir Rob. There is no Jones, nor Joddrell poo, pox, that is an L---nor Jennings, nor Jarvis, nor Jenkins, nor——

Lady Riſc. Not that I recollect.

Sir Rob. There is Jacobs the Jew, but he

he is as old as one of the patriarchs, with his beard down to his breeches; they can never mean him.

Lady Riſc. Poo! that's too abſurd to ſuppoſe: but ſtay, are there no other diſtinguiſhing marks? um, um,——"J——s, clerk of her father's." I own that paſſage eſcaped me.

Sir Rob. Hey! what did you ſay? and me too, one of my clerks! who can that be? J——s, the two letters belonging to a ſurname.

Lady Riſc. So I ſhould imagine.

Sir Rob. Zounds! it can never be James.

Lady Riſc. James!

Sir Rob. An impudent, eternal, damn'd ſon of a bitch! this is the conſequence of taking beggars into your boſom.

Lady Riſc. But, Sir Robert——

Sir Rob. Don't mention it, Madam; was not he the thirteenth ſon of a ſtarv'd Curate in Eſſex, ragged as their colts, and knew about as much as one of their calves—did not I feed, cloath, take him into my houſe, treat him as if he had been—and, in return, the villian to diſhonour my child!

Lady Riſc. You are too impatient, Sir Robert; why ſhould you fix all at once upon James? I have obſerved the lad's behaviour to be diſcreet and modeſt; nay, indeed, rather ſhy and reſerv'd.

Sir Rob. That is true enough, I muſt own. I never remark'd the boy to be preſumptuous and forward, like ſome of our pert prigs of the city, but, as your ladyſhip obſerves, rather baſhful

baſhful and ſhy. No, no, it can never be him.

Lady Riſc. Not but I have known people with that ſpecious outſide appearance, carry minds as malignant and daring——

Sir Rob. The curſedeſt ſly dogs upon earth: hypocriſy is the fineſt veil for a villian. I always ſuſpected there was ſomething bad behind his ſolemn ſanctified look: I don't believe the ſcoundrel ever ſwore an oath ſince he came into the houſe. There is a villian for you, my dear.

Lady Riſc. Nay, but my dear, let us conclude nothing raſhly. Suppoſe you ſend for James up, and ſift him a little?

Sir Rob. That may'nt be amiſs——who's there?

Lady Riſc. Not that I believe he will be ever brought to confeſs.

Sir Rob. He! no, no, curſe him. Him! you will never catch him at that: you might as well hope to extract ſugar from ſalt. I may as well let him alone.

Lady Riſc. Let us ſee him, however.

Enter a Servant.

Sir Rob. True. Let James know that I want him, but don't tell the fellow I am angry, and ſo get him to ſkulk out of the way.

Ser. I did not know that your worſhip was angry, 'till you told me your—

Sir Rob. I tell you! my dear, did I ſay any ſuch thing? You prying, impertinent—Go, and do as you are bid. [*Exit* Servant.

Lady Riſc. I don't think it unlikely, Sir Robert, but ſome idle acquaintance, without conſidering

ſidering the conſequences, may have inſerted this malicious article, by way of pleaſantry, as a kind of jeſt upon James.

Sir Rob. Nothing ſo probable, Lady Riſcounter: this town ſwarms with ſuch forward, frivolous puppies.

Enter Servant.

Well, where is James?

Ser. Sir, he is not within.

Sir Rob. What, is the raſcal run off?

Lady Riſc. No, my dear, perhaps only gone out with ſome bills for acceptance.

Sir Rob. Like enough. When will he be back?

Ser. The reſt of the clerks have not ſeen him to-day.

Sir Rob. Not ſeen him to-day? what are all of them blind then?

Lady Riſc. Nay, Sir Robert, perhaps he has not been in the ſhop.

Ser. So they ſay. [*Exit.*

Sir Rob. Then they could not ſee him, indeed. Not in the ſhop? nay, then the buſineſs is clear; guilt, guilt, flight is full as bad as confeſſion.

Lady Riſc. It does look ſuſpicious, I own; but then nothing ill can happen without your daughter's concurrence, and you have not the leaſt doubt of her.

Sir Rob. Doubt! hey!

Lady Riſc. And, in fact, have nothing to fear.

Sir Rob. Fear! doubt! I hope your Ladyſhip has no more doubts than myſelf.

Lady

Lady Riſc. Why ſhould I? how does this affair concern me?

Sir Rob. As it concerns me, Lady Riſcounter; do you ſuppoſe I ſhould have been indifferent, if ſuch a charge had fallen on Lucy?

Lady Riſc. Such a charge can never fall upon my daughter Lucy.

Sir Rob. Full as ſoon as on my daughter Lydia.

Lady Riſc. I am not, Sir Robert, ſo certain of that.

Sir Rob. Lady Riſcounter, you begin to alarm me; you know more of this matter than you are willing to own.

Lady Riſc. Whatever I know, Sir Robert, I am reſolved not to communicate.

Sir Rob. And why not?

Lady Riſc. Whatever a mother-in-law ſays, the good-natured world always imputes to malice.

Sir Rob. Generally the caſe, I muſt own. But to me you may, nay, you ought to reveal.

Lady Riſc. Since you are ſo earneſt, I own ſome rumours have reach'd me.

Sir Rob. Of what kind?

Lady Riſc. You will pardon me there: if you will examine your daughter's maid, Kitty; ſhe, I am told, can ſatisfy all your enquiries.

Sir Rob. An artful baggage, I know. For heaven's ſake, my dear, ſend her hither directly.

Lady Riſc. But not the leaſt mention of me. [*Exit.*

Sir Rob. Very well, I never obſerv'd the leaſt correſpondence between Lydia and James: but what of that? they would take good care, I warrant, to conceal it from me.

Enter

Enter Kitty.

So, I find you were the go-between, the little infamous agent in this curs'd——

Kitty. Sir Robert—

Sir Rob. You muſt have been a volunteer; I am ſure, James was not able to bribe you, for he is as poor as a pillag'd black in Bengal.

Kitty. Really, Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Sir Rob. You mean, huſſey, you won't: Come, you may as well tell me all the particulars concerning Lydia and James; with the main article, you ſee I am already acquainted.

Kitty. Don't preſs me, pray Sir; I would rather die than ſay any thing to hurt my young miſtreſs.—(*Cries*)

Sir Rob. Nay, pr'ythee, Kitty, don't cry, you are a good girl, and love my daughter, I ſee.

Kitty. And not without reaſon, for ſhe has been the kindeſt, beſt——

Sir Rob. Nay, till now, ſhe was ever an amiable girl; but here, child, you will do her a capital ſervice.

Kitty. Indeed, Sir.

Sir Rob. For if her affections are fix'd upon James, tho' I may lament, I ſhall not oppoſe him.

Kitty. Since that is the caſe, I can't ſay, but early one morning, hearing a noiſe in Miſs Lydia's apartment, I ſtepp'd down to ſee what was the matter.

Sir Rob. Well?

Kitty. Juſt as I got at the foot of the ſtairs, her door open'd, and out came Mr. James.

Sir Rob.

Sir Rob. Did he? and why did not you alarm the houſe and ſeize the villain directly?

Kitty. That, Sir, would have ruined my Lady's reputation at once.

Sir Rob. True enough, you did wiſely. Did the fellow perceive you?

Kitty. Yes, Sir, and made me a ſign to be ſilent.

Sir Rob. I don't doubt it.

Kitty. Indeed, he came to me two hours after, told me he had a paſſion for Miſs, never could get an opportunity of diſcloſing his mind, and deſperate, at finding his hopes on the point of being ruin'd, he had ſtolen that morning into her chamber, humbly to implore her compaſſion and pity.

Sir Rob. He choſe a fine time and place for the purpoſe.

Kitty. On his knees he deſired, I would not diſcloſe to any mortal what I had ſeen.

Sir Rob. Which you ſhould not have done.

Kitty. He was too late in his caution; not five minutes before I had told it to Mrs. Hemſhot, Miſs Lucy's maid.

Sir Rob. No wonder then the ſtory is public.

Kitty. I am certain ſure, my young Miſtreſs is innocent, for Mr. James vowed and declared he was all upon honour.

Sir Rob. The malice of mankind will never be brought to believe it; you may go. [*Exit* Kitty.] So the girl's reputation is gone, and a retreat from the world the only choice that is left her: all my calamities are come upon me at once; my child ruin'd, and from the general diſtreſs, my own fame and fortune on the brink of deſtruction: the attorney and broker

broker will be inſtantly here to contrive means for propping my tottering credit. Am I in a condition to think of expedients, or to liſten to—

Enter Servant.

Serv. A card, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Rob. [Reads.] "Sir James Biddulph's "compliments to Sir Robert Riſcounter, and "if convenient will take the liberty to wait on "him this morning." Prepar'd, as I expected, our misfortunes have reach'd him, and he comes to break off the match; he is not to be blam'd. This raſh, inconſiderate—I'll to her, and if ſhe has the leaſt atom of feeling, I'll—And yet, how could the poor girl help his intruſion? ſhe might be ignorant, and yet the fellow without encouragement, would never have dared to—Yet the impudence of ſome men is amazing, and ſo indeed is the folly of women: the original fault muſt be his. But her after-compliance makes her equally guilty, for had ſhe diſapprov'd, ſhe would have reveal'd the fact to her mother or me. That, that, condemns her at once; I will to her directly, and find out the full extent of her guilt. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Miſs Lucy *and Miſs* Lydia *diſcovered.*

Lucy. TO us, indeed, who are encumber'd with fathers and mothers, marriage is a convenient buſineſs enough.

Lydia. And why on that account, my dear Lucy?

Lucy. As it makes one the entire miſtreſs of one's time, and one is accountable to no mortal for what one ſays or does.

Lydia. What, Lucy, not to your huſband?

Lucy. Nay, don't be prudiſh, my dear: you are going back to the days of Queen Beſs; who talks now of obedience and duty? ridiculous! her majeſty's old fardingale is not more out of faſhion.

Lydia. No!

Lucy. No: one reads in books, indeed, of nuptial ties and conjugal love; mere obſolete ſtuff! modern marriages are mere matters of intereſt.

Lydia. Intereſt!

Lucy. Ay, child; for inſtance now, Sir Thomas Perkins, our neighbour, finding that Miſs Williams has a good parcel of land, which being contiguous to his eſtate, will be very proper for him to poſſeſs; immediately ſends his rent-roll a-courting to her's. The parchments are produced on both ſides, and no impediments, that is incumbrance appearing, a couple of lawyers marry the manors together.

Lydia.

Lydia. Without the leaſt regard to the perſons?

Lucy. Poo, perſons! they are conſider'd, child, as manſion-houſes upon the eſtates, which one lives in, or neglects, juſt as they happen to be convenient, or not.

Lydia. But ſuppoſe, Lucy, as in mine, there ſhould happen to be no land in the caſe?

Lucy. Then, child, the bargain is alter'd; you depoſit ſo much money, and he grants you ſuch an annuity; a mere Smithfield bargain, that is all.

Lydia. A pretty picture you give me of marriage! But this is all raillery, Lucy; I am ſure you would never ſubmit to this barter and ſale.

Lucy. I ſhould do like the reſt of the world. We muſt take things as we find them. You are not ſo fooliſh as to be fond of Sir James Biddulph, my dear?

Lydia. Fond? the expreſſion is ſtrong; you muſt imagine I prefer him to the reſt of——

Lucy. Why, as to his appearance, it muſt be own'd, that the manſion is a pretty modern ſtructure enough, well built, and prettily finiſh'd: I can't indeed ſay, his upper ſtory is furniſh'd quite to my taſte.

Lydia. Nay, Lucy, now you are unjuſt, the whole world concur in giving him ſenſe.

Lucy. Nay, that article is not very material. If I had him, that is a part of his houſe, with which I ſhould hold very little communication, my dear. But, however, you love him?

Lydia. Or I am ſure I never would have him.

Lucy

Lucy. And I ſuppoſe if any accident was to break off this match, it would make you very unhappy?

Lydia. Can you doubt it, my dear?

Lucy. There is one evil that attends theſe ridiculous contracts.

Lydia. You don't look upon love then as an eſſential ingredient?

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! ſilly and ſingular; do you know, Lydia, why Love is always painted as blind?

Lydia. There are many cauſes aſſigned by the poets.

Lucy. But not one has given the true one: becauſe the little rogue ſhuts our eyes to our intereſts.

Lydia. Fye, Lucy, where could you get theſe narrow and libertine notions?

Lucy. A little more experience will tell you. But here comes Sir Robert; not a word of what has paſſed.

Lydia. I ſhall, my dear Lucy, for your ſake, endeavour to forget all you have ſaid.

Enter Sir Robert Riſcounter.

Sir Rob. Lucy, you may go down. [*Exit* Lucy.] After what has paſs'd, you will not be ſurpriz'd that I inſiſt upon your immediately quitting my houſe!

Lydia. Quitting the houſe, Sir!

Sir Rob. Your fortune is independent and large; you will no doubt be happy in eſcaping from the obſerving eye of a father.—I will be cool, and deſire only an anſwer to a very few queſtions. Since the death of your mother (who is happy in having eſcap'd the knowledge of

of this infamous buſineſs) have I been ever wanting in any act of paternal affection?

Lydia. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, what can be the meaning of——

Sir Rob. Come, no evaſions, but anſwer briefly yes, or no, to my queſtions.

Lydia. No, Sir.

Sir Rob. After my firſt care to educate you fit for the world, has it not been my principal ſtudy to ſettle you properly in it?

Lydia. Moſt aſſuredly, Sir.

Sir Rob. And knowing to what temptations girls at your age are expos'd, did I not ſeek out a man of rank, honour, and fortune, to be your protector and guardian for life?

Lydia. I confeſs it.

Sir Rob. Did you ever expreſs the leaſt diſlike to Sir James Biddulph's addreſs?

Lydia. Never.

Sir Rob. How could you then ſo far forget what you owe to me, and yourſelf, as privately to harbour and encourage a paſſion——

Lydia. I am confounded.

Sir Rob. For an object too unſuitable in every reſpect: for a mere creature of charity?

Lydia. Charity!

Sir Rob. Ay, for it was compaſſion to the father's numerous family that induced me to take James into my houſe.

Lydia. James! what of him? or what relation, Sir, can he have to me?

Sir Rob. This is aſtoniſhing in a girl of her years. What then, you know nothing of this fellow's affections?

Lydia. For me?

Sir

Sir Rob. Aye, for you. No billet-doux, no private meetings, no ſtealing into your chamber before the ſervants were out of their beds?

Lydia. Amazing! and who, Sir, has dared to inſinuate—

Sir Rob. Inſinuate! why the tale is the talk of the town: all the morning papers are full on't.

Lydia. What can, Sir, be the meaning of this? is it poſſible you can think, Sir, your daughter ſo abandoned, ſo loſt——

Sir Rob. Hey!

Lydia. Recollect, dear Sir, I beſeech you, have I, in the whole courſe of my life, ever once dared to deceive you?

Sir Rob. Why, Child, I can't ſay that you have. But in this caſe, there is ſuch poſitive proof.

Lydia. Of what kind, I beſeech you?

Sir Rob. Facts, facts, well atteſted; ſo don't pretend to deny.

Lydia. Atteſted! by whom?

Sir Rob. Their names are needleſs at preſent. But what motive or intereſt could any one have to invent, or propagate?

Lydia. None, that I can diſcover; but, however ſtrong the appearance, if either in thought, word, or deed, there has any thing, either criminal or culpable, paſſed between me and——

Sir Rob. What, no declarations? no interviews?

Lydia. No more than with any other man in your ſervice.

Sir Rob. Aſtoniſhing!

Lydia.

Lydia. If the contrary can be made to appear, abandon me, Sir, at once to that world, already ſo prepoſſeſs'd to my prejudice, the greateſt misfortune that can ever befall me.

Sir Rob. Well, child, riſe; I can't help giving credit to what you aver. But how to perſuade the reſt of——

Enter a Servant.

Somebody wants me? as I expected. Sir James Biddulph, I reckon?

Ser. No, Sir, a couple of gentlemen who ſay they came by appointment.

Sir Rob. I gueſs who they are. Another bad buſineſs. Shew them into the parlour. [*Exit* Servant.] You don't know half your father's afflictions——go, child, go into your chamber.

Lydia. I hope my father believes me?

Sir Rob. I do, I do. As ſoon as I have diſpatch'd theſe gentlemen, I will ſee you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Parlour.*

Enter Pillage *and* Reſource.

Pil. Ay, take my word for it, Mr. Reſource, in the whole round of the law, and, thank Heaven, the dominions are pretty extenſive, there is not a nicer road to hit than the region of Bankrupts.

Reſ. I ſhould have thought it a turnpike, for you ſee how eaſily even a country attorney can find it.

Pil.

Pil. 'Pſhaw! what, amongſt manufacturers, and meagre mechanicks? fellows not worth powder and ſhot; and yet theſe paltry provincials, maſter Reſource, are often obliged to ſolicit my aid.

Ref. Indeed!

Pil. Why, t'other day, a poor dog, over head and ears in debt from the country, was recommended to me by a client: the fellow had ſcrap'd together all he could get, and came up to town, with a view of running beyond ſea, but I ſtopp'd him directly.

Ref. Really!

Pil. O, ay, in a couple of months waſh'd him as white as a ſheep that is juſt ſhorn.

Ref. How did you bring it about?

Pil. Eaſy enough. Made him take a houſe in Cheapſide, call'd him a citizen in the London Gazette, and his name of John Madge, (being as common as carrots) not a ſoul in the country ſuſpected that it was he.

Ref. How ſhould they?

Pil. Paſs'd a few neceſſary notes to get him number and value, white-waſh'd him, and ſent him home to his wife.

Ref. Cleanly and cleverly done.

Pil. When the country chaps brought in their bills, he drew out of his pocket a certificate, and gave them a receipt in full for all their demands.

Ref. How the loobies muſt look.

Pil. Chop-fallen, no doubt; but he's in buſineſs again.

Ref. He is?

Pil. O yes, and I hear does very well. For I left him two hundred out of the ſix he brought with

with him, to begin the world with credit afreſh.

Ref. Very generous indeed, Mr. Pillage.

Pil. O! a trifling affair, got little by it!—for the matter of that, a mere ſtatute is not much in itſelf.

Ref. Ay! Well I thought it brought pretty perquiſites with it.

Pil. No, no; it is a good hot-bed indeed to raiſe chancery ſuits in.

Ref. Ay, that is a produce that deſerves propagation.

Pil. What, I ſee you have found a remedy for Maſter Monk of the Minories? I thought his was an incurable caſe.

Ref. Only ſkinn'd over the ſore, maſter Pillage, it will ſoon break out again.

Pil. What were the means that you uſed?

Ref. Got ſome friends of mine to advance him caſh on a project.

Pil. Of what kind?

Ref. A ſcheme of his, to monopolize ſprats and potatoes.

Pil. And it took?

Ref. Oh! there was no danger of that. The people of this country are always ready to bite at a bubble.

Pil. Will it hold?

Ref. Pſhaw! We ſhall break before the ſeaſon for ſprats, and as to the potatoes, we had laid in a ſhip load or two.

Pil. For which you procured a good price?

Ref. Not a ſouſe. They are all now in our cellars in Southwark, and have ſhot out branches as tall as the trees in the Park.

Pil. Ha! ha! ha! but apropos, can you gueſs Sir Robert's buſineſs with us? *Ref.*

Ref. Very near, I believe.

Pil. What, the houſe is not a tumbling?

Ref. A pretty large crack.

Pil. Which he wants our aſſiſtance to plaiſter. Why, I thought the knight was as firm as a rock.

Ref. I knew better things. I ſaw the manſion was daily decaying. Huſh, here he comes.

Enter Sir Robert, *followed by a Clerk.*

Sir Rob. As we have effects in our hands, accept the bills to be ſure. But how to diſcharge them when they are due.—So, gentlemen, I have ſent for you to beg your aſſiſtance.

Pil. Sir Robert, we ſhall be very happy to ſerve you, if you will tell us but how.

Sir Rob. Why, to deal plainly, gentlemen, my affairs are come to a criſis, and without ſome ſubſtantial and ſpeedy aſſiſtance, my credit will quickly expire.

Pil. You ſurprize me: I never gueſs'd it in danger. Pray, Sir Robert, what brought on the diſeaſe, was it an alley fever, or a gradual decay?

Sir Rob. A complication of cauſes. Not but I could have weather'd them all, had the houſe in Holland but ſtood, their failure muſt be followed by mine.

Pil. What, Van Swieten's?

Sir Rob. Have you heard any thing of him to-day?

Pil. No doubt, I believe, of their ſtopping; their bills were offered at Garraway's under forty per cent. As your name is not blown upon yet, ſuppoſe you coin a couple of quires! don't you think the circulation might ſerve you?

Sir

Sir Rob. No, that mint is exhauſted, and private paper return'd to its primitive value. My real caſe can be no longer conceal'd. I muſt ſtop, and ſhould be glad of your advice how to manage the matter.

Pil. There are two methods in uſe. The choice will depend on how your affairs ſtand with the world.

Sir Rob. Bitter bad, Mr. Pillage.

Pil. I gueſs'd as much, by your ſending for us. They treat us, Maſter Reſource, like a couple of quacks, never apply but in deſperate caſes.

Ref. But in all diſeaſes there are different degrees.

Pil. True; for inſtance, if you find you are pretty near on a par, with perhaps a ſmall balance per contra, ſummon your creditors, lay your conditions fully before them, convince them you have a fund to anſwer all their demands, and crave a reſpite for three or four years.

Sir Rob. Juſt to call in my debts, and make the moſt of my other effects?

Ref. True; as the Engliſh merchants have a good deal of milk in their blood, that is a favour rarely refuſed.

Sir Rob. This, Maſter Pillage, will be only deferring the evil.

Pil. That is, Sir Robert, as you manage the cards. Don't you ſee that the length of time, with the want or wiſh of ready money for trade, will diſpoſe the bulk of your creditors to ſell their debts at a loſs of thirty or forty per cent.?

Sir Rob. True.

Ref.

Ref. No contemptible ſum, when a man's dealings are large.

Sir Rob. But how ſhall I profit by—

Pil. What hinders you from privately buying the debts?

Sir Rob. That, indeed—

Ref. A fine fortune ſav'd out of the fire.

Pil. True. And now we talk of the fire, for a preſent ſupply, you may burn a warehouſe or two, after it has been gutted of all its contents.

Ref. And recover the full amount of the policy.

Pil. Did you never try that?

Ref. No, I don't think he has done any thing in the fire way yet; have you, Sir Robert?

Sir Rob. Never once came into my head.

Pil. May be not; oh! for a fertile brain, there are many means to be uſed; but what d'ye ſay to my plan?

Sir Rob. What, the ſummoning ſcheme? I am ſo involved, that I am afraid that project will never prevail.

Pil. Then you have nothing left but a ſtatute.

Sir Rob. But if my certificate ſhould not be granted?

Pil. That is my proper buſineſs, Sir Robert. If we find your creditors inclined to be cruſty, there will be no difficulty in creating demands to get number and value.

Sir Rob. That will ſwell my debts to a moſtrous amount.

Ref. So much the more for your honour; conſider you are a knight, and your dignity demands you ſhould fail for a capital ſum.

Sir

Sir Rob. Does it?

Pil. To be ſure. Why, you would not ſneak into the Gazette like a Birmingham button-maker.

Ref. Oh fie!

Pil. He would never after be able to ſhew his head upon Change.

Ref. Never, never.

Pil. And then, you know, what with the portable ſtuff, ſuch as jewels, or caſh, that he himſelf may ſecrete, and the dividends that fall to the ſhare of his friends, which they will doubtleſs reſtore—

Ref. He will be fit to begin the world again with *eclat*.

Pil. In a much better condition than ever.

Ref. And his children's children will have reaſon to thank him.

Sir Rob. But is there not ſome danger in concealing the portable ſtuff, as you call it?

Pil. Not in the leaſt. Beſides, to colour the buſineſs, you may collect a purſe of light guineas, with an old batter'd family watch, and deliver them to the commiſſioners, on your firſt examination.

Ref. That will give an air of integrity.

Sir Rob. You ſeem to think, then, Gentlemen, that it is the duty of every honeſt merchant to break once at leaſt in his life, for the good of his family?

Ref. Not the leaſt queſtion of that.

Pil. Every day's practice confirms it. Well, Sir Robert, when ſhall I provide you the tackle?

Sir Rob. The tackle!

Pil. In about a month or ſix weeks, I think, you may be made fit to appear in the papers.

Sir

Sir Rob. In the Gazette, as a bankrupt?

Ref. Aye, but then no time muſt be loſt.

Pil. Not a moment, for ſhould they ſmoke his deſign—

Sir Rob. Gentlemen, I muſt decline your aſſiſtance.

Pil. How?

Sir Rob. For, without conſidering the private injury I may do to particular perſons, this miſchievous method muſt ſoon affect the whole mercantile world.

Pil. Why, what has that——

Sir Rob. Mutual confidence is the very cement of commerce. That weakened, the whole ſtructure muſt fall to the ground.

Ref. Hey!

Sir Rob. From the practice of theſe infamous arts, as it is impoſſible they can be conceal'd, what ſuſpicions, what jealouſies muſt every man in trade entertain?

Pil. How!

Sir Rob. What an injury beſides, to thoſe in my unhappy condition? the riſques and loſſes unavoidably connected with commerce, procure the unſucceſsful trader, generally the compaſſion, ſometimes the friendly aid, of thoſe of his order.

Ref. We know that well enough.

Sir Rob. But when bankruptcy becomes a lucrative traffic, and men are found to fail with a view of making their fortunes, the unhappy and fradulent will be confounded together, and puniſhment fall on his head who has a title to pity.

Pil. The man's mad.

Sir

Sir Rob. Perhaps I myſelf am a ſacrifice to thoſe very arts you have recommended ſo warmly. But there the miſchief ſhall end. Men may ſuffer from my calamities, but they never ſhall by my crimes. [*Exit.*

Pil. Did you ever meet with ſuch a ſqueamiſh old fool? what could he mean by ſending for us?

Ref. Who can tell? his head's turn'd, I ſuppoſe.

Pil. I thought we had him ſure; but how nimbly he has ſlipp'd through our fingers!

Ref. Neceſſity will ſoon bring him back to our hook. He is ſhy for the preſent, but I warrant he will bite bye and bye.

Pil. Or we ſhall loſe a capital prize.

Ref. Indeed, ſhould his friends interpoſe, and matters be compounded without us.

Pil. That I have a ſure way to prevent. Before an hour is paſt, I will tear ſuch a rent in his robe, as I defy all the botchers in Europe to mend.

Ref. By what means?

Pil. I know he is in the receipt of ſome government money; I will take care to ſaddle him with an extent.

Ref. That will do.

Pil. I ſhall only juſt go and take out a commiſſion againſt five macaronies, who are joint annuitants to a couple of Jews.

Ref. But how can you lug them into a ſtatute? they are no dealers you know.

Pil. No dealers? yes, but they are.

Ref. Aye, of what kind?

Pil. Why, they are dealers of cards. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lady Riſcounter, *and* Sir James Biddulph.

Lady Riſc. If you will walk in, Sir James, Sir Robert is a little buſy at preſent, but he will wait upon you directly.

Sir James. I have no call, Madam, that prevents my attending his leiſure.

Lady Riſc. I fear the deſign of this viſit, Sir James, is of a different nature from thoſe we have lately received.

Sir James. I came, Madam, to offer my aid in detecting and puniſhing an infamous calumny that has made its way to the publick, this morning.

Lady Riſc. But reports of this kind, when deſpiſed and neglected, gradually die of themſelves. It is a moſt unlucky affair, I confeſs.

Sir James. Unlucky! moſt falſe and atrocious: I hope, Madam, we ſhall be able to diſcover its author.

Lady Riſc. As to that, it is ſcarce worth the enquiry.

Sir James. How, Madam!

Lady Riſc. We have family reaſons, Sir James, for wiſhing to draw a veil over—

Sir James. A veil! I am aſtoniſh'd, Lady Riſcounter!

Lady Riſc. The loſs of your alliance, indeed, which now we dare neither expect, nor deſire, has mortified us all not a little. If any other means could be found to form a connection between us, and a perſon of your merit and rank, there is nothing, I am ſure, I ſhould ſo ardently wiſh.

Sir James. Your ladyſhip is moſt exceedingly kind.

Lady

Lady Riſc. I hope the whole family, eſpecially myſelf and daughter, are not, through the error of one, to be puniſhed with the loſs of your friendſhip.

Sir James. You do me infinite honour.

Lady Riſc. Indeed, my Lucy, upon this occaſion, I felt chiefly for you; for though perhaps not ſo impoſing and ſpecious, as the girl whoſe lapſe we lament, ſhe has great goodneſs of heart, and a proper ſenſe of your worth.

Sir James. Miſs Lucy is moſt prodigiouſly—

Lady Riſc. But Sir Robert's door opens, and as my preſence may not be ſo proper upon this occaſion, I take my leave, with the hopes of ſoon receiving a viſit—

Sir James. I ſhall be happy, Madam, in ſeizing every occaſion—your ladyſhip's—[*Exit Lady* Riſcounter.] What can be the meaning of this? She ſeems to confirm and credit the infamous ſtory. Sir Robert, I ſuppoſe, will explain it.

Enter Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Sir James, I ſcarce know how to accoſt you; but the confuſion I feel at the unhappy cauſe of your viſit.

Sir James. Indeed, Sir Robert, I own myſelf greatly perplex'd. I enter'd your houſe, full of the warmeſt reſentment, and prepar'd to take every active part in my power; but your lady has dropp'd ſome hints, as if you wiſh'd to ſtifle all further enquiry. Pray, Sir Robert, be

be candid and open. This, Sir, I think, I have a right to demand.

Sir Rob. Doubtleſs. Nor do I wiſh to conceal: there is room for ſuſpicion, I own; ſo far Lady Riſcounter is right; but yet, Lydia—

Sir James. You have then ſeen her, Sir Robert?—

Sir Rob. Not ten minutes ago. Her ſurpriſe ſeem'd ſo ſincere, and ſo artleſs, and——

Sir James. Without doubt——

Sir Rob. And ſuch ſtrong marks of truth, both in her words, and her looks, that I confeſs —perhaps it was a fatherly weakneſs, I could not help giving credit to all that ſhe ſaid.

Sir James. You did her but juſtice, I am ſure. I will pawn my life upon her honour and faith.

Sir Rob. But yet how to reconcile—for, Sir James, I will be impartial; ſome accounts I have had—

Sir James. Time can only do that. Deep-laid deſigns are not diſcovered at once. If we can but get at the clue.—And what ſteps have you taken? have you been, or ſent to the printer's?

Sir Rob. No. I did think of going, but my lady perſuaded me, that the ſtep would be wrong.

Sir James. For which ſhe had very good reaſons, no doubt. Will you give me leave to accompany you thither?

Sir Rob. If you think it right.

Sir James. The very firſt thing you ſhould do.

Sir Rob.

Sir Rob. But ſhould not we conſult my lady about it?

Sir James. The very laſt thing you ſhould do.

Sir Rob. And why ſo?

Sir James. I muſt beg to conceal my reaſons at preſent. I too, have my ſuſpicions, Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. You have?

Sir James. Which I fancy you will ſoon find to be better founded than thoſe of your family.

Sir Rob. Not unlikely, Sir James.

Sir James. Come, Sir, my chariot is ready.

Sir Rob. I attend you, Sir James.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Robin, *and a Servant of Sir* Robert.

Robin. MY ſervice to Miſs Kitty, and I ſhould be happy to have the honour of her ear a moment.

Ser. Of her ear!

Robin. Theſe low fellows know nothing of the phraſes in faſhion, mere Vandals and Goats: but I muſt accommodate myſelf to their country. Will you tell Miſs Kitty Combruſh, that I ſhould be glad to ſpeak with her, when ſhe is at leiſure?

Ser. Now I underſtand what you mean, that will I, Maſter Robin. [*Exit.*

Robin. Damn'd provoking however, to have our ſhip ſunk juſt as we were entering the port; this could not happen but by the contrivance of ſome of the crew: our captain too is moſt horribly hurt. This jade, I am convinced, is in the whole of the plot; but her own art, and the ſkill of her prompter, will make it difficult to get at the bottom.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Bleſs me, Mr. Robin, after what has paſs'd, I little expected to ſee you again at our houſe.

Robin. What injuſtice both to me and yourſelf!

Kitty. How ſo, Mr. Robin?

Robin. To your powerful attractions, and my proper diſcernment.

Kitty.

Kitty. I did not know I had any ſuch things, Mr. Robin.

Robin. Infinite! but above all, your penetration is the moſt ſurpriſing to me. The conjuror in the Old Bailey is a fool compar'd to Miſs Kitty. You are abſolutely as knowing as one of the Civils, if the latter part of your prediction was but as fully accompliſh'd.

Kitty. What was that?

Robin. Our cohabitation in the ſame houſe, notwithſtanding—

Kitty. Time may bring that about, Mr. Robin.

Robin. I don't comprehend how that can happen.

Kitty. No! why, to make your maſter amends for the loſs of Miſs Lydia, ſuppoſe we were to give him Miſs Lucy—

Robin. D'ye call that making my maſter amends?

Kitty. She is a good ſhowy girl, and her fortune—

Robin. Will be no temptation to him; I know he deteſts her.

Kitty. Indeed!

Robin. Cordially. So that if that be the only means, I have nothing left but deſpair. Oh! Miſs Kitty, think what miſery! that tender frame has a tear for pity, I'm ſure; to be deprived of the warmeſt wiſh of my life, to be cut off for ever—

Kitty. And do you really think as you ſay?

Robin. Nothing but an amiable ignorance of your own charms, could for a moment induce you to doubt it.

Kitty.

Kitty. Suppoſe then, Mr. Robin, we were to live under our own roof, inſtead of that of another, don't you think it would be mending the matter?

Robin. It would be Elyſium, my angel. But how to get at the means?

Kitty. If that is your objection, they may be eaſily found.

Robin. Does my lovely Kitty think I can have any other?

Kitty. Then ſince that is the caſe, Mr. Robin, it is but right I ſhould explain to you, what I meant by my riddle, this morning. But ſee that we are ſafe.

Robin. Not a ſoul.

Kitty. You muſt know, then, that this whole affair of Miſs Lydia is my lady's contrivance.

Robin. What, is that whole ſtory a fiction?

Kitty. A mere flam; nothing elſe; and to bring about Sir James's marriage with Lucy, her motive.

Robin. I conceive.

Kitty. Now, as the project would not do without my aſſiſtance, my lady gave me (here it is, ſtuck in my ſtays) a note for five hundred pounds, if the match is broke off; and a thouſand, ſhould Miſs Lucy's take place.

Robin. Hum—hum—hum—500—hum—hum—Rebecca Riſcounter—it is juſt as you ſay.

Kitty. Now, as matters ſtand, you ſee I am entitled to the firſt 500 directly, and, with your aſſiſtance, perhaps the other may follow.

Robin. Not unlikely. But hold a little, dear Kitty, a little caution may not be amiſs.

This

This miſtreſs of your's is a damn'd artful woman; ſhe has trick'd others, and won't ſcruple cheating of you.

Kitty. I don't underſtand you.

Robin. It is not quite clear that this note is a good one.

Kitty. How!

Robin. I mean ſuch a one as ſhe will be obliged hereafter to pay.

Kitty. Then the buſineſs ſhall be blown up in an inſtant.

Robin. Too late. She will only laugh at you when her ends are obtain'd.

Kitty. Then what ſteps can we take?

Robin. There is an old maſter of mine, who lives in Brick-court in the Temple, as cunning a cur as ever hang'd an innocent man, or ſav'd a rogue from the gallows. I'll run, and aſk his opinion.

Kitty. But won't that be betraying our ſecret?

Robin. Counſellors, like confeſſors, are bound not to reveal their client's confeſſion: beſides, I can eaſily conceal the name of the party.

Kitty. You will come immediately back?

Robin. In an inſtant, unleſs I have your leave to go a ſtep further.

Kitty. Further!

Robin. To Doctors Commons, for a little bit of parchment, that will ſoon unite us for ever.

Kitty. O law! you are in a vaſt prodigious great hurry; but, I think, Mr. Robin, you muſt do as you pleaſe.

Robin.

Robin. Thus let me acknowledge your kind condeſcenſion. For a moment then, my dear Kitty, adieu. [*Exit* Kitty.] So, now I have the means in my power to reſettle all our matters again. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Printer's.*

Margin *diſcovered with News-papers, Accompt-books, &c.*

Marg. September the 9th. Sold twelve hundred and thirty. June the 20th. Two thouſand and ſix. Good increaſe for the time, conſidering too that the winter has been pretty pacific: dabble but little in treaſons, and not remarkably ſcurrilous, unleſs, indeed, in a few perſonal caſes. We muſt ſeaſon higher to keep up the demand. Writers in Journals, like rope-dancers, to engage the public attention, muſt venture their necks every ſtep that they take. The pleaſure people feel, ariſes from the riſques that we run—what's the matter?

Enter Dingey.

Ding. Mr. Hyſon has left the anſwer to his laſt letter on Eaſt-India affairs.

Marg. A lazy raſcal, now his letter is forgot, he comes with an anſwer. Beſides, the ſubject is ſtale: Return it again. Are all our people in waiting?

Ding. The Attorney General to the paper, that anſwers the law caſes, is not come yet.

Marg. Oh! that's Ben Bond'em the Bailiff; prudently done; perhaps he has a writ againſt one

one of our authors—Bid them enter, and call over their names.

Ding. Walk in, Gentlemen.

Enter Pepper, Plaiſter, Rumour, Forge'em, Fibber, Comma, Cauſtic, O'Flam, *and others.*

Ding. Politicians, pro and con, Meſſieurs Pepper and Plaiſter.

Pep. Plaiſ. Here.

Marg. Pepper and Plaiſter, as both the houſes are up, I ſhall adjourn your Political Warfare 'till their meeting again.

Pep. Don't you think the public would bear one ſkirmiſh more before we cloſe the campaign? I have a trimmer here in my hand.

Plaiſ. To which I have as tart a retort.

Marg. No, no; enough for the preſent. It is, Plaiſter, the proper timeing the ſubject, that gives ſucceſs to our labours. The conductor of a News-paper, like a good cook, ſhould always ſerve up things in their ſeaſon: who eats oyſters in June? Plays and Parliament Houſes are winter proviſions.

Pep. Then half the ſatire and ſalt will be loſt: Beſides, if the great man ſhould happen to die, or go out.

Marg. Pſhaw! it will do as well for the great man that comes in. Political papers ſhould bear vamping; like ſermons, change but the application and text, and they will ſuit all perſons and ſeaſons.

Plaiſ. True enough; but mean time, what can we turn to? for we ſhall be quite out of work.

Marg.

Marg. I warrant you, if you an't idle, there's buſineſs enough, the preſs teems with freſh publications—Hiſtories, tranſlations, voyages—

Pep. That take up as much time to read as to make.

Marg. And what with letters from Paris or Spaw, inundations, elopements, diſmal effects of thunder and lightning, remarkable cauſes at country aſſizes, and with changing the miniſtry now and then, you will have employment enough for the Summer.

Plaiſ. And ſo enter upon our old trade in the winter?

Marg. Aye, or for variety, as it muſt be tireſome to take always one ſide; you, Pepper, may go over to adminiſtration, and Plaiſter will join oppoſition. The novelty may perhaps give freſh ſpirits to both.

Pep. With all my heart. A bold writer has now no encouragement to ſharpen his pen. I have known the day when there was no difficulty in getting a lodging in Newgate; but now, all I can ſay, won't procure me a warrant from a Weſtminſter Juſtice.

Marg. You ſay right, hard times, maſter Pepper, for perſecution is the very life and ſoul of our trade; but don't deſpair, who knows how ſoon matters may mend? gentlemen, you may draw back.——Read the next.

Ding. Criticks—Thomas Comma and Chriſtopher Cauſtic.

Marg. Where are they?

Ding. As you could not find them in conſtant employment, they are engaged by the great, to do the articles in the Monthly Reviews.

Marg.

Marg. I thought they were done by Doctor Doubtful, the Deiſt.

Ding. Formerly, but now he deals in manuſcript ſermons, writes religious eſſays for one of the Journals.

Marg. Then he will ſoon ſink. I foreſaw what would come of his dramming. Go on.

Ding. Collectors of paragraphs, Roger Rumour, and Phelim O'Flam.

Rum. Flam. Here.

Ding. Fibber and Forge'em, compoſers and makers of ditto.

Fib. Forg. Here.

Marg. Well, Rumour, what have you brought for the preſs?

Rum. I have been able to bring you no Poſitives.

Marg. How! no Poſitives?

Rum. Not one. I have a Probability from the court end of the town; and two good Suppoſes out of the city.

Marg. Hand them here—[*reads.*] "It is "probable, that if the King of Pruſſia ſhould "join the Czarina, France will ſend a fleet into "the Mediterranean, which, by giving umbrage to the Maritime powers, will involve "Spain by its Family Compact. To which, if "Auſtria ſhould refuſe to accede, there may be "a powerful diverſion in Poland, made con-"junctly by Sweden and Denmark. And if "Sardinia and Sicily abide by the treaties, the "German Princes can never be neuter; Italy "will become the ſeat of war, and all Europe "ſoon ſet in a flame."——Vaſtly well, maſter Rumour, finely confuſed, and very alarming.

Dingey,

Dingey, give him a ſhilling for this. I hope no other paper has got it?

Rum. Oh fie! did you ever know me guilty of ſuch a——

Marg. True, true, now let us ſee your Suppoſes—[*Reads.*] "It is ſuppoſed if Alderman "Mango ſhould ſurrender his gown, he will be "ſucceeded by Mr. Deputy Drylips; and if "my Lord Mayor ſhould continue ill of the "gout, it is ſuppoſed the ſwan-hopping will "ceaſe for this ſeaſon."—That laſt ſuppoſe is fudged in, why, would you cram theſe upon me for a couple?

Rum. As diſtinct as can be.

Marg. Fye, remember our bargain. You agreed to do the court of Aldermen always for ſix-pence.

Rum. What, if a Common Hall ſhould be called?

Marg. Oh! then you are to have three-pence a motion, I know that, very well: I am ſure no gentleman can accuſe me of being ſneaking. Dingey, give him ſix-pence for his Suppoſes. Well, Phelim O'Flam, any deaths in your diſtrict?

O'Flam. The devil a one.

Marg. How! none?

O'Flam. O yes, a parcel of nobodies, that died worth nothing at all. Fellows that can't pay for a funeral. Upon my conſcience, I can't think what becomes of the folks; for my part, I believe all the people who live in town, fall down dead in the country, and then too, ſince Doctor Diſpatch is gone to the Bath, patients linger ſo long.

Marg.

Marg. Indeed!

O'Flam. To be ſure they do. Why, I waited at the Jolly Topers, a matter of two days and a half, for the laſt breath of Lady Dy Dropſy, for fear ſome other collector ſhould catch it.

Marg. A long time indeed.

O'Flam. Wasn't it? conſidering that ſhe had two conſultations beſides, deviliſh tough. Mr. Margin I ſhall quit the mortality walk, ſo provide yourſelf as ſoon as you can.

Marg. I hope not.

O'Flam. Why, what will I do? I am ſure the deaths won't keep me alive, you ſee I am already ſtripp'd to my ſhroud; ſince November, the ſuicide ſeaſon, I have not got ſalt to my porridge.

Enter Sir Thomas Tradewell.

Sir Thom. Is your name Matthew Margin?

Marg. It is, and what then?

Sir Thom. Then, pray what right had you to kill me in your laſt Saturday's paper?

Marg. Kill you!

Sir Thom. Ay, Sir, here the article is; ſurely the law has ſome puniſhment for ſuch inſolent raſcals as you.

Marg. Puniſhment! and for what? but, after all, what injury have you ſuſtain'd?

Sir Thom. Infinite. All my agents are come poſt out of the country, my houſe is crouded with couſins, to be preſent at the opening my will, and there has been (as it is known ſhe has a very good jointure) no leſs than three propoſals of marriage already made to my relict.

Marg.

Marg. Let me look at the paragraph. [*Reads.*] "Laſt night, after eating a hearty ſupper, died "ſuddenly, with his mouth full of cuſtard, Sir "Thomas Tradewell, knight, an amiable com-"panion, an affectionate relation, and a friend "to the poor."—O'Flam, this is ſome blunder of yours; for you ſee, here the gentleman is, and alive.

O'Flam. So he ſays, but the devil a one in this caſe would I believe but himſelf; becauſe why, I was told it by Jeremy O'Turlough, his own body chairman, my dear: by the ſame token, I treated him with a pint of porter for the good news.

Sir Thom. Vaſtly oblig'd to you, Mr. O'Flam, but I have nothing to do with this wretched fellow; it is you, Margin, ſhall anſwer for this.

Marg. Why, Sir Thomas, it is impoſſible but now and then we muſt kill a man by miſtake. And in ſome meaſure to make amends, you ſee what a good character the paper has given you,

Sir Thom. Character!

Marg. Aye, Sir, I can tell you I have had a crown for putting in many a worſe.

O'Flam. Aye, Sir Thomas, conſider of that, only think what a comfort it is, to live long enough after you are dead, to read ſuch a good account of yourſelf in the papers.

Sir Thom. Ha! ha! ha! what a ridiculous raſcal! but I would adviſe you, gentlemen, not to take ſuch liberties with me for the future.

[*Exit.*

O'Flam. Indeed and we won't; and I here give Mr. Margin my word, that you ſhan't die again,

again, as long as you live, unleſs, indeed, we get it from under your own hand.

Enter Sir Robert Riſcounter, *and* Sir James Biddulph.

Sir Rob. Where is this Margin, this impudent, raſcally Printer?

Marg. Hey day! what's the matter now?

Sir James. Curb your choler, Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. A pretty fellow, indeed, that every man's and woman's reputation muſt be ſubject to the power of his poiſonous pen.

Sir James. A little patience, Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. A land of liberty, this! I will maintain it, the tyranny exerciſed by that fellow, and thoſe of his tribe, is more deſpotic and galling, than the moſt abſolute monarch's in Aſia.

Sir James. Well, but——

Sir Rob. Their thrones claim a right only over your perſons and property, whilſt this mungrel, ſquatting upon his joint ſtool, by a ſingle line, proſcribes and ruins your reputation at once.

Sir James. Sir Robert, let me crave—

Sir Rob. And no ſituation is ſecure from their inſults. I wonder every man is not afraid to peep into a paper, as it is more than probable that he may meet with a paragraph, that will make him unhappy for the reſt of his life.

Marg. But, Gentlemen, what is all this buſineſs about?

Sir Rob. About? zounds, Sir, what right had you to ruin my daughter?

Marg.

Marg. I? I know nothing of you nor your daughter.

Sir Rob. Sir James Biddulph, you have it, produce the paper.

Sir James. There is no occaſion for that, the affair is ſo recent, I dare ſay the Gentleman will remember the paſſage; this, Sir, is the Banker, the father with whoſe daughter you was pleaſed to take thoſe inſolent freedoms, this morning.

Sir Rob. And this, Sir, the amiable Baronet, from the Weſt end of the Town.

Marg. I recollect. Well, gentlemen, if you have brought any paragraphs to contradict the report, I am ready to inſert them directly.

Sir Rob. And ſo, you raſcal, you want us to furniſh freſh food for your paper?

Marg. I do all I can to keep my ſcales even; the charge hangs heavy here; on the other ſide, you may throw in the defence, then ſee which will weigh down the other.

Sir Rob. Indeed, Sir James Biddulph, if he does that——

Sir James. That! can that paltry expedient atone for his crime? will the ſnow that is ſullied recover its luſtre? ſo tender and delicate, Sir Robert, is the fame of a lady, that once tainted, it is tarniſh'd for ever.

Sir Rob. True enough.

Marg. I could bear no ill-will to your daughter, as I know nothing about her.

Sir Rob. Indeed, Sir James, I don't ſee how he could.

Sir James. Is his being the inſtrument of another man's malice, a ſufficient excuſe?

Sir Rob. So far from it, that it enhances the guilt. Zounds, Sir James, you are a Parliament

ment Man, why don't you put an end to this practice?

Marg. Ay, let them attack the preſs, if —

Sir Rob. Have a care of that; no no, that muſt not be done.

Sir James. No man, Sir Robert, honours that ſacred ſhield of freedom more than myſelf.

Sir Rob. I dare ſay.

Sir James. But I would not have it ſerve to ſhelter theſe peſts, who point their poiſon'd arrows againſt the peace of mankind.

Sir Rob. By no means in the world. Let them be dragg'd from behind it directly.

Marg. Ay, do deſtroy the watchful dogs that guard and cover your flocks.

Sir James. You guard, you cover!

Marg. Ay, who but us alarm the nation when bad deſigns are on foot?

Sir Rob. In that reſpect, they are very uſeful no doubt.

Sir James. Are they therefore entitled to give the alarm, when no ſuch deſign is intended?

Sir Rob. By no means. A pack of factious, infamous ſcoundrels.

Marg. It is we that ſupply the defects of the laws.

Sir James. You!

Marg. By ſtigmatizing thoſe offenders that they cannot reach.

Sir Rob. That, indeed, ſerves to keep the guilty in awe.

Sir James. And is a pretence for making the innocent the butts of their malice.

Sir

Sir Rob. True, true, all is fiſh that comes to their nets.

Sir James. Beſides, their ſlander is ſcattered ſo generally, and with ſo little diſcretion, that the deformity of vice is deſtroyed.

Sir Rob. True.

Sir James. Bad men are made worſe, by becoming totally callous, and even the good rendered careleſs, to that ſource of patriotiſm, that pride of virtue, the public opinion.

Sir Rob. And they are much in the right on't.

Marg. What, you are a courtier, I reckon? no wonder you wiſh the preſs was demoliſhed.

Sir James. If ever that happens, to ſuch miſcreants as you 'twill be owing; nor will it ſurprize me, if all orders concur to give up a great public benefit, for the ſake and ſecurity of private honour and peace.

Sir Rob. Nor me neither.

Marg. You would conſent then to ſurrender the preſs?

Sir Rob. I would ſooner conſent to be hang'd.

Sir James. And its unbounded licence continue?

Sir Rob. I would much rather ſee it on fire.

Marg. With reſpect to its general uſe—

Sir Rob. Not the ſmalleſt doubt can be made.

Sir James. But, Sir Robert, then the abuſe—

Sir Rob. Is what no mortal can bear.

Marg. But, Sir Robert, you would but juſt now—

Sir Rob. I confeſs it, I did.

Sir

Sir James. Ay, but that was, Sir Robert, becauſe—

Sir Rob. For no other reaſon in life.

Marg. My obſervation you allow to be—

Sir Rob. Pointed.

Sir James. And my reply—

Sir Rob. Concluſive as could be.

Marg. But then—

Sir Rob. To be ſure.

Sir James. Becauſe why—

Sir Rob. You are quite in the right.

O'Flam. Upon my ſoul, they have got the old gentleman into ſuch puzzleation, that I don't believe he knows what he wiſhes himſelf. Stand by and let me clear up this matter a little. Hearkee, Mr. Sir Robert, if I underſtand your maning at all, it is, that provided people could be prevented from publiſhing, you are willing the preſs ſhould be free.

Sir Rob. That was my meaning no doubt.

O'Flam. Upon my conſcience, and nothing but reaſon. There, I believe, we are all of us agreed. How ſeldom would people differ, if once we could get them to be all of a mind? And now this difference is whole and compos'd, let me try if I can't make up the other. I underſtand here, old gentleman, you have had a daughter abuſed.

Sir Rob. Moſt foully.

O'Flam. And you want to know who was the author?

Sir Rob. That was my ſole buſineſs here.

O'Flam. Then why could not you ſay ſo at firſt, without all this bothering and bawling? Well, maſter Margin, come give the old buck ſatisfaction.

Marg.

Marg. It was anonymous.

O'Flam. Upon my ſoul, and I thought ſo. That is the moſt damnedſt, impudent ſon of a bitch, he had like to have brought me into three or four ſcrapes, by fathering his lies upon me.

Sir James. Will you give us leave to look at the hand?

Marg. Freely, this is the paper.

Sir James. Sir Robert, do you recollect to have ſeen this writing before?

Sir Rob. It is James's, I know it as well as my own: here are his B's, his G's, and his T's.

Sir James. So I gueſs'd. Will you truſt the paper with us?

Sir Rob. Let him get it again, if he can.—Sir James, I ſhall expect you at home. [*Exit.*

Marg. I hope no bad uſe will be made of it.

Sir James. The worſt uſe has already been made of it; but at parting, Mr. Margin, let me give you a piece of advice. Take care how you provoke the publick patience too far. You have ſet the laws at defiance, and long reign'd uncontroul'd, I confeſs; but don't wonder if the ſubjects of your ſlander forget there are laws in their turn, and, valuing an honeſt name more than their lives, ſhould expoſe their lives to revenge it. [*Exit.*

O'Flam. Upon my ſoul, Mr. Margin, very wholſome advice, and will do you much good if you take it; but, above all, rid you hands of James Anonymous as ſoon as you can; you know it was he got you that beating.—That fellow has brought you into more ſcrapes than all your authors together.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Gentlemen, the milk porridge is ready.
All. Let us ſtart fair I beſeech you.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Riſcounter, Lucy, *and* Kitty.

Lady Riſc. Sir James Biddulph is gone?
Kitty. Yes, Madam, and with him my maſter.
Lady Riſc. Sir Robert! to what place, can you gueſs?
Kitty. I ſhould think, by what I overheard, to the printer's.
Lady Riſc. To the printer's! of what uſe can that be?
Kitty. I can't ſay; but your ladyſhip, I hope, will excuſe me.
Lady Riſc. Excuſe you, why child, what's the matter?
Kitty. I have heard ſome whiſpering among the clerks, as if things were not quite ſo well with my maſter.
Lady Riſc. What, ſome little diſappointments in trade?
Kitty. Much worſe, I am afraid; I don't know what it means; but they ſay an extent is brought into the houſe.
Lady Riſc. With all my heart; let what will happen, it can be of little importance to me.
Lucy. No, Madam!
Lady Riſc. No, child, you can't ſuppoſe, but upon my marriage, I took care, at all events, to ſecure a proper proviſion.
Lucy. Indeed! can that be done?

Lady

Lady Riſc. A common caution, my dear; don't you ſee Mrs. Paduaſoy rides in her coach, whilſt half her huſband's creditors are in gaol?

Lucy. Is that the caſe?

Lady Riſc. If wives were to have any thing to do with thoſe kind of creatures, who d'ye think would marry with people in buſineſs? and now I think on't, it will be ſo much the better; for the father's failure muſt in ſome meaſure fall on the daughter.

Lucy. True; but your ladyſhip ſaw Sir James Biddulph.

Lady Riſc. For a moment only, my dear.

Lucy. Well, Madam, and—

Lady Riſc. I only juſt threw out a hint; to be more explicit now, would make him ſuſpicious; we muſt give him time to digeſt his diſappointment.

Kitty. As I live, Miſs Lydia is coming.

Lady Riſc. Lydia!

Enter Lydia.

Lydia. I beg your ladyſhip's pardon, for intruding without your permiſſion; but, my unfortunate ſituation will, I hope, plead my excuſe: I come, Madam, to beg your protection.

Lady Riſc. Mine, child?

Lydia. Your aſſiſtance, in detecting the authors of this horrid deſign.

Lady Riſc. That, child, is properly your father's concern.

Lydia. True, Madam; but the relation your ladyſhip bears to his family might, I hope, induce you to do me this juſtice.

Lady

Lady Riſc. Juſtice, Lydia!—as it is my duty, I ſhall ever be ready to give my advice.

Lydia. That, Madam, is all that I want.

Lady Riſc. As this affair has made ſuch a noiſe, there remains but one ſtep to be taken.

Lydia. Which is—

Lady Riſc. A marriage with James.

Lydia. With James! and ſo ſanctify the ſcandalous ſtory.

Lady Riſc. It may be alledged by the family, that the ceremony had paſs'd before the detection.

Lydia. Detection! I hope your ladyſhip does not not ſuppoſe there is the ſmalleſt foundation?

Lady Riſc. That I ſhall not pretend to determine. But, at all events, you are in the right to deny it.

Lydia. Your ladyſhip's indifference ſhocks me more than the—Your daughter, Lucy, will do me juſtice I am ſure, ſhe has been privy to every—

Lucy. Me, Miſs? I beg pardon for that: how ſhould I know your intrigues? I beg you will not involve me in your guilt.

Lydia. Nay, then it is in vain to ſtruggle; I ſee, my ruin is reſolv'd.

Enter Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Where is Lady Riſcounter? well, my dear, we have got to the bottom of this infernal buſineſs at laſt—here, here it is, in the raſcal's own hand.

Lady Riſc. Sir Robert!

Sir Rob. Why, the paragraph was ſent to the printer's by James.

Lady

Lady Riſc. Well?

Sir Rob. So that you ſee proves the forgery plain.

Lady Riſc. Now I think it makes the fact more apparent.

Sir Rob. How?

Lady Riſc. By the confeſſion of one of the parties.

Sir Rob. That I confeſs, as it was voluntary—

Lady Riſc. Makes it amount to a poſitive proof.

Sir Rob. It looks very ſuſpicious indeed.

Enter Sir James Biddulph.

Sir Rob. Here my lady, Sir James thinks, that inſtead of clearing, this paper only ſerves to convince her.

Sir James. Is that your ladyſhip's judgment?

Lady Riſc. Quite to a demonſtration, Sir James.

Sir James. But his policy.

Lady Riſc. Obvious enough; to force the family to ſolicit his marrying the girl, as a favour.

Sir James. That, indeed!

Lady Riſc. With the hopes, perhaps, of obtaining ſome additional advantage.

Sir Rob. In return, no doubt, for his great condeſcenſion. An infamous—

Sir James. I ſhould have thought the young lady's private fortune, and perſon, eſpecially to one of his rank, a very ſufficient inducement. But this Mr. James is an abſolute Machiavel.

Sir

Sir Rob. As ſly a dog as ever exiſted.

Sir James. But could not we ſee him, Sir Robert?

Sir Rob. The raſcal is run off.

Sir James. Indeed!

Sir Rob. We have ſearch'd for him all the town over.

Sir James. That is unlucky, as I ſhould have been glad to have aſk'd him a queſtion. I believe it is unneceſſary to apologize to the family, for any part I take in this buſineſs.

Sir Rob. We are all highly obliged.

Sir James. But I have received a letter, the contents of which aſtoniſh me much.

Sir Rob. About the matter in hand?

Sir James. Indeed the writer is but a dependant of mine, but his veracity is out of the queſtion, the facts muſt ſpeak for themſelves. Mrs. Kitty, you will be kind enough to ſtay here for a moment.

Kitty. What can be the meaning of this?

Sir James. If the charge is falſe, I am ſure, Lady Riſcounter will pardon me for the ſake of the motive. If true, ſhe, in her turn, will ſtand in want of all our forgiveneſs.

Lady Riſc. Me! who will dare to impeach my conduct, Sir James?

Sir James. Your ladyſhip's patience, a moment. This paper, Sir Robert, charges Lady Riſcounter with being the ſole contriver of this villainous project.

Sir Rob. How!

Lady Riſc. Me!

Sir James. With a view of diſſolving the contract between your fair daughter and me.

Sir Rob. To what purpoſe? what end?

Sir

Sir James. One that does me too much honour, I own, the bringing about a union between Miſs Lucy and me.

Lady Riſc. A moſt probable ſtory, indeed: your informer's name, if you pleaſe.

Sir James. A ſervant who has oft attended me here.

Lady Riſc. And he receiv'd it from——

Sir James One of your Ladyſhip's women; there ſhe ſtands, I believe.

Lydia. Is it poſſible that you, Kitty—

Sir Rob. Patience, Lydia, a moment.

Lady Riſc. And you think this paltry plot, obviouſly fram'd by a couple of ſervants, (unleſs you condeſcend to be the contriver yourſelf) will juſtify you in bringing this charge againſt a perſon of my rank and condition.

Sir Rob. Fie, fie, Sir James, that is too preſumptuous indeed.

Sir James. Why, I ſhould not have ventur'd, I believe, if I had not to produce a more unexceptionable witneſs than theſe.

Lady Riſc. Name the perſon directly.

Sir James. Lady Riſcounter herſelf.

Sir Rob. What?

Sir James. There is a little billet contain'd in this letter, where your ladyſhip promiſes a capital ſum, when ſome certain ſervices are fully perform'd.

Sir Rob. By your leave, Sir James, let me look. Oh, clear, clear, it is her hand, there is no denying of this.

Sir James. I fancy Mrs. Kitty will own it. Otherwiſe my ſervant is below to confront her.

Sir

Sir Rob. Well, what reply do you make to all this?

Kitty. I beg pardon, Sir, of my Miſtreſs, and you.

Sir Rob. Pardon!

Kitty. I own the accuſation is juſt, though I little thought Mr. Robin would betray me.

Sir Rob. Do you? and what an ungrateful wretch muſt you be? you have been but a poor inſtrument only. But is it poſſible you, Lady Riſcounter, could ſo entirely forget what you owe to me, and your——

Lady Riſc. I ſee, Sir Robert, you are ſo far prepoſſeſs'd, that all I can ſay——

Sir Rob. Say, Madam? what can be ſaid for ſuch—

Lady Riſc. Nay, Sir, I am not going to make a formal defence, it is not worth my while, nor would you have leiſure to hear it: if you will walk down, you will find another ſort of buſineſs, that demands your attention.

Sir Rob. Madam!

Lady Riſc. The Houſe fill'd with a new kind of cuſtomers.

Lydia, Sir Robert, Sir James. How!

Lady Riſc. Only an extent, to ſeize on all his effects.

Lydia, Sir Robert, Sir James. Is it poſſible!

Lady Riſc. The world will therefore ſee how ill I am treated—but don't imagine, Sir Robert, that the proviſion I derive from her father, ſhall be laviſhed to leſſen your debts, or be employ'd in ſupport of their author.

Lucy. Your Ladyſhip will have more prudence, no doubt.

Lady

Lady Riſc. No, child, we will quit this manſion directly, and leave him for conſolation to the care of his daughter.

Lydia. A more precious truſt, I could never receive. Your treachery to me, Madam, I could both deſpiſe and forgive: but your inſolent triumph, at the diſtreſs of an unfortunate huſband, gives you a pre-eminence above the worſt of your ſex. If, Sir, what you are pleaſed to call mine, can either reinſtate, or aſſiſt you, I beg it may be all employ'd in the ſervice.

Sir Rob. Nay, pr'ythee, Lydia—

Lydia. You ſee, Sir James Biddulph, there are new obſtacles oppos'd to your purpoſe.

Sir James. If you mean thoſe her ladyſhip has been pleaſed to produce, they add only an additional ſtrength to my wiſhes. The piety with which this great, this firſt duty is diſchárg'd, muſt accompany every other relation in life. I applaud, and ſhall be happy to join in your purpoſe.

Lady Riſc. Come, Lucy, let us leave theſe romantick creatures together, they are only fit for each other; when your effects are convey'd to proper truſtees, I ſhall take care to put in my claim.

[*Exeunt Lady* Riſcounter *and* Lucy.

Sir Rob. Unfeeling, inſolent woman! but thy goodneſs, Lydia, ſupplies every loſs, nor will my creditors, when they find I never deceiv'd them, take advantage of thy filial affection.

Enter a Clerk.

What now?

Clerk.

Clerk. The Dutch mail is arrived.

Sir Rob. Any private letters from Holland?

Clerk. Your Correſpondents, Sir, have honour'd your bills.

Sir Rob. And diſcharg'd them?

Clerk. Every one.

Sir Rob. And the report of their failing—

Clerk. Was without the ſmalleſt foundation.

Sir Rob. Heaven be prais'd; now, Lydia, thy father can look again with confidence in the face of his friends.

Lydia. A more real tranſport could never have reach'd me!

Sir Rob. I know it, Lydia, I know it. This gentleman will both thank and reward you.

Clerk. Sir, I would beg juſt to——

Sir Rob. I gueſs what you mean; ſome inquiſitive perſons below; they ſhall be ſatisfied ſoon. I will attend them directly.

[*Exit* Clerk.

Sir James. Give me leave to join in the general joy. But what, Sir Robert, ſhall we do with this paper? I fancy my man is in waiting; Robin.

Enter Robin

Sir.

Sir James. You have been of ſingular ſervice to-day, which I ſhall take good care to acknowledge. The worth of this note, as the conditions have fail'd——

Robin. Like many more of its kindred, is

is reduc'd to waſte paper, your honour! but as this happy turn has been chiefly owing to Kitty, I hope ſhe will be reſtor'd to favour again.

Sir James. But conſider, Robin, that was not her intention.

Robin. But recollect, Sir, the temptation—

Sir Rob. But the treachery—

Robin. Five hundred pounds.

Sir Rob. That is true—as many, her ſuperiors, tho' perhaps not her betters, are daily detected in doing things more criminal for leſs conſideration, it is ſome excuſe, I confeſs. But what ſays my Lydia?

Lydia. I ſhall be directed by you.

Sir Rob. And now, my children, nothing remains but the laſt act, to eſtabliſh your union, and if (as I am reſolved to diſengage myſelf from that bad woman, and the other cares of this world) you will ſuffer me to be a partaker of your domeſtic felicity——

Sir James, Lydia. You cannot in any thing oblige us ſo much.

Sir Rob. That is all I have to aſk of you, or the world. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

THE

COZENERS;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON,
1795.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

IN trifling works of Fancy, wits agree,
That nothing tickles like a ſimile:
And ſo, by way of tuning you to laughter,
With which, I hope, you'll tickle us hereafter,
From our poetic ſtorehouſe, we produce
A couple, ſpick and ſpan for preſent uſe.
Dramatick writers were, like watchmen, meant
To knock down Vice—few anſwer the intent;
Both ſhould be quick to ſee and ſeize their game;
But both are ſometimes blind, and ſometimes lame:
Can thoſe cry *ſtand*, while they themſelves are reeling?
Can thoſe catch thieves, while they themſelves are ſtealing?
When wanted moſt, the watch a nap will take——
Are all our comick authors quite awake?
Or, what is worſe, by which they ſtill come near 'em,
Are not you more than half aſleep who hear 'em?
I, your old watchman, here have fix'd my ſtand,
On many a vice and folly laid my hand:
'Twas you cried *watch!* I limp'd at your command.
Let me, like other watchmen, bleſs the times,
And take the privilege to nod betimes;
Nor let your frowns now force me on a fright
To cry—— "*Paſt ſeven o'clock, and a cloudy night.*"
But, with your patience not to be too free,
We'll change the ſubject and the ſimile.
To chaſe a ſmuggling crew, who law deride,
We launch a cutter of three guns this tide:
With your aſſiſtance, we will make the foe
Sink, or ſubmit to CAPTAIN TIMBERTOE.
Ye pirate criticks, fall not foul on me!
If once I ſink, I founder in the ſea.
In this condition, can I ſwim to ſhore?
I'm cork'd, 'tis true; but then I want an oar.
You oft have ſav'd my little bark from ſinking;
I am no fiſh, ſave me from water-drinking!

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. AIRCASTLE,	*Mr. Foote.*
TOBY,	*Mr. Weſton.*
Mr. O'FLANNAGAN,	*Mr. Bannifter.*
COLONEL GORGET,	*Mr. Aickin.*
FLAW,	*Mr. Wilſon.*
TOM,	*Mr. Fearon.*
MOSES MANASSES,	*Mr. Burton.*
ROGER,	*Mr. Griffith.*
HELLEBORE,	*Mr. Baddeley.*
PRIG,	*Mr. Parſons.*
Servant,	

Mrs. FLEECE'EM,	*Miſs Sherry.*
Mrs. SIMONY,	*Mrs. Gardner.*
Mrs. AIRCASTLE,	*Miſs Platt.*
BETSY BLOSSOM,	*Mrs. Jewell.*
MARIANNE,	*Mrs. Smith.*
Maid,	

THE

THE COZENERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Flaw.

Mrs. Fleece'em.

NOT a word more! you put me out of all patience.

Flaw. Well, but, madam Fleece'em, liſten, I beg, to a little reaſon.

Mrs. Fl. Reaſon! had you the leaſt atom about you, you would reſt contented with our preſent agreement.

Flaw. But ſurely, madam, a change of circumſtances——

Mrs. Fl. Change! And pray, maſter Flaw, how are mine changed for the better? Anſwer me a few ſhort queſtions, and deny what I ſay, if you can. When I was compelled, by the cruel laws of this country, to go into exile for taking by miſtake a ſmall parcel of lace out of a ſhop in the Strand, did not I chooſe Boſton for my place of retirement?

Flaw. Granted.

Mrs. Fl. Did not I paſs there, by means of letters from mynheer Van Smuggle of Rotterdam, for a perſon moſt honourably and nobly allied?

Flaw.

Flaw. For aught I know.

Mrs. Fl. Did not I receive a handſome preſent from that merchant, for promoting the running Dutch teas, and rejecting thoſe imported from England?

Flaw. Like enough.

Mrs. Fl. Did not my burning the firſt pound of Souchong, and my ſpeeches at Faneuil-Hall, and the Liberty-Tree, againſt the colonies contributing to diſcharge a debt to which they owe their exiſtence, procure me the love and eſteem of the people?

Flaw. May be ſo.

Mrs. Fl. And what, but your letters, could induce me to return to a country where I had been treated ſo ill? But ſure, you muſt have forgot your propoſals; here they are, and ſigned by yourſelf. Let me ſee!—[*Reads.*] "Articles "of Agreement between Philip Flaw, of Tha- "vies-Inn, in the city of London, on one part, "and Felicia Fleece'em, late of Boſton, but "now of Pall-Mall."

Flaw. But what occaſion——

Mrs. Fl. "*Imprimis*, That the ſaid Felicia do "take a handſome houſe, at the weſt end of the "town, with ſuitable ſervants; for the furniſh- "ing of which the ſaid Flaw engages to pro- "cure her credit."

Flaw. And have not I?

Mrs. Fl. "Secondly, that the ſaid Flaw ſhall "circulate, privately and publicly, in taverns, "coffee-houſes, Journals, Chronicles, Morning "and Evening Poſts, and Courants, that the ſaid "Felicia is a perſon of great addreſs and abili- "ties; and that, by means of many powerful "connections, ſhe is able to procure poſts, "places,

" places, preferments of all conditions and ſizes;
" to raiſe caſh for the indigent, and procure
" good ſecurities for ſuch as are wealthy; ſuitable
" matches for people who want huſbands and
" wives, and divorces for thoſe who wiſh to get
" rid of them."

Flaw. And have not I performed every tittle? have not my expences in attending plays, operas, maſquerades, and Pantheons, not to mention ſubſcription-money to moſt of the clubs, and coteries, amounted to a moſt enormous——

Mrs. Fl. I am near at an end.—[*Reads.*] " That
" the ſaid Flaw ſhall at all times adviſe the ſaid
" Felicia how far ſhe may go without incurring
" the law; for all which he is to receive out of
" the neat profits thirty *per cent.*"—You ſee, Sir!

Flaw. I do.

Mrs. Fl. And don't you think *that* a very ample proviſion?

Flaw. But conſider, madam, I have ſacrificed my whole time to your buſineſs, and I don't believe the law has procured me——

Mrs. Fl. The law! What, a little private agency at the Old Bailey? a wonderful ſacrifice! fy, fy, Mr. Flaw!

Flaw. You are the laſt perſon, Mrs. Fleece'em, that ſhould caſt ſuch a reflection as that: Unleſs I miſtake, my attendance there was pretty uſeful to you?

Mrs. Fl. To me!

Flaw. Without my ſkill and addreſs, your laſt voyage to America would have been changed to a much ſhorter trip.

Mrs. Fl. Sir!

Flaw. A tour to Tyburn, in a tim-whiſky and two, would have concluded your travels.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fl.—Why, you impertinent, infamous, petty-fogging puppy, it was through your ignorance that I was obliged to travel at all.

Flaw. Mine?

Mrs. Fl. Did not Alick Alibi, before your face, at Blackwall, in the Tranſport, declare, that he never ſaw ſuch a bungling buſineſs; that if he had been employed——

Flaw. Alibi?

Mrs. Fl. You know him, I fancy.

Flaw. Perfectly: As, madam, you think him ſo wonderfully clever, you had better employ him; I am ready to reſign in his favour.

Mrs. Fl. That is ungenerous in you, Mr. Flaw, to inſult a gentleman under misfortunes: You know the clipping and filing affair compels him to keep a little private at preſent.

Flaw. Oh, then, that's the reaſon I am conſulted? ſweet madam, your ſervant! But, madam, I muſt deſire you to find out ſome other agent: I declare off! you ſha'n't make a ſtop-gap of me!

Mrs. Fl. Sir!

Flaw. Our accounts are eaſily ſettled: Let me ſee! Seven pounds ſeven ſhillings, from the brewer's clerk, who is gone with your recommendatory letters to India.

Mrs. Fl. Nine pounds, if you pleaſe.

Flaw. Seven. The reſt paid out of my pocket to Kitt Copywell, for manufacturing the letters from the directors.

Mrs. Fl. Very well! Have you got the fellow aboard?

Flaw. Sailed the latter end of the week.

Mrs. Fl. Then there is the crimp's money, for procuring the company an able recruit.

Flaw.

Flaw. Already deducted, for promiſing to get Bob Blueſkin a reprieve at the——

Mrs. Fl. Theſe, Mr. Flaw, are but trifling affairs; they may be ſettled at ſome other time.

Flaw. I am ready, whenever you pleaſe: And ſo, madam Fleece'em, I am your moſt humble, and very—— Oh! I had like to have forgot; if any thing ſhould happen, that I may not be blamed, *in futuro*, I would adviſe you to take care of yourſelf: I overheard Luke Lockup, the turnkey, ſay, as you paſſed by in a coach, that he had ſome notion of having ſeen you before, and wanted much to know where you lodged.

Mrs. Fl. Luke Lockup! why, how is it poſſible he could——

Flaw. I know nothing of that: Foreſeeing, indeed, that ſuch a thing might poſſibly happen, I had provided a couple of people to prove that you were ſhipwreck'd on the Weſtern coaſt; ſo that, though you were returned before your time from your travels, it was none of your fault; but that is all over now; Mr. Alibi will, no doubt, take proper care.

Mrs. Fl. Nay, as to that, Mr. Flaw, there is no man living to whoſe care I would ſooner truſt myſelf than your own; but ſure, in this affair we have been both of us rather too quick. Let us coolly conſider: I am ſure, I am the furtheſt in the world from—— But come; let us know what are your further demands.

Flaw. I ſcorn, madam, to take any advantage: As our riſques and labour are equal, an equal partition; that's all.

Mrs. Fl. I conſent to the agreement.

Flaw. Very well. I will prepare a draft to lay before

before council; which, when approved, you will ſign?

Mrs. Fl. Without ſcruple; that being ſettled, let us come a little to buſineſs. What new game have you ſprung?

Flaw. Plenty, plenty; the family I expected out of the country is come.

Mrs. Fl. Father, mother, and ſon! have you ſeen them?

Flaw. I received their note but this inſtant: They have made a little miſtake, I believe, as to their lodgings.

Mrs. Fl. How ſo?

Flaw. I adviſed them, at their coming to town, to ſtay at one of the Hotels for a week or ten days; inſtead of that, they are got to a Bagnio.

Mrs. Fl. A Bagnio?

Flaw. At the ſign of the Lamb, in Long-Acre.

Mrs. Fl. Nay, for aught I know, that place will beſt anſwer our purpoſe.

Flaw. I muſt ſtep directly to the Salopian Coffee-houſe; Enſign Gaters is to ſend you a hundred for obtaining him a ſtep in his corps. Here; I have brought you the complimentary cards to put over the chimney.

[*Gives her the cards.*

Mrs. Fl. That's right. Let me ſee:—*The Duke of—beſt reſpects—Earl of—Viſcount*—Ah, ah; very well! Have you prevailed on the coachman you mentioned?

Flaw. He has promiſed to parade before your houſe for an hour, after his maſter is ſet down at the Cockpit. A couple of ſervants to wait at the door, as if the great man was above, will be right.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A note, Sir, from a perſon below.

Flaw. Let us ſee it.—[*Reads.*] "Mr. O'Flan-
"nagan's compliments to Mr. Flaw, and as he
"perhaps may not chooſe to be at home to him,
"being at another body's houſe, begs to know
"where he may ſee him this evening."—A ba-
gatelle; ſome trifling affair.

Mrs. Fl. You had therefore better diſpatch him at once. Shew him up.

Flaw. He brought me a recommendatory letter this morning; but I was in a hurry, and deſired him to meet me here about this time. Here he is.

Enter Mr. O'Flannagan.

O'Flan. Mr. Flaw, I am your moſt humble ſervant. Madam, I am yours unknown.

Flaw. Well, Mr. O'Flannagan, what are your commands with me?

O'Flan. Oh, Mr. Flaw, we will poſtpone that, if you plaſe; I hope I am a little better bred than to mention any thing of my private affairs before ladies; their little ears, ſweet craturs, ſhould be tickled with nothing but love.

Flaw. True, true; but here you may ſuſpend your politeneſs a little; for, unleſs I am miſtaken, it is to this lady's good offices you muſt be obliged in your preſent purſuit.

O'Flan. Oh! that indeed alters the caſe. Why then, madam, this is my buſineſs at once: You muſt underſtand I came over lately from Limerick; and there, upon my ſoul, all the world are gone mad about running beyond ſea, in ſearch after—I think it is *emigrations* they call them.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fl. I have heard, indeed, that there has been a prodigious deſertion.

O'Flan. Prodigious! upon my ſoul, madam, in a hundred miles riding, I did not meet with a human cratur, except ſheep and oxen, to tell me the road; and I ſhould have loſt myſelf again and again, but for the mile-ſtones, that are ſo kind to anſwer your queſtions without giving you the trouble to aſk them: And ſo, being deſirous to follow my neighbours' example, I have, madam, made bold to come over before them.

Flaw. Right; one would not like to be laſt in the chaſe.

O'Flan. True. Now, madam, as ſome emigrations muſt be better than other ſome, I ſhould be glad to be recommended to one of the beſt.

Flaw. Why, that will be no very difficult matter. Let me ſee! is the collector of the window-lights in Falkland's Iſland diſpoſed of?

Mrs Fl. I have not heard that it has been given away; but, however, if it ſhould, the ſurveyorſhip of the woods there is vacant, I am ſure.

Flaw. Indeed!

O'Flan. And pray, madam, is that a lucrative place, as to the profit?

Mrs. Fl. Beſides the ſalary, for perquiſites you are to have all the loppings and toppings.

Flaw. Ay! upon my word, if that can be got, you will be a happy man, Mr. O'Flannagan.

O'Flan. Without doubt, I ſhall be in very good luck. But pray, madam, what was the name of the Falklands?

Mrs. Fl. Falkland's Iſland.

O'Flan.

O'Flan. Iſland? true, true. But, Mr. Flaw, is it a place one can go to by land? becaaſe, why, I am not over-fond of the ſea; coming over t'other day from Donechedy, it tumbled and jumbled, and rumbled me to ſuch a degree!

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Flaw—

Flaw. I am afraid it will be difficult.

O'Flan. Why then, if it is equally the ſame, I ſhould be glad to have an emigration in ſome other parts.

Mrs. Fl. There was a thing that I got yeſterday for a relation of mine, that would have ſuited this gentleman.

O'Flan. Pray, what might that be?

Mrs. Fl. A tidewaiter's place in the inland part of America.

O'Flan. Inland! that would juſt do to a T.

Flaw. Why, you may eaſily provide in ſome other way for your couſin.

Mrs. Fl. That's true; but then, you know, he has put himſelf to ſome expence, in fitting himſelf out for the——

Flaw. Oh! I dare ſay Mr. O'Flannagan will be glad to reimburſe him.

O'Flan. That I will; and give him a good ſpill for his reſignation into the bargain.

Mrs. Fl. Well, Sir, if you will call here to-morrow, we will try to bring matters to bear; and—— [*O'Flan. going.*

Flaw. This will be a damn'd fine thing, if you can get it.——Hark'ee! a word in your ear! if you diſcharge well your duty, you will be found in tar and feathers for nothing.

O'Flan. Tar and feathers! and what the devil will I do wid them, my dear?

Flaw. When properly mixed, they make a genteel

genteel kind of dreſs, which is ſometimes wore in that climate.

O'Flan. Oh! what, I ſuppoſe, a kind of linen, like that at Belfaſt, that the natives malefactor themſelves.

Flaw. True. And they will ſhew you the beſt manner to wear it; it is very light, keeps out the rain, and ſticks extremely cloſe to the ſkin.

O'Flan. Indeed! That is very convanient. Why, as this place ſeems to ſuit me ſo well, before I get the nomination, by way of binding the bargain, had not I better give ſome earneſt beforehand?

Flaw. That will be making things ſure.

O'Flan. Here is a fifty pound note of Latouche's, payable at ſight in a fortnight.

Mrs. Fl. Vaſtly well! I ſhall take proper care on't.

O'Flan. I don't doubt it at all. Feathers that keep out the rain! they muſt be ducks', to be ſure, becaaſe they are uſed to the water: I can't help thinking, Mr. Flaw, when I have got on the dreſs, how like a gooſe I ſhall look. [*Exit.*

Flaw. Here is the note.

Mrs. Fl. This was lucky beyond expectation! If this goes on, in a little time we ſhall grow as rich as a keeper of one of the capital clubs.

[*A rap at the door.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman below wiſhes to ſee Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. What ſort of a perſon?

Serv. Vaſt finely dreſs'd, pleaſe your——

Flaw. Oh! I know. Shew him up!—The Iſraelite I was telling you of.

Mrs. Fl.

Mrs. Fl. What, Mr. Moſes Manaſſes?

Flaw. The ſame.

Enter Moſes Manaſſes.

Walk in, Mr. Manaſſes! this, Sir, is the lady.

Moſes. I vas never ſee a more finer vomans ſince I was born. Madam, I vas take de liberty to beg-a your protection upon a littel affairs.

Mr. Fl. Sir, any friend of Mr. Flaw's——

Moſes. I vas live in de ſheety; but I have great ambition to reſide at de court-end of de town.

Mrs. Fl. City! I could not have imagined that a gentleman of your dreſs and addreſs would ſubmit to live in the city.

Moſes. Madam, you vas exceeding polite, indeed: I always finds de ladies very partial to me; I vas have de honour to be choſe laſt veek maiſter of de ceremony to de Mile-End Aſſembly; and Mrs. Alderman herſelf make alvays choice of me for de cotilions.

Mrs. Fl. I make not the leaſt doubt of your great ſucceſs with the ladies.

Moſes. Oh, Madam!

Flaw. Mr. Manaſſes, madam, is modeſt. The city! his ſucceſs has not been confined to the city; many a heart-ach has he given, to men of conſequence too, let me tell you, on this ſide the Bar.

Moſes. Oh, fy, fy, maiſter Flaw!

Flaw. What! don't I know? did not you occaſion the ſeparation between Mrs. Modiſh, of Marybone, and her huſband?

Moſes. Oh, fy, fy! a flam, indeed, Mr. Flaw.

Flaw.

Flaw. Pooh! beſides, was not you ſeen during all the laſt ſummer, lounging on horſeback, through all the lone lanes about Chelſea and Fulham, with young Lady Harrowheart?

Moſes. All ſcandal, upon my honour.

Flaw. Zounds! why, have not I heard the young fellows at Betty's, when you have been paſſing by with Lady Kitty Carmine, in her new vis-a-vis, exclaim, "Look, look! there is "Moſes again! dammee, I can't conceive what "the ladies can ſee in that pencil-ſelling mon-"grel Manaſſes! Gad, I fancy he catches women, "as people do quails, with his pipe."

Moſes. Dat is all ſpite, all malice, on my honour!

Mrs. Fl. Pipe! what, does he ſing?

Flaw. He! the voice of Squallache, with the taſte and manner of Millico.

Moſes ſings].

"Ven ſaw you my fader?
"Ven ſaw you my moder?

Mrs. Fl. I ſee, I ſee: Nay, then, I don't wonder.

Flaw. Beſides all this, maſter Moſes is an abſolute Proteus; in every elegance, at the top of the tree.

Mrs. Fl. Indeed!

Flaw. From his preſent dreſs, you would think that all his days were ſpent in a drawing-room.

Mrs. Fl. Without doubt.

Flaw. But were you to ſee him on the turf, at Newmarket, in his Tyburn-topp'd wig, tight boots, and round hat, you would ſwear he had never handled any thing but a curry-comb

comb ſince he was born. Why, he has tid matches.

Mrs. Fl. Really!

Flaw. Many.

Moſes. No, madam; but vone, on my vord; a match with Lord Billy Booty: I vas firſt, hard in hand on a canter; my Lord came ſide by ſide, give a little bit of chuck vid de elbow, and pop me plump into de ditch of de Devil; and de people all hollow!

Mrs. Fl. Brutes! very unlucky indeed. But pray, Mr. Manaſſes, how can I ſerve you? I ſhould be happy to——

Moſes. Why, madam, in vone vord—I ſhould be glad to be as well wid de gentlemen as Mr. Flaw ſay I be wid de ladies; and if, by your aſſiſtance, I could get into de Boodles, de Almacks, or vone of de clubs——

Mrs. Fl. Bleſs me! is it poſſible that you are not a member?

Moſes. I vas often put up; but dey always give me de black ball.

Mrs. Fl. Bleſs me! what can be the meaning of that?

Moſes. I don't know; perhaps my religion was de objection.

Mrs. Fl. I ſhould hardly think them ſo ſqueamiſh as that: The dice are indeed often called Doctors; but, by the large evacuation they cauſe, I ſhould rather think them graduates of phyſic, than of divinity: No, no; that can't be the caſe. Let me ſee!—perhaps you have had dealings with ſome of the club.

Moſes. Yes; I have de little annuity.

Mrs. Fl. Oh, ho!—ſo you have been admitted into the Jeruſalem Chamber!

Moſes.

Moſes. Yes, yes, very often.

Mrs. Fl. Oh! then the buſineſs is out; there then is the reaſon at once.

Moſes. How?

Mrs. Fl. Some of the parties, I ſuppoſe, ſlow in their payments.

Flaw. And there is nothing thoſe gentlemen dread ſo much as meeting a dun there.

Mrs. Fl. But I dare ſay, Mr. Manaſſes, at ſuch a place, would be above dropping a hint.

Moſes. Oh, fy! madam, upon no account.

Mrs. Fl. Very well! why then, I may venture to aſſure them as much!

Moſes. Sure, vidout doubt.

Flaw. But however, madam, tho' ſome of the old dons ſhould be cruſty——

Mrs. Fl. To be ſure, means might be uſed to get over that bar.

Flaw. Eaſy enough, I ſhould think.

Mrs. Fl. Let us ſee! ſtuffing the negative ſide of the box, that the black balls cannot deſcend.

Flaw. Or advancing or retarding the clock.

Mrs. Fl. True; but then the waiters ſhould be properly ſpoke to.

Flaw. Oh, I dare ſay Mr. Manaſſes does not mind, upon ſuch an occaſion.

Moſes. Oh, not at all; I am ready to part vid de money.

Flaw. I dare ſay. Why, do you conſider that a ſeat there, as Mr. Manaſſes can manage——

Mrs. Fl. May turn out better for him, perhaps, than a borough.

Moſes. Den I may rely upon you, madam?

Mrs. Fl. Give yourſelf no further trouble about it.

Moſes. I have de honor, ma'am—— [*going.*

Mrs. Fl.

Mrs. Fl. But ſhould not Manaſſes make a depoſit? [*Aparт to Flaw.*

Flaw. To be ſure.—Mr. Manaſſes! well, Sir, I wiſh you joy, Sir: What, we are to have a lottery, I find?

Moſes. Dat is all fixed; dere is no danger of dat. I think, madam, dere is no finer ſight can be, dan to ſee de lottery-lanthorns hang up in de ſtreets, vid large red letters, write on all ſides; it is ſo noble!

Mrs. Fl. An elegant ornament, it muſt be confeſſed, to a capital city: Beſides, if the paſſion for play cannot be ſuppreſſed, all that human wiſdom can do, is to turn private vices to the uſe of the public.

Moſes. True, true.

Flaw. I ſuppoſe you are an adventurer.

Moſes. Ay, ay; I have my ſhare, to be ſure.

Flaw. Mrs. Fleece'em was ſaying, that ſhe had ſome thoughts of trying her fortune.

Moſes. By all means; I wiſh her much luck!

Flaw. If you ſhould have any tickets about you——

Moſes. Perhaps de lady may have de fancy to de particular number.

Flaw. No, no; we are not ſuperſtitious as to the number; it is the numbers we wiſh to get at.

Moſes. Dere is, madam, a couple de ſheets: would you give de draft on de banker? dey are at preſent muſh above par. Let me ſee!

Flaw. Oh, as to the price, we don't trouble our heads about that; we will ſettle that ſome other time; make a deduction, you know, for what madam beſtows upon the waiters.

Moſes. True, true! Well, madam your moſt humble!

humble! you may tell de club dat I ſhall make de very good member; for now and den I love to play a little myſelf.

Mrs. Fl. You do?

Moſes. Yes; to ſet de caſter at hazard, and hold de Pharaoh-bank wid de cards.

Flaw. Be cautious, or you may meet with your match.

Moſes. Never fear! ven I vas play, I always do keep myſelf up for de purpoſe, like de fighting cock, or de horſe.

Mrs. Fl. Very right; for intemperance upon ſuch an occaſion——

Moſes. It would be de devil, as I eats ſo little, and drinks nothing at all.

Flaw. No!

Moſes. No, never at cards; de claret would turn all topſy-turvey: no, no, I muſt take care not to drown Pharaoh again in de Red Sea.

[*Exit Manaſſes.*

Flaw and Fl. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Fl. Oh! have you advertiſed an honourable ſeat to be ſold!

Flaw. I never neglect buſineſs, you know; but the perpetuating this damn'd bribery-act has thrown ſuch a rub in our way——

Mrs. Fl. New acts, like new brooms, make a little buſtle at firſt; but the dirt will return, never fear. What, have no offers been made?

Flaw. A ſhort note from a broker, who hopped out of the Alley into a good eſtate in the North. By the firſt ſhips I expect ſome good ſubjects from the ſiege of Tanjore.

Mrs. Fl. A ſure importation of candidates; they come in good time, for in ſuch a country as this, what ſignifies caſh without conſequence?

Flaw.

Flaw. True; which in order to get, what they acquire by conqueſt they expend in corruption.

Mrs. Fl. Whilſt perhaps a borough, pretty warmly conteſted, compels the unhappy hero to make a ſecond trip to the Eaſt.—[*Knocking.*] Who can that be?

Flaw. Had not I better withdraw?

Mrs. Fl. Firſt, ſee who it is.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Simony, madam, below in a chair.

Flaw. Shew her up, by all means.

Mrs. Fl. Simony?

Flaw. The Doctor's lady, about the living, you know.

Mrs. Fl. I remember; but I thought the Doctor himſelf a——

Flaw. A late miſtake has made him a little cautious at preſent.

Mrs. Fl. A burnt child dreads the——But, pray, what kind of a woman is——

Flaw. An abſolute goſſip: your ſhare in the ſcene will be ſhort: let her run on; ſhe neither expects nor deſires a reply. Here ſhe is.

Enter Mrs. Simony.

Mrs. Sim. Madam, I am your obedient, and very devoted! Mr. Flaw, I am entirely yours! ten thouſand pardons for waiting upon you in this diſhabille! but I ſtayed ſo late laſt night at Lady Lurch'em's aſſembly, that I have had but juſt time to huddle on my things; and now I have not five mintutes to ſpare, as I promiſed preciſely at twelve to call on Lady Frolic, to take a turn in Kenſington Gardens, to ſee both the

the exhibitions, the ſtained glaſs, dwarf, giant, and Cox's Muſeum. Mr. Flaw, I preſume, has mentioned our little affair. The Doctor would have waited on you himſelf; but men *hum*, and *ha*, and are ſo roundabout, aukward, and ſhy! now I am always for coming plump to the point: beſides, women beſt underſtand one another, you know. But, as I was ſaying, the patron of the buſineſs in queſtion is, as we underſtand, a near friend and relation of your's.

Mrs. Fl. Madam, I ſhall be happy to——

Mrs. Sim. Your patience, madam! for I have not a moment to ſpare. Now, as it cannot be ſuppoſed that ſome people ſhould do favours for other people, with which people thoſe people are not acquainted, I am ready to advance—for the Doctor knows nothing about it.

Mrs. Fl. How, madam! I underſtood——

Mrs. Sim. The Doctor! not he, I aſſure you, madam; entirely ignorant, in every reſpect. Now, if ſuch a favour can be obtained, I am ready to depoſit, as Mr. Flaw has doubtleſs informed you——

Mrs. Fl. Why, I can't ſay, madam, but it is very handſome.

Mrs. Sim. Nay, madam, the party will loſe no credit by doing what is deſired: the Doctor's powers are pretty well known about town; not a more populous preacher within the ſound of Bow bell; I don't mean for the mobility only; *thoſe* every canting fellow can catch; the beſt people of faſhion ar'n't aſhamed to follow my Doctor. Not one, madam, of the hum-drum, drawling, long-winded tribe; he never crams congregations, gives them more than they can carry

carry away; not above ten or twelve minutes at moſt.

Mrs. Fl. Indeed!

Mrs. Sim. Even the dowager-ducheſs of Drowſy was never known to nod at my Doctor; and then he doesn't pore, with his eyes cloſe to the book, like a clerk that reads the firſt leſſon; not he! but all extemporary, madam; with a cambrick handkerchief in one hand, and a diamond ring on the other: and then he waves this way, and that way; and he curtſies, and he bows, and he bounces, that all the people are ready to—— But then his wig, madam! I am ſure you muſt admire his dear wig; not with the buſhy, brown buckles, dangling and dropping like a Newfoundland ſpaniel; but ſhort, rounded off at the ear, to ſhew his plump cherry cheeks; white as a curd, feather-topped, and the curls as cloſe as a cauliflower.

Mrs. Fl. Why, really, madam——

Mrs. Sim. Then, my Doctor is none of your ſchiſmatics, madam; believes in the whole thirty-nine; and ſo he would, if there were nine times as many.

Mrs. Fl. Very obedient.

Mrs. Sim. Obedient! As humble and meek as a curate; does duly his duties; never ſcruples to bury, though it be but a tradeſman—unleſs, indeed, he happens to be better engaged.

Mrs. Fl. Why, with all theſe good qualities, I ſhould think our ſucceſs muſt be certain.

Mrs. Sim. With your aſſiſtance, madam, I have not the leaſt doubt in the world: ſo, madam, begging your pardon for having intruded ſo long, I leave Mr. Flaw and you to confer on the ſubject.—Not a ſtep, I beſeech you.—Lord bleſs me!

me! I had like to have forgot: my memory, as the Doctor ſays, is ſo very tenacious, that it is not one time in twenty I can remember the text. Beſides all I have ſaid, my Doctor, madam, poſſeſſes a pretty little poetical vein: I have brought you here a little hymn in my pocket.

Mrs. Fl. Madam, you are very——

Mrs. Sim. Of which the Doctor deſires your opinion.

Mrs. Fl. Hymn! then the Doctor ſings, I preſume.

Mrs. Sim. Not a better pipe at the playhouſe; he has been long notorious for that. Then he is as chearful, and has ſuch a choice collection of ſongs! Why, he is conſtantly aſked at the great city feaſts; and does, I verily believe, more indoor chriſtenings than any three of the cloth. But this compoſition, madam, is of a different kind: It is but ſhort; but if the party, your worthy friend and relation, ſhould happen to like the manner of writing, he has a much longer one for his immediate peruſal.—Madam, I am your obſequious, and very devoted——Not a ſtep, my good Mr Flaw! my chairmen are, you know, in waiting. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. A hymn! what the deuce can the woman mean by a hymn? Let me ſee!—"Pro-"miſe to pay to the bearer one hundred pounds, "for the governor and company"—Ay, marry, this is coming *plump to the buſineſs*: No man can deny, Mr. Flaw, but theſe lines are ſterling. If the Doctor's proſe is as good as his poetry, I don't wonder he has ſo many admirers. But when ſhall I ſee you?

Flaw. Immediately after I have paid my provincials a viſit.

Mrs. Fl.

Mrs. Fl. Oh, then I may have time to execute a little ſcheme of my own.

Flaw. Of what kind?

Mrs. Fl. One that will turn out both pleaſant and profitable: You know the prim mercer, not far from St. Paul's?

Flaw. What, young Prig, that preſents you an eternal attitude to all hacks of the city, and ſtands in ſtiff buckle before his own ſhop, like a ſign?

Mrs. Fl. Even he.

Flaw. The fellow is a fop, to be ſure; but you will not find it an eaſy matter to gull him; the coxcomb is ſuſpicious and guarded.

Mrs. Fl. Againſt a common contrivance, perhaps; otherwiſe he would be no object for one of my original genius. Beſides, there is a neceſſity for ſome new ſilks to grace my niece's nuptials, you know.

Flaw. True, true; well, ſucceſs attend you!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. Be in no pain about me. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Order the carriage to the door; and do you and the coachman put on your beſt liveries.

Serv. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Fl. And, do you hear, John? if they ſhould be inquiſitive, where I ſtop, as to my place of abode, give 'em no information: I ſhould be ſorry to have it known, that one of my rank and fortune was pent up in a paltry lodging.

Serv. Your Ladyſhip need be under no fears.

Mrs. Fl.

Mrs. Fl. If, at coming from the mercer's, where I ſhall go firſt, the maſter of the ſhop ſhould get into the coach, drive to Doctor Hellebore's, who, you know, is famous for curing of mad folks; the third door to the left in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Serv. I ſhall give the coachman directions.

Mrs. Fl. And, John! if any body ſhould call in my abſence, let them know that I am gone, with the Counteſs of Carnarby, to ſee the preparations for the great trial in Weſtminſter Hall.

Serv. Mighty well, madam. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. That fellow has uncommon talents, for one of his ſtation: What a matchleſs porter would he make to a great miniſter! for he lies like an attorney, and his muſcles are as ſteady as thoſe of his maſter. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Bagnio. Enter Flaw, followed by Tom.

Flaw.

HAVE not you a family here, that came lately out of the country?

Tom. I ſuppoſe you mean, Sir, Mr. Aircaſtle.

Flaw. I do; is the gentleman within?

Tom. In the back dining-room, up one pair of ſtairs.

Flaw. Will you let him know there is a perſon who wiſhes to ſee him? If he wants to know my name——

Tom. I can tell him.

Flaw.

Flaw. Ay! why, have we been ever acquainted?

Tom. What! have you forgot Tom, maſter Flaw, at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery-lane?

Flaw. I recollect. But I thought by this time you had ſet up for yourſelf: you ſeemed in a very good way.

Tom. Pretty well, maſter, for that part of the town: but, Lord, Sir, the penurious pence of the lawyers won't do for us, who are the ſuperior knights of the napkin; after poring an hour over a ſix and eight-penny bill, "Here, Tom, give us "change! and mind, there is a groat for yourſelf:" How was it poſſible to ſupport a girl and a gelding upon ſuch a two-penny tax? it could not be.

Flaw. That is true, indeed.

Tom. No, no. So, dipping pretty deeply in debt, I got a friendly commiſſion of bankruptcy to diſcharge my old ſcores, and removed to this end of the town.

Flaw. Where you thrive, without doubt.

Tom. To give you a ſample—it was but laſt night, Sir Ralph Riot moved, that every man in the club ſhould give the waiter two guineas a-piece by way of *ſurpriſing* the raſcal.

Flaw. And it was carried?

Tom. Oh, *nem. con.*—the members never flinch at a frolic.

Flaw. I wiſh you joy of your ſtation!—But, pray, by what accident came the family above to your houſe? There muſt have been ſome miſtake in the matter, for they are people of very good reputation.

Tom. I can't gueſs. Only that the town is thin, and buſineſs begins to grow dead, we ſhould hardly have given them admittance; they are a ſtrange unaccountable tribe: Pray who the deuce are they?

Flaw.

Flaw. A reſpectable family from the county of Wilts, with a very good landed eſtate, I aſſure you.

Tom. On which, I ſuppoſe, the 'ſquire condeſcends to kill his own meat; and madam, his lady, to dreſs it. Then it is one eternal wrangle between them, conducted in a language pretty near as coarſe as their carter's.

Flaw. They have been bred in a ſtate of Nature, Tom.

Tom. The huſband, for once or twice, is entertaining enough: He ſets out to inform you in a moſt material point, as he thinks, which he forſakes in an inſtant to follow ſome other circumſtance, not material at all; this he ſoon quits for another, and ſoon for another, if you will give him attention. He puts me in mind of a pack of hounds in a hare-warren; by eternally ſhifting the game, the purſuit never ends.

Flaw. You have him, Tom: Mr. Aircaſtle is, I own, very prolix and digreſſive.

Tom. Unleſs I am miſtaken, the ſon has an old acquaintance here in the houſe.

Flaw. Ay!

Tom. Miſs Betſy Bloſſom, one of our ladies, who comes, I fancy, from their part of the world: ſhe wiſhes to avoid the father and mother, but hints that ſhe has good reaſon to remember the ſon.

Flaw. Perhaps ſo.

Tom. Madam the mother too, who is ſtill a jolly briſk dame, ſeems determined to make the moſt of her time.

Flaw. How ſo?

Tom. She has diſpatched, this morning, a billet to Col. Gorget, an old maſter of mine.

Flaw. If they are at preſent alone, you will be ſo kind to announce me.

Tom.

Tom. Thoſe ſtairs lead to their door; there is no occaſion for a maſter of the ceremonies.

Exit Flaw.

Miſs! Miſs Betſy!

Enter Betſy.

Well; have you encountered your Corydon?

Betſy. No; I have carefully kept myſelf out of his way.

Tom. Then now throw yourſelf into it as ſoon as you can; for, unleſs you prevent it, I can foreſee a deſign to diſpoſe of him in a very different manner.

Betſy. In the interim, I could wiſh to have him all to myſelf; no danger of an interruption from the father and mother.

Tom. Watch then when they are out of the way. But remember you run no riſque in overacting your part; treat him with a large diſh of daggers, death, and deſpair.

Betſy. Never fear; I know how to proportion my doſe.

Tom. Are you prepared with the two verſes I gave you.

Betſy. Yes, yes; and I warrant will thunder them with good effect in his ears.

Tom. Succeſs attend you, my girl! [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another room.

Mr. and Mrs. Aircaſtle diſcovered.

Air. Well, well, mark the end on't! this will turn out like all the reſt of your projects.

Mrs. Air. Bleſs me, Mr. Aircaſtle, will you never give over your grumblings? I thought I had

had convinced you, before you left home, that London was the only ſpot for people to thrive in.

Air. Convinced me! Did not I tell you what parſon Prunello ſaid—I remember Mrs. Light-foot was by—ſhe had been brought to bed, that day was a month, of a very fine boy—a bad birth; for doctor Seeton, who ſerved his time with Luke Lancet of Guiſe's—there was a talk about him and Nancy the daughter—ſhe afterwards married Will Whitlow, another apprentice, who had great expectations from an old uncle in the Grenades; but he left all to a diſtant relation, Kit Cable, a midſhipman aboard the Torbay—ſhe was loſt, coming home, in the Channel—the captain was taken up by a coaſter from Rye, loaded with cheeſe——

Mrs. Air. Mercy upon me, Mr. Aircaſtle, at what a rate you run on! What has all this to do with our coming to London?

Air. Why, I was going to tell you; but you will never have patience!

Mrs. Air. More than ever woman poſſeſſed. Would you, I ſay, be contented to ſpring, grow, and decay, in the ſame country ſpot, like a cabbage?

Air. Yes; provided I left behind me ſome promiſing ſprouts.

Mrs. Air. What! have you no ambitition? no ſoul? could you be eaſy to ſtand ſtock-ſtill, whilſt your neighbours are advancing all round you? Cottagers are become farmers; farmers are made juſtices; and folks that travelled barefoot to London, roll down again in their coaches and chariots; but ſtill we ſtick!

Air. What then? For, as counſellor Crab ſaid at the aſſizes—he came down to plead for Ned Nick'em,

Nick'em, who won at Bath a large ſum of Lord Luckleſs—the principal witneſs was Chriſtopher Cogg'em—who was condemned to the pillory; but ſaved by Phil Fang the attorney—who——

Mrs. Air. What matters what any body ſaid? but you are always flying from the——

Air. Why, what a pox would the woman be at?—Ha'n't I lopped off a handſome limb of my land to put your hopeful project in practice?

Mrs. Air. Well; and muſt not every body who ventures in the lottery of life firſt pay for his ticket?

Air. I believe Toby will hardly thank me for going into the wheel.

Mrs. Air. No; I ſuppoſe he would rather ſtay at home, and marry Bet Bloſſom: A pretty alliance he had like to have given us!

Air. But you know I drove the girl out of the pariſh.

Mrs. Air. Are there none of the ſame ſtamp left behind?

Air. Well, well, here we are, and what's to be done?

Mrs. Air. Our firſt buſineſs is to get Toby diſpoſed of; upon your head, we will conſult Mr. Flaw; as to my affairs, leave me to myſelf.

Air. And as for Toby, the beſt method, you think, will be——

Mrs. Air. To advertiſe the boy, to be ſure.

Air. Do you think ſo? Advertiſe Toby! I was once told by Tom Type, a printer of one of the papers—he was tried for a libel before Sir Philip Flogg'em, at the Old Bailey—two of the jury died that ſeſſions of the diſtemper—doctor Drybones recommended vinegar by way of prevention

tion—the doctor wore the ſtrangeſt black wigs! —they were made by Ben Block'em, of Bow-ſtreet—I dined with him once, when he was churchwarden, upon two baſtard children—we had a haunch of veniſon—the veniſon was over-roaſted, and ſtunk—but doctor Dewlap twiſted down ſuch gobs of fat——

Mrs. Air. But what is all this to the purpoſe?

Air. I was going to tell you, if you would but liſten a bit!

Mrs. Air. What did Type ſay?

Air. That he never knew any good come of that kind of——

Mrs. Air. Then Type was a fool! don't we ſee by the news, that there is no other way of making matches in London?

Air. Well, well—you know beſt, to be ſure.

Mrs. Air. Here the advertiſement is; I have penned it myſelf.

Air. You penned it? Damn me, if ſhe can ſpell a ſingle ſyllable of the language!

Mrs. Air. Call the boy in; and obſerve, Mr. Aircaſtle, if he correſponds with the marks.

Air. Toby! [*Calling.*

Enter Toby.

Lord, Mrs. Aircaſtle, how you have altered the boy! why, his face is as long as a fiddle-ſtick! and then he has a bundle at his back, as big as a child!

Mrs. Air. Pray, Mr. Aircaſtle, mind your own buſineſs, I beg! would you have him dreſſed like yourſelf, in a ſuit of cloaths made thirty years ago, when you were ſheriff for the county?—Toby, ſtand forth! "Wanted for a

"young

" young gentleman of an ancient family, and " agreeable perſon"—Toby, hold up your head!

Toby. I does, mother, I does.

Air. It is impoſſible, my dear, the boy ſhould ever walk in that manner; why he will run againſt every body he meets. Toby, do you think you can ſtep without ſtumbling?

Toby. Not in the ſtreets; but croſs a room pretty well, I believe.

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, have you no idea of grace? Shoulders back, Toby; and cheſt a little more out!

Air. Now, child, look at his elbows! you have pinioned him down like a pickpocket.

Mrs. Air. Grace, Mr. Aircaſtle, grace.

Air. Grace! he has neither grace, nor greaſe: his breaſt-bone ſticks out like a turkey's.

Mrs. Air. Nothing but grace! I wiſh you would read ſome late Poſthumous Letters; you would then know the true value of grace: Do you know, that the only way for a young man to thrive in the world, is to get a large diſh of hypocriſy, well garniſhed with grace, an agreeable perſon, and a clear patrimonial eſtate?—" A " wife with a very large portion: If the fortune " anſwers, proper allowance will be made for " perſon and mind. The party, and his rent-" roll, may be ſeen at the Lamb in Long-Acre, " every hour of the day."

Air. Why, this will bring the whole town to the houſe.

Mrs. Air. That is juſt what I intend; the more bidders, the better.

Enter Tom and Flaw.

Tom. Mr. Flaw. [*Exit. Flaw.*

Flaw. Good folks, you are welcome to London!

Air. Ay, here we are, Mr. Flaw: here's Toby too.

Toby. Yes, here I am, Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. Bleſs me! what a change! I ſhould ſcarce have known him.

Toby. Yes, I ſuppoſe I am pretty much altered, being garniſhed with grace.

Air. Ay; a grace, I believe, that will tempt nobody to taſte of the diſh.

Mrs. Air. Never mind him, Mr. Flaw; he is a deſponding creature, you know. But, as a proof that we have not been idle, here is the firſt fruits of my labour.

Flaw. What is it?

Mrs. Air. An advertiſement to procure a partner for Toby.

Flaw. A partner!

Mrs. Air. Ay, a wife, with a ſuitable fortune.

Flaw. I hope it is not ſent to the papers.

Toby. What, the notice where I am to be ſeen? here it is in my hand.

Mrs. Air. Give it me; and go you out, and wait till you are wanted: And don't liſten! d'ye hear? And, Toby, be mindful of grace! and, d'ye hear? don't laugh! you may grin, indeed, to ſhew your teeth, and your manners.

Toby. Will that do?

Mrs. Air. Pretty well, for the firſt time.

[*Exit Toby.*

Flaw. Bleſs me, madam! how could ſuch a thought——

Mrs. Air. Don't we every day ſee ſuch things in the news?

Flaw. Ay, from an old maid in deſpair, a broken milliner, or a tottering tobacconiſt:

Air.

Air. I told her ſo, Mr: Flaw: Zounds, ſays I, you treat the boy as if he was a white bear, or an oſtrich—though it is quite a miſtake, Mr. Flaw, that thoſe creatures eat iron: I ſaw one once at the Checquer at Saliſbury—the keeper's name was Evan Thomas, a Welſhman—he had but one hand—he loſt the other, endeavouring to ſteal a piece of cheeſe out of a rat-trap—the trap went down, and——

Mrs. Air Did ever mortal ſee ſuch a man?

Air. And, zounds, why muſt not I ſpeak? ſhe likes to liſten to no ſounds but her own; but I will be heard, and——

Mrs. Air. And ſo you ſhall, when you talk to the purpoſe.

Air. Purpoſe, madam! Damn it, I would have you to know——

Flaw. Oh, fy, fy, good people! curb your cholers a little: Conſider you are not now in the country.

Air. Well, well, I am calm.

Flaw. Then, to return to our buſineſs: Beſides, my good madam, I had provided a match that would have completed all our matters at once.

Mrs. Air. How?

Flaw. A lady, an acquaintance of mine, lately arrived with her niece from the Indies——

Mrs. Air. And rich?

Flaw. Enough to purchaſe the ſceptre of Poland.

Air. How!

Flaw. Ay, even before his very good neighbours had brought that monarchy down to a manor.

Air. And pray, as to the party?

Flaw.

Flaw. Fleece'em is the name of the aunt; not much indebted to fortune; but whoever is happy enough to marry the niece, won't ſcruple, I dare ſay, to procure her a proper proviſion.

Mrs. Air. The moſt reaſonable thing in the world.

Flaw. I ventured to promiſe as much.

Mrs. Air. Then you have hinted the buſineſs?

Flaw. As good as concluded. As marriage-bonds are illegal, it will be right to make a depoſit before the ſolemnization.

Mrs. Air. To be ſure. Now, Mr. Aircaſtle, I hope I was right; for ſeeing a little caſh might promote our deſigns, I got him to ſell Sycamore-farm, and we have brought the money to town.

Flaw. How much might the——

Mrs. Air. Five thouſand.

Flaw. But, with a few diamonds, for which I will get you credit——

Mrs. Air. By all means.—When ſhould we wait on the young lady?

Flaw. This very morning; we cannot be too quick; ſome of the young blades about town begin to have an inkling, I fear; I obſerve them throw their eyes up to the windows.

Mrs. Air. Without doubt. Mr. Aircaſtle, you will go out to the ſhops, and provide Toby with a new Beckford-hat, and a couteau du chaſſe?

Flaw. And purchaſe at the ſame time ſome preſents for the young lady.

Mrs. Air. The firſt time?

Flaw. Always the rule in the Eaſt; you never approach a ſuperior without a ſuitable preſent.

Mrs Air. No!

Air. No! why, fool, that is the way the Nabobs have got all their wealth—I knew one of them

them once; and, if he had not been ſo rich, really a good ſort of a—he was inoculated for the ſmall-pox, by one of the Suttons, at the great houſe by Hyde-park—the builder of it got into the Bench, and was afterwards cleared by an act of inſolvency—though Tom Jenkins, one of his creditors——

Mrs. Air. You ſee!—Lord bleſs me, now, Mr. Aircaſtle, how can you, when we have not a moment to loſe—Go, go out with the boy, I beſeech you!

Air. Well, well, well! [*Going.*

Flaw. I'll run before, and prepare Mrs. Fleece'em.

Mrs. Air. By all manner of means.

Air. Pray, is not the toy-ſhop at the end of the ſtreet, kept by the ſon of—I remember I met the father once at Newarket—he was in a one-horſe chaiſe, made by Varniſh here in Long-Acre—who built a ſtate-coach for the Empreſs of Ruſſia—he was recommended by Lord—I can't think of his name—who was choſen one of the ſixteen for the kingdom of——

Mrs. Air. Take him with you, dear Mr. Flaw!

Flaw. Come, Sir, I will ſhew you the ſhop.

[*Exeunt Aircaſtle and Flaw.*

Mrs. Air. So! having provided for Toby, I am at leiſure to attend to my own private concerns. Who's there?

Enter Maid-Servant.

Bid the Waiter come up! [*Exit Maid.*

If Colonel Gorget anſwers my letter in the way I expect, it will prove a pretty good beginning: The colonel, I make no doubt, knows the ways of the world, and will ſoon take the hint: He was

was vaſtly ſtruck with me during the races; and I don't ſee why I have not as good a right to profit by my perſon, as I am told ſome ladies do, who live in this——

Enter Waiter.

Well, Sir, what return to my letter?

Waiter. The colonel, madam, will obey your commands.

Mrs. Air. Very well! when he comes, ſhew him into the next room. [*Exeunt.*

Another Room in the Bagnio.

Enter Colonel Gorget, reading a letter.

Gorget. Bravo, bravo, my ſweet country acquaintance! this is a rendezvous with a witneſs. Let me ſee! *Um, um, um!* "Unexpectedly "brought by buſineſs to town—no time to make "a proper proviſion—accommodate me with "Five Hundred Guineas"—accommodate! an apt phraſe, and a pretty ſum too; but how the deuce could the woman ſuppoſe that I was able to advance ſuch a ſum? *Um, um!*—"Not prove ungrateful—Elizabeth"—Oh, ho! now I begin to conceive.—Stay! who have we here? Zooks! the huſband himſelf.

Enter Aircaſtle.

Air. What, Colonel Gorget!

Gorget. Mr. Aircaſtle, I am happy to ſee you! But what important buſineſs can have brought you to London?

Air. Some family affairs, and to lay out a pret-

ty

ty large ſum, which I lately got for a parcel of land.—But is this viſit intended to me?

Gorget. No; I was quite a ſtranger to your being in town. A lady in the houſe, that I lately knew in the country——

Air. What, from our part of the world?

Gorget. No, no; but a deviliſh fine woman: Laſt ſummer ſome little gallantries paſt between us below.

Air. Ay, ay; you officers play the very deuce when you come down into the country. I remember enſign Saſh, about ten years ago—his father came from Barbadoes—I met him at Treacle's, the great ſugar-baker's, who had a houſe in St. Mary-Axe—he took the leaſe from alderman Gingham, who ſerved ſheriff with deputy—there was tight work on the huſtings——

Gorget. Oh, the devil! he runs on at the old rate.—But we forget the lady.

Air. Oh, ay; "Gallantry with her below;" which I ſuppoſe you have finiſhed above.

Gorget No, faith, not entirely, my friend; but I think we are in a fair way.

Air. Ay!

Gorget. The garriſon has offered to ſurrender.

Air. Then what prevented you from taking poſſeſſion?

Gorget. The governor, as uſual, inſiſts on a bribe, which it was not immediately in my power to pay——

Air. Damn thoſe governors!—why, there was the governor of Bergen-op-zoom, in the laſt war——

Gorget. But hear me!—I was juſt ſtepping home to provide the credentials; but, however, this

this lucky meeting will, I flatter myſelf, put an end to my journey.

Air. As how?

Gorget. If you will ſupply me with the ſum till evening, I ſhall cloſe the bargain without quitting the houſe.

Air. How much?

Gorget. Five hundred guineas.

Air. Five hundred guineas! what a cormorant the woman muſt be!

Gorget. Not at all, when her huſband is rich, and ſhe is above accepting a trifle.

Air. Now, I ſhould have thought that would have made her more reaſonable.

Gorget. Quite the reverſe; why, did you ever know a wealthy courtier accept of a moderate penſion?

Air. That, indeed—But are you really ſerious?

Gorget. So ſerious, that if you will lend me the money——

Air. Nay, but, colonel, that is——

Gorget. Nay, but if you heſitate——

Air. No, it is not that; the money is quite at your ſervice; but you will repent, and then reproach me—What! five hundred? there can be no woman worth it.

Gorget. You would alter your tone, if you ſaw her.

Air. Should I? Prithee tell me her name; perhaps I may know her.

Gorget. I durſt not; you know my honour is concerned.

Air. Honour with ſuch a woman as that?

Gorget. She is very well known.

Air. And ought to be better.

Gorget.

Gorget. But I waſte time, and may loſe the critical minute: Will you ſupply me, or muſt I——

Air. With the greateſt pleaſure in life: Here is in this bag the very ſum, which I have juſt received for a draft in the city.

Gorget. Ten thouſand thanks, my dear Mr.—

Air. I can't ſay tho', but I am ſorry——

Gorget. Oh, it is not impoſſible but I may come off at an eaſier rate: With ſuch a capital in hand, one may haggle, you know.

Air. True, true; I'd endeavour to get her for nothing: Chouſe her, chouſe her! do, colonel. If indeed ſhe had aſked for a ring with a poeſy, or any ſuch trifle as that—but ſuch a monſtrous demand! I would give ſomething to ſee her.

Gorget. Why, it is my opinion you know who ſhe is.

Air. Really?

Gorget. Now, if it ſhould turn out that you had been happy with the lady yourſelf, would not that greatly ſurpriſe you?

Air. Me? ha, ha, ha! the deuce a bit: Tho', when I came firſt to the Temple, there was a lawyer's wife that lived in Quality-court, that I was exceedingly fond of—her huſband came home one night, and I crept under the bed, where I ſhould have remained concealed, but for a little dog of Charles's breed; he went *bow, wow, wow*—

Gorget. Oh, the devil!—But conſider, time preſſes; I muſt away to the lady.

Air. True, true; and I to the ſhops with my boy. And I happy with the—ha, ha, ha—However, if that be the caſe, colonel, it is a ſtronger reaſon for cloſing your purſe-ſtrings; for the devil take me if I ever knew a woman who was deſerving

ſerving a tythe of that ſum in my life!—Yes; I lie! I did; a Greek girl, they called Circaſſian —I ſaw her at Tunbridge—where, by the bye, they have the oddeſt pantile-walk—with the muſick on a ſhelf—and as the company walk to and fro, the fidlers go *tal, lal, la*——

Gorget. Nay, but—[*puſhing him out*]. This is lucky beyond expectation; what a civilized huſband, to ſupply me with the very money I wanted!

Enter Tom.

Is the lady at leiſure?

Tom. She knows her huſband is gone out, and will be with you this inſtant.

Gorget. Very well! take care, and watch his return.

Tom. Here ſhe is. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. What, you are come, my dear colonel! I have waited for you with the utmoſt impatience.

Gorget. And I, madam, have flown to obey your commands.

Mrs. Air. No more of that, colonel, I beg: I bluſh to conſider——

Gorget. Bluſh! and why ſo, madam?

Mrs. Air. At what you muſt think of my letter: But the high ſenſe I entertain of your friendſhip, induced me, in ſuch an exigence, to make the trial.

Gorget. and the wiſeſt ſtep you could take.

Mrs. Air. Pardon me, Sir! I am not to learn how dangerous it is to have an obligation to you.

Gorget.

Gorget. And why ſo? Can there be any thing more natural than to deſire the aſſiſtance of the perſon who loves us? Of my attachment I hope you have no reaſon to doubt.

Mrs. Air. That, Sir, is the very ſource of my ſorrow, and has determined me to ſupport every evil; nay, to apply even to Mr. Aircaſtle himſelf, rather than——

Gorget. How, madam! then it is plain I have loſt your eſteem. Fool that I was, to be lulled by the bewitching lines of your letter! I thought that I had detected Love, that ſly lurcher, lurking under the maſk of confidential—But now I unfortunately find how far I am from your favour.

Mrs. Air. Cruel, unjuſt colonel Gorget!

Gorget. Ha! am I unjuſt? you revive me! you reſtore me to—But baniſh every thought of an obligation to any but me; I ſhould be jealous of——

Mrs. Air. But really, colonel, the ſum is——

Gorget. Of no importance at all; a mere trifle; juſt nothing: I ſhall not feel it, believe me.

Mrs. Air. How can I be too grateful for ſuch a generous proof of your friendſhip? Sure you were born to——

Enter Toby.

What the deuce has brought that booby back! [*Aſide.*

Toby. Father deſires you would call in your way, and take him up at the ſword-cutler's.

Gorget. How! the young cub? This is lucky beyond expectation!—Here, madam, are the five hundred guineas, which you will be kind enough to pay, with my thanks, to Mr. Aircaſtle, your huſband.

Mrs.

Mrs. Air. Finely taken and turned; what infinite wit and contrivance! [*aſide.*]—But would it not be right, colonel, juſt to ſign a receipt?

Gorget. Unneceſſary, madam; but juſt as you pleaſe.

Mrs. Air. There is pen and ink in the room over head.

Gorget. Give me leave to conduct you.

[*Exeunt Gorget and Mrs. Air.*

Toby. I don't underſtand what father and mother's about. Here am I dizened, and ſkewered, and graced, juſt like a young colt that is a-breaking: Nay, they were going to advertiſe me too, as if I was really a horſe; but lawyer Flaw has made them alter their minds, and I am to be diſpoſed of by private contract, I think. I can't ſay that I am over-fond of their ways. Oh, poor Betſy Bloſſom! let them match me to whoever they will, I ſhall never love any like thee: I believe I ſhould have put an end to their project, if I could but have found—Hey! who is this? Mercy on me! ſure it muſt be her ghoſt! and yet that can't be; becauſe ghoſts, they ſay, never comes but at night. Betſy!

Enter Betſy Bloſſom.

Betſy. Maſter Toby!

Toby. But is it poſſible! can it be you?

Betſy. As you ſee.

Toby. Well, and how? Lord, I have ten thouſand queſtions to aſk you. Where haſt been? how doſt do? how comeſt here? Why, you are vaſt fine, Betſy, all of a ſudden; you be not married?

Betſy. Married! no, no; you have put that out of my power, you know.

Toby.

Toby. Me? how ſo, Mrs. Betty?

Betſy. Is that a queſtion now to be aſked? have you ſo ſoon forgot what has happened between us?

Toby. No, no; I remember ſome part pretty well, I believe: But you cannot come for to go for to ſay, that we ever went to church together, in that there way you mean.

Betſy. That ceremony, Mr. Toby, you know well, was all that was wanting——

Toby. Beſides, it could not be, Mrs. Betſy; becauſe why, as father ſays, ſince the parliament-houſe interfered, it is againſt the law to marry for love.

Betſy. How! what, are all your vows, oaths, promiſes, forgot? does not this ſixpence, broken between us, when we laſt met in the grove, ſtare you full in the face?

Toby. Yes; I have t'other half in my pocket.

Betſy. Does not your conſcience, Mr. Toby, upbraid you? But men are all traitors alike! their whole ſtudy is to delude poor innocent maids. Oh! why did I truſt that fair face and flattering tongue, and not ſuſpect the wily ſerpent that was lurking beneath?

Toby. Nay, Betſy——

Betſy. But my prayers are granted, however; my only wiſh was to ſee you once more——

Toby. My ſweet, dear, little Betſy——

Betſy. Once more to ſurvey that ſweet form; the buſineſs of life is now over! Eyes, take your laſt look! open, thou cold earth, to receive me—

Toby. Lord have mercy! if you don't frighten me out of my wits.

Betſy. To thy dreary manſion I come! there my

my ſorrows will ceaſe, and my ſhame, and name be forgot by the unpitying—Oh! [*Faints.*

Toby. Stop, ſtop, deareſt Betſy, and take me along with you! Murder, fire, water! Waiter! what, will nobody come to aſſiſt her?

Enter Tom.

Tom. Bleſs me, Sir! what can be the matter?

Toby. Why, here is a poor young creature at her laſt gaſp: Clap her hand, and bend her forward a bit!

Tom. Miſs Betſy? mercy on us! how came this about? It is only a fit; ſhe revives, her eyes begin to open a little.

Betſy. Where am I?

Toby. In the fore-room, up one pair of ſtairs.

Tom. Bleſs me, Sir, what can be the occaſion of this?

Toby. Why, it is a young woman that is breaking her heart.

Tom. Her heart? and for what?

Toby. Why, for love of me, to be ſure.

Tom. And can you be ſuch a barbarian? why, you muſt have the heart of a tiger, to ſtand unſhocked at ſuch a horrible ſcene,

Toby. Nay, I have been ſhocked enough, if that is all.

Tom. Then why don't you remove her diſtreſs?

Toby. Why, ſhe wants me to marry her.

Tom. And is that all ſhe aſks; and can you heſitate for ſuch a trifle as that?

Toby. Why, how can I, when father and mother have promiſed me to an Indian woman, as rich as a Jew, from beyond ſea?

Betſy. How! and have I a rival? perjured monſter! But think not my death ſhall finally cloſe

cloſe our account; my ſhade, like Margaret's grimly ghoſt, ſhall purſue thee, haunt thee in dreams at midnight, ſhake thy curtains round thy guilty head, and holloa in thine ear!

Bethink thee, Toby, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Toby Take it with you, Mrs. Betty, whenever you pleaſe.

Betſy [*Sings*].

For this I'll haunt thy midnight dreams,
And hover round thy bed;
Thy ears I'll fill with horrid ſcreams,
Nor leave thee till thou'rt dead.

Toby. Why, you won't go to be ſo cruel, I hope! what, is there no amends to be made?

Tom. So, Sir, you ſee, dead or alive, ſhe is determined to plague you.

Toby. Yes, yes; I ſee it well enough. Lord, who could have thought it? ſhe is mightily changed ſince her coming to London.

Tom. This town is apt to open the mind.

Toby. Is it? I hope it will ſhut again, though, when ſhe gets into the country. But pray, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, by what chance did Betſy come here?

Tom. My Miſtreſs took her in, out of compaſſion: It is wonderful how charitable a lady ſhe is! why, we have five or ſix more young women here in the ſame ſituation.

Toby. Indeed? ſhe muſt be the moſt goodeſt woman on earth: Well, if ſhe don't go to heaven, what chance has ſuch a poor creature as I?

Tom.

Tom. None at all, unleſs you repair the wrongs ſhe has ſuffered.

Toby. But if I was minded to comply with her wiſh, I don't ſee how I can bring it about.

Tom. You are one-and-twenty, no doubt.

Toby. Theſe three years and above.

Tom. And Miſs?

Toby. Within a twelvemonth of me.

Tom. Oh, then I will manage matters, I warrant. Where are you going?

Toby. To call on father, at a ſhop near the old black man a-horſeback; the wind has blown his hat from his head.

Tom. Very well! Give them the ſlip as ſoon as you can; run back here; you will find us——

Betſy. What, is he a-going? oh!

Toby. Nay, Betſy, be quiet! ben't I ready to do all that you want? If you faint any more, I wiſh I may die if I'll have you.

Betſy. Won't you?

Toby. No.

Tom. Courage, Miſs! keep up your——

Toby. Right, Mr. ——, or, if ſhe muſt faint, can't ſhe wait a little, till I get out of the houſe?

Exit.

Tom. He is off: Finely managed! Do not ſtir from hence; I will run to the Commons, and be back again in a—One kiſs as a reward for the part I have——

Enter Toby.

Toby. I forgot to aſk, Sir, where I ſhould——

Tom. Run! here, Sir! ſhe is fainting again!

Toby. Is ſhe? then call ſomebody elſe, for I will make the beſt of my way—— [*Exit.*

Tom and Betſy. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Prig.

Mrs. Fleece'em.

IT is lucky the Doctor is at home [*aſide*] John, you may take the ſilks of Mr. Prig, and put them into the coach.—How could I be ſo giddy to forget my purſe, and leave it on the table? All my ſervants are honeſt, I hope.

Prig. No doubt; it would be the greateſteſt of crimes, to injure a lady of your affability and aimiability.

Mrs. Fl. Quite polite, I proteſt, Mr. Prig! I am ſorry, however, Sir, to have given you all this trouble.

Prig. I conſider it, madam, as one of the moſt greateſteſt pieces of happineſs that could have befallen Paul Prig. Your la'ſhip is a perfect pattern of humility: To ſuffer a ſimple tradeſman like me to occupy part of your la'ſhip's coach, is ſuch an honour that——

Mrs. Fl. Honour! by no means, Mr. Prig: I don't know a ſtation more uſeful, or indeed more reputable, than that of a citizen like you, who condeſcends to employ his genius in adorning his fellow creatures. The ladies, indeed, are moſt obliged to your labours.

Prig. Were all the ladies like you, madam, my condition would be celeſtial indeed; for, as Maſter Shakſpur ſays,

"The labour we delight in phyſicks pain."

Mrs.

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Prig, I proteſt you ſurprize me! who could have expected ſo much gallantry from the Ward of Farringdon-Within?

Prig. Your charms, madam, would animate even a native of Hockley in the Hole!

Mrs. Fl. Fy, Mr.——

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My maſter begs you would ſtep into his ſtudy. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Prig, you will excuſe me a moment: It is lucky my lawyer is at home; I ſhall take the money, and not give you the trouble to go ſo far as my houſe. I ſhall ſoon call again at your ſhop. [*Exit.*

Prig. The greateſt pleaſure, madam, that I could ever have.—Ha, ha! left her purſe on the table? a likely ſtory, indeed! No, no; I underſtand her ogles and leers; her eyes ſpoke more truth than her tongue. I don't recollect to have ſeen her before; but ſhe has ſeen me, that is clear, from the ſtrength of her paſſion. "Soon call at "your ſhop?" and how ſoft the tone of her voice! Yes, yes; I believe you will. Well, well, you ſha'n't be diſapointed, my dear; his worſt enemies can't accuſe Paul Prig of being cruel.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. You had better ſtep into this room; there is a fire.

Prig. By all means. "A ſtation more uſeful, "or more reputable, than that of a"—poor creter! ſhe muſt be very far gone indeed.

[*Exeunt.*

Another

Another Room.

Doctor Hellebore and Mrs. Fleece'm diſcovered.

Helle. To whoſe recommendation, madam, do I owe the honour——

Mrs. Fl. The world's, doctor; your great reputation.

Helle. Oh, madam!

Mrs. Fl. But, as I was obſerving to you, Sir, if it was not for theſe unaccountable whims in my uncle, no man in England has a finer underſtanding, or a clearer conception: Nothing irregular in his conduct; diſcharges all the ſocial duties with the utmoſt exactneſs; reaſons with the moſt perfect preciſion upon every ſubject.

Helle. And the ſtate of his bodily health?

Mrs. Fl. He does not complain.

Helle. And theſe diſtractions are frequent?

Mrs. Fl. I think more ſo, of late.

Helle. Ay, the great tenſion of the Pia-mater muſt enfeeble the ſyſtem; and the paroxiſms, of courſe, oftener repeated, and of longer continuance. And his whims, you ſay——

Mrs. Fl. To the laſt degree extravagant: Laſt week he ſuppoſed himſelf a young neſtling crow, and conſtantly opened his mouth, like a bill, and cawed for food, when he found himſelf hungry.

Helle. A manifeſt mark of diſtraction!

Mrs. Fl. His whim of to-day is peculiar enough.

Helle. Of what kind?

Mrs. Fl. He ſuppoſes himſelf a mercer upon Ludgate-Hill.

Helle. A mercer!

Mrs. Fl. And that he has ſold me a parcel of ſilks, for the payment of which I have conducted him hither.

Helle.

Helle. Why, madam, we do now and then meet with extraordinary inſtances: But could not I ſee your uncle?

Mrs. Fl. I brought him hither on purpoſe.

Helle. [*calling*] Deſire the gentleman below to walk up. Why, madam, the goodneſs of his health we look upon as a bad ſymptom, in theſe kind of of caſes; when they ariſe from a fever, why——

Mrs. Fl. I hope there will be no occaſion for violent remedies, ſuch as correction, or ſtraight waiſtcoats?

Helle. Not if he is tractable.

Mrs. Fl. But if that ſhould not be the caſe, Sir?

Helle. The beſt way, ma'am, is to leave him to my care a little: I have a convenient houſe not far from town, where mad people are managed with greater advantage.

Mrs. Fl. I ſhall ſubmit his treatment entirely to you.—But I ſuppoſe, Sir, it will be right for me to withdraw, as you may have ſome queſtions to aſk him, improper for the ear of a lady. I will pay a ſhort viſit, now I am in this part of the town.

Helle. As you pleaſe, madam.—A diſcreet perſon! this does not ſeem to be a family complaint. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Fl. Here he is. I muſt humour him a little.

Enter Prig.

This gentleman, Sir, will ſettle our little affair. Depend upon it, I ſhall be with you ſoon. [*Exit.*

Prig. I ſhall wait for that honour with the greateſt impatience.—She is a fine creter!

Helle. Come, Sir, take a chair.

Prig. Sir, there is no occaſion.

Helle.

Helle. You had better, as I ſhall have a good many queſtions to aſk you.—*(They ſit)* Well, Sir, and how do you find yourſelf?

Prig. Sir, you are very obliging! I am, I thank you, in very good health.

Helle. Don't you feel yourſelf at times inclined to be feveriſh?

Prig. Feveriſh! not I, Sir.

Helle. And have you had no material complaints, for any time back?

Prig. Not that I recollect; a ſlight touch of the *influenza*, indeed: but fared full as well as my neighbours.

Helle. And your appetite?

Prig. As uſual: but I am at no time an over-great eater.

Helle. So much the better. Favour me with your hand, if you pleaſe.

Prig. Sir! [*Riſes, and offers his hand.*

Helle. Keep your ſeat, if you pleaſe.—[*Feels his pulſe.*] Rather a little too lively! And as to your ſleep now, is it continued or broken?

Prig. Sir!

Helle. Are your ſlumbers without interruption? have you no ſtarts?

Prig. Not that I know of; indeed, I never was over-fond of my bed.

Helle. Ay, reſtleſs; I thought ſo.

Prig. Indeed, my buſineſs requires that I ſhould be an early riſer; when an apprentice, I was always the firſt in the ſhop.

Helle. An apprentice? poor man! but, however, I ſee no violent ſymptoms at preſent; a preparatory medicine, till we can put him into a regimen. Be ſeated! I will fetch you a draught that will immediately ſettle the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Prig. A draft!—A draft on his banker, I reckon:

reckon: Why could not he have given it me at firſt? An odd man! what the deuce has my health to do with my bill? Let us ſee; what is the tote? A hundred and ninety-two pounds, ſix, and— oh! here he is, I ſuppoſe, with the check.

Enter Hellebore, with a bottle and phial.

Helle. You will take this draught, three times a-day, at two hours' diſtance, firſt ſhaking it well.

Prig. Sir?

Helle. And nine drops of this, in a glaſs of water, firſt going to bed; it will ſerve to compoſe——

Prig. Compoſe? here muſt be ſome miſtake in this matter! I fancy, Sir, you take me for ſomebody elſe—my name, Sir, is Prig; I keep the great mercer's ſhop, as you go up Ludgate——

Helle. Hum! very well, Sir.

Prig. And am come with the lady below, to be paid this here bill in my hand.

Helle. Oh, Sir, I am no ſtranger to the whole of that ſtory: But how could you now—for, as you are cool at preſent, I will reaſon the matter a little—how could a man of your rank and fortune, indulge ſuch an improbable whim? I ſay a mercer indeed!

Prig. And pray, good Sir, who d'ye take me to be?

Helle. Oh, Sir, I know very well; your niece has fully informed me.

Prig. My niece? I have no niece; at leaſt not in London, I am ſure.

Helle. No? what d'ye think of the lady who conducted you hither?

Prig. She my niece? Damn me, Sir, till this morning, if ever I ſet eyes on her! Sure——

Helle.

Helle. Oh, oh! what you are beginning to be violent: You had better be quiet, or I ſhall find a method to tame you.

Prig. Tame me, Sir? I don't underſtand what you would be at! Will you pay me my bill here, or not?

Helle. Your bill? poor creature!

Prig. *Poor creter*, Sir? none of your *poor creters* to me! follow your client's directions, and diſcharge me at once.

Helle. My client?

Prig. Ay, Sir. When money is in the caſe, a man may as well have to do with Old Nick, as a lawyer: there is no getting it out of their hands.

Helle. Oh, he takes me for a lawyer. The paroxiſm is exceeding ſtrong. Who is there? Order a coach, and let the three keepers convey him to Chelſea.

Enter three Keepers.

Prig. Me to Chelſea? let any body touch me that dare!

Helle. Ay, ay, we will ſee that.

Prig. This is ſome conſpiracy, I ſuppoſe, to bam, to chouſe me out of my money.

Helle. You will take him to Chelſea.

Prig. Hands off!

Helle. And as you ſee he is violent, let him have the back room, with the barred windows, up two pair of ſtairs.

Prig. Me to Chelſea? me barred windows, and back room two pair of ſtairs?

Helle. If the fit ſhould increaſe, put on the ſtraight waiſtcoat. I ſhall call myſelf in the evening.

Prig.

Prig. Let me go, gentlemen! This is a damned contrivance, to rob me! Unhand me, or you ſhall be all ſwinged and ſouſed! impriſon a citizen, that only comes for his money? Damn me, Jack Wilkes's affair will be but a flea-bite to this!

[*Keepers hurry him off.*

Helle. If this is the caſe, on with the waiſtcoat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Fleece'em and Flaw.

Flaw. Ha, ha, ha! poor Prig! in what a piteous plight have you left him!—But the Aircaſtles will all be here immediately, ſo take care we are not interrupted.

Mrs. Fl. As they are ſo exceedingly credulous, the buſineſs will ſoon be diſpatched.

Flaw. In a trice. I have ſtipulated that your proviſion ſhall be ſecured before the ſolemnization.

Mrs. Fl. Right, right; perfectly right.

Flaw. But have you properly prepared the girl for the purpoſe?

Mrs. Fl. Her part will be eaſy.

Flaw. True; but ſhe ſhould be adroit; as events may ariſe, that will require ſome little ſkill: Who the deuce have you got?

Mrs. Fl. Why, I conſidered that as a very tickliſh point; it would be dangerous to truſt, and difficult to find in this town a ſuitable ſubject: Don't you think that the black girl I brought with me from Boſton——

Flaw. The negro? zounds, her complexion will betray her at once!

Mrs. Fl.

Mrs. Fl. I have thought of an expedient to ſecure us from that.

Flaw. It is true, theſe people have no great penetration; but what we do——

Mrs. Fl. Muſt quickly be done: I will juſt ſpeak to the girl. [*Calls*] Marianne!

Enter Marianne.

Mar. What you want, Miſſy?

Mrs. Fl. Go in and throw yourſelf on the bed; and, do you hear? let the window be ſhut, and the curtains drawn exceeding cloſe.

Mar. Yes, Miſſy.

Mrs. Fl. And whoever ſpeaks to you, don't you chatter and talk, but ſigh now and then, as if you were ſick: You will be only aſked a queſtion or two; as, *if you are ill?* or *are better?* to which you need ſay nothing but *yes*.

Mar. Nothing but *iſs*. I take care, Miſſy, never you fear.

Mrs. Fl. And, Marianne, no candle!

Mar. No, no, Miſſy. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. Oh, ſhe will anſwer our purpoſe, I warrant: Beſides, unleſs they are very preſſing to ſee her, there will be no occaſion to produce her at all.

Flaw. But, I beg your pardon, there will; by my directions, the ſon is provided with preſents, with a view to propitiate his Venus.

Mrs. Fl. [*rap at the door.*] There they are! Mr. Flaw, you will receive them? It will be right for me to retire, to ſee if all things within are in order. [*Exit.*

Enter Airçaſtle, Mrs. Airçaſtle, and Toby.

Air. I tell you the boy is an abſolute ſight, and

and I ſhould not wonder if the young lady was to——

Mrs. Air. You wonder? and pray who made you a judge of the proper——

Flaw. Huſh, huſh! for Heaven's ſake, huſh! conſider where you are!

Air. She is at her old tricks, Mr. Flaw; there is no——

Flaw. A key lower, good Sir, if you pleaſe! You will frighten the family.

Air. By her good will, I ſhould never open my mouth, but to eat.

Mrs. Air. I know but little elſe that it's good for.

Flaw. Nay, madam, now you are as faulty as he. Only think what a ſtrange impreſſion this will make on the ladies within! I beg you will ſuſpend your warfare a while.

Mrs. Air. Well, well!

Flaw. And no contradiction, I beg; but be attentive and polite to each other, as people of faſhion ſhould be; you may renew hoſtilities, and make up for loſt time, as ſoon as you are out of the houſe.

Mrs. Air. Why, how is it my fault, Mr. Flaw?

Air. Nor ſhall it be mine: For man and wife to quarrel before folks is rather rudiſh, I own; by ourſelves, indeed, it is a pretty innocent amuſement enough—Tom Teſty, of our town, uſed to ſay—his wife was a Devonſhire girl; if I am not miſtaken, from Plymouth—where, by the bye, they have the beſt John Dories in England—Old Quin, one ſummer, went thither on purpoſe——

Flaw. And if, Mr. Aircaſtle, you would contract your converſation a little—To be ſure, your manner is pleaſing, and your matter full of inſtructions; but as we meet upon buſineſs—

Air.

Air. I believe you are right, Mr. Flaw. Come, my love, let us ſhew him how polite we can be, if we pleaſe.—Dear Mrs. Aircaſtle, how I admire your taſte! theſe here ſkirts of the boy's are ſo light and genteel, and ſo airy—

Mrs. Air. True; I am happy, my dear, that I have your approbation: Thoſe we got made in the country, trapes and dangle like a parcel of petticoats.

Air. Right, my love.—For all the world, like a Hounſlow poſt-boy! His whole figure is juſt like a ſpider, nothing but legs; a mere couple of ſtilts!—And then that top to his wig, my dear child——

Mrs. Air. Gives a faſhionable turn to his face; and then adds to the height.

Air. It has indeed, my ſoul, a prodigious happy effect.—A block, popping out of a hair-cutter's window, up two pair of ſtairs in the Strand.—And then that bunch at his back——

Flaw. Huſh! here comes the lady.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.

This, madam, is the family for whom I told you I had ſo warm an affection; and this the young gentleman whoſe alliance I recommend for Miſs.

Mrs. Air. Grace, Toby!

Mrs. Fl. I make no doubt, madam, but my niece will think herſelf happy in an union with ſo accompliſhed a perſon.

Air. Why, as to that, Toby, Mrs.—— what is the gentlewoman's name?

Flaw. Mrs. Fleece'em.

Air. I recollect, madam, going ſome years ago with one of that name in the ſtage-coach

to

to York—we were overturned about a mile beyond Newark—the parſon of the pariſh—he became afterwards a prebend of Worceſter, in the room of old Walter Wench'em, who was caſt in a ſuit of *crim. con.* by Sir Timothy Tally-hoe, remarkable for the beſt pack of hounds in the country——

Mrs. Air. For Heaven's ſake, Mr. Aircaſtle!

Flaw. Have a care! you have forgot.

Air. I am dumb.

Mrs. Fl. Pray, madam, has the young gentleman travelled?

Mrs. Air. Who? Toby?

Air. Why, madam, I did once intend—but Sir Roger Ramble—who I am told will be ſtrongly oppoſed next election, for the borough of Barnſtaple, by Sir Walter Win'em—who during the whole time of Sir Robert Walpole's admin——

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, I beg pardon, but the lady directed the queſtion to me.

Air. True, my angel; and I am ſure nobody can give a better anſwer than dear Mrs. Aircaſtle——

Mrs. Air. You are very polite.

Air. But I was willing to ſave you the trouble, my ſoul.

Mrs. Air. I ſhall think it no trouble to ſatisfy the lady's enquiries.

Mrs. Fl. Nay, it was a matter of curioſity only: There is, beſides, an elegance, a *je ne ſcai quoi*, in your ſon's air, that is rarely acquired in this country.

Mrs. Air. Did not I tell you the prodigious power of grace?

Air. Yes; but I could never have believed it.

Mrs. Air.

Mrs. Air. Pray, madam, is the young lady at home?

Mrs. Fl. Juſt lain down for a little: The change of climate has given her a ſlight indiſpoſition; but a few days, I dare ſay, will reſtore her.

Mrs. Air. Miſs, I preſume, has a phyſician!

Air. A what? a phyſician, my life, for a little ſea-ſickneſs? Why, doctor Diet, at Margate, who, by the bye, intends to ſettle in London—his aunt, major Mortar's widow—who was killed by a bomb at the taking of Goree—Tom Truant, an old ſchoolfellow of mine, was cloſe by his ſide—Tom Tru——

Mrs. Air. Dear Mr. Aircaſtle, what has all this to do with the young lady's illneſs?

Air. I was coming to that, my ſoul, if you will let me. I don't know how it happens; in general, nobody is better bred than Mrs. Aircaſtle; but to-day ſhe won't let me bring out a word.—So, madam, Tom Truant, as I was—

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, I muſt interrupt you!

Air. You muſt!

Mrs. Air. I can't ſuffer it, upon this lady's account.

Air. It was for her ſake, my ſoul, I was ſpeaking.—So, madam, Tom Truant——

Mrs. Air. If you perſiſt, I ſhall quit the houſe, I aſſure you!

Air. Quit the houſe!

Mrs. Air. This very inſtant!

Air. Zounds, madam, if you come to that, you may go to the——

Mrs. Air. Any where to get rid of your abſurd——

Air.

Air. For that matter, you can't be more willing than I.

Mrs. Air. Then, madam, I take my leave.

Air. When you will: This lady and I can eaſily ſettle matters without you.—So, madam, as I was ſaying, Tom Tru——

Flaw. For Heaven's ſake, Sir!—Mrs. Aircaſtle, be calm!—when things are juſt bringing to bear——

Air. All I meant was for the ſervice of Miſs.

Mrs. Fl. Very obliging, indeed. I ſhould be ſorry if any difference ſhould ariſe on my niece's account: Beſides, her illneſs is ſo trifling, that the young gentleman may, if he pleaſes, ſtep into her room to enquire after her health.

Mrs. Air. Toby will be very happy, I am ſure. You ſee, madam, what the lad is.

Mrs. Fl. A moſt agreeable youth, I muſt own; and then his ſilence is a modeſt mark of his merit.

Air. Do you hear that, Mrs. Air——

Mrs. Air. Yes; and I hope it will make a proper impreſſion on you.—You, doubtleſs, madam, know the taſte of your niece; may we hope that Toby has any chance of ſucceeding?

Mrs. Fl. She was prodigiouſly pleaſed with Mr. Flaw's account of his parents; which, indeed, I now find to be true in every reſpect.

Air. and Mrs. Air. Oh, madam!

Mrs. Fl. And as to fortune, ſhe is totally careleſs in that, her own being much more than ſufficient.

Air. How manly that is in a woman!—I remember Miſs Patty Plumb of Jamaica did the very ſame—they ſay her grandfather was tranſported for robbing a hen-rooſt——

Mrs.

Mrs. Air. But as to his figure, madam; do you apprehend it will ſtrike her? Toby, hold up your head!

Mrs. Fl. I can ſee no reaſon againſt it: Indeed, the young gentleman has rather a fairer complexion than what ſhe has been commonly uſed to; the natives of India, from their climate, have rather a ſallower hue.

Mrs. Air. True, madam.

Mrs. Fl. But, if neceſſary, that may be eaſily altered by art; ſome ſaffron, or ſnuff, juſt ſkimmed over his face——

Mrs. Air. Quickly!

Air. I have a box of Scotch in my pocket: it may be done in an inſtant.

Mrs. Fl. Their hair, too, is moſt commonly dark; but a little German blacking here on each of the eyebrows——

Toby. If a burnt cork will do, I have one in my pocket.

Air. Mr. Flaw, will you ring for a candle?

Mrs. Fl. There is no neceſſity now: We have been obliged to ſhut out the light, as her eyes are rather tender and weak, with looking ſo long on nothing but water.

Mrs. Air. True, madam. Well, madam, we will detain you no longer: I am ſure it is impoſſible to ſay how much we are obliged——you may rely upon it, we ſhall ever be grateful.

Mrs. Fl. I don't in the leaſt doubt it: Mr. Flaw has, I preſume, hinted my ſituation.

Mrs. Air. Moſt minutely; Mr. Aircaſtle has prepared the depoſit. You have the needful?

Air. All but five hundred pounds, which you may have in the evening: I lent it juſt now to a—the ſtory will make you laugh, I am ſure:

As

As I was going out, colonel—who commanded laſt war——

Mrs. Air. Is this a time for a ſtory?

Flaw. Fy, fy! diſpatch, Mr. Aircaſtle!

Mrs. Air. Here all the bills are.

Flaw. Nay, hold a little, I beg! This you know, is a kind of compact; there are conditions to be performed on both ſides: Therefore the money ſhould, I think, be lodged in neutral hands, till the material point is complied with.

Mrs. Air. There is no occaſion.

Mrs. Fl. I can have no objection, I am ſure: where then ſhall we place it?

Mrs. Air. Mr. Flaw is a friend to both parties——

Air. True; the propereſt man in the world.

Mrs. Fl. I am not quite ſo certain of that. [*Aſide.*

Air. There, there the bills are, Mr. Flaw.

Mrs. Air. Now we will leave Toby and the lady together.

Air. Toby, don't forget to deliver the preſents.

Toby. I have them here in a box.

Air. Mind your behaviour, my good lad!—I wiſh we had time though to doctor his face: Againſt their next meeting, I will do it myſelf; I will manage the matter, I warrant: I learnt the art laſt autumn of a parcel of ſtrollers—they had been playing, during the Dog-days, with one Foote in this town—a fellow, they ſay, takes people off, and——

Mrs. Air. Nay, Mr. Aircaſtle, come along, I beſeech you!

Air. Well, well! you are always in ſuch a damnable hurry!

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Flaw, you are not going I hope? becauſe I wanted juſt to ſpeak a few words——

Flaw.

Flaw. I ſhall be back in a minute.

[*Exeunt Flaw, Mr. and Mrs. Aircaſtle.*

Mrs. Fl. This, Sir, this is the door; tread ſoftly.

Toby. Had not I better pull off my ſhoes?

Mrs. Fl. No occaſion for that. [*Exeunt.*

Another room. Marianne in bed.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Toby.

Mrs. Fl. This way! your hand!—Letty, my dear, the young gentleman I mentioned to you this morning, begs juſt to enquire after your health. There; I will leave you together: She is in the bed at the upper end of the room. I make no doubt, Sir, but you will behave with proper decorum. [*Exit.*

Toby. If you are afraid, you need not go out of the room.—The place is as dark as a dungeon! Upper end of the room! and how the deuce ſhould I know which that is? in the night, I can tell you, I ſhould be a good deal frightened to be ſo much in the dark, but it is well enough in the day, when one is about to make love; becauſe why, one is not ſo baſhful and ſhy; one can ſee to ſpeak one's mind with more boldneſs and courage, than in the light.—Me--Miſs! I thought ſhe had ſpoke; may be not. If I could but get hold of the curtains—the beſt way will be to creep cloſe by the wall, then I ſhall be ſure to—Miſs! Miſs!

Mar. Who be dat dere?

Toby. I.—*Dat dere?* one may find out by her tongue ſhe is a foreigner: I am pretty right now, I believe. What, Miſs, are you ſick?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. But you are better, I hope?

Mar.

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. I am glad on't: Then I ſuppoſe, Miſs, if you pleaſe, I may begin to make love?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Iſs? gad, I think it is ready made to my hands.—Did the gentlewoman, Mrs. Madam your aunt, ſay any thing about and concerning of me?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Is it a ſecret?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Oh, then it would not be manners to ax: Well, Miſs, I hope you ben't averſe to the match?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Adzooks, then we are all off in an inſtant! What, Miſs, I ſuppoſe you ben't willing to have me?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Oh, then we are on again, as before: Then I may produce, I believe. I have brought you, Miſs, ſome curioſities, by way of preſentation, here in my pocket: Will you pleaſe to accept——

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Here, then, I offer them up to the ſhrine of thy beauty. May I crave leave to kiſs your lily-white hand?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. On my knees let me thank you, faireſt creature!—Her ſkin is vaſt ſoft. They be wonderful pretty things I have brought you; a'n't you mighty curious to ſee them?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. May I draw up the curtain a bit, only juſt to give you a glimpſe?

Mar.

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. So I will.—I ſhould be glad to have a peep at her too; ſhe is a mighty agreeable body; does not talk much, indeed; but is vaſt ſenſible, whatever ſhe ſays. This, I believe, is the ſtring. I wonder if ſhe is as handſome as Betſy Bloſſom: Gad, if ſhe is, Miſs Bloſſom muſt look out for ſomebody elſe, I can tell her. That's high enough, I believe.—That there thing in the leather-caſe is a watch; if you touch the nob that juts out, it ſtrikes all the world like a clock; mother has one, but then him is as big as a warming-pan. Perhaps, Miſs, you mayn't find the trick out: I'll ſhew you.—Hey! what is this? Lord have mercy on me! ſhe is turned all of a ſudden as black as a crow! ſure as can be, a judgment for forſaking poor Betſy.

Mar. Maſſa, won't you come here?

Toby. Not I.

Mar. I come to you den.

Toby. The devil you will! you muſt run pretty faſt then.—Keep off me! holloa! houſe! ſtop the black thing that is hard at my—— [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.

Mrs. Fl. The rude puppy had like to have run over me: What is the meaning—Ha! the curtain drawn up? nay then—Marianne, who opened the window?

Mar. Little Maſſa, to ſhew me de tick-tick—

Mrs. Fl. Fool, did not I tell you—But it was my own fault, to truſt ſuch an ideot! Go, get out of my ſight! [*Exit Mar.*

Enter Flaw.

Flaw. What the deuce is the matter? Toby

is ſcampered down the ſtreet as if he had a legion of——

Mrs. Fl. Matter? why he has diſcovered the wench.

Flaw. 'Sdeath! I told you the folly of truſting theſe—we ſhall all be blown up in an inſtant: I ſaw the mother ſtop her chariot at the ſight of the whelp; ſo I ſuppoſe we ſhall have her back in a——

Mrs. Fl. Ay? then ſomething muſt be ſuddenly done.

Flaw. Done! but what?—I'll run after the boy, and hear his account of the matter.

Mrs. Fl. Stay! had not you better, Mr. Flaw, juſt leave with me Mr. Aircaſtle's depoſit?

Flaw. Pho! time enough; is this a ſeaſon to ſettle accounts? [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. So! I ſuppoſe he will march off with the money at laſt: I would have done as much, if I could but have touched it.

Enter Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. Dear madam, I am in the utmoſt confuſion! I am afraid that wild boy has miſbehaved himſelf in ſome manner or other.

Mrs. Fl. A little miſtake, madam; but I proteſt my niece is ſo terrified, that ſhe is unable to give me any account——

Mrs. Air. Some rude prank of his, I dare ſay; I never could get his father——

Enter Colonel Gorget.

Gorget. The houſe is in ſuch confuſion, that I can't get any body to give me an anſwer.—Mrs. Aircaſtle!

Mrs. Air.

Mrs. Air. Bleſs me, Colonel Gorget! who thought of meeting you here?

Gorget. An odd affair; but this lady, I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Fleece'em, will be ſo kind to explain it. A pretty young lad, an enſign of mine, has, I am afraid, been tricked out of a large ſum of money by one Flaw, a fellow of very bad fame.

Mrs. Air. How! Flaw?

Gorget. Under pretence of gaining promotion by this lady's aſſiſtance.

Mrs. Fl. Mine, Sir? I promiſe you this is the firſt mention I ever heard of the matter.

Gorget. Juſt, madam, as I ſuſpected: But pray, Mrs. Aircaſtle, have you long had the honour of this lady's acquaintance?

Mrs. Air. Acquaintance? Lord, Colonel, I am terrified out of my wits. Your ear for a moment.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A note, madam, which you are deſired directly to read.

Mrs. Fl. Flaw's hand. [*Reads*]. "The game "is up—we are blown—make off as faſt as "you can." As matters ſtand, the beſt advice I can take. [*Going off.*

Mrs. Air. Madam, you are not going to leave us?

Mrs. Fl. Only juſt to enquire how my niece does after her fright: I ſhall be back immediately. [*Exit.*

Gorget. How! is it poſſible? a capital ſum? Good Heavens, madam, and how could you truſt it without conſulting ſome friend?

Mrs. Air. Why, we both thought Mr. Flaw—

Gorget. Flaw; an infamous—

Enter

Enter Mr. Aircaſtle.

Air. Why, what the deuce has been the matter amongſt you? They tell me Toby has been at home frightened out of his wits; and then run out directly with the waiter and ſome wench or other: I have ſent your Roger in ſearch of the whelp.—Ah, colonel, are you there?

Gorget. Came the minute before you.

Air. Well, colonel, hey, how? What, I ſuppoſe, by being here ſo ſoon, your affair has miſcarried.

Gorget. You are miſtaken indeed, my good friend.

Mrs. Air. What affair?

Air. I forgot to tell it you, child: Of a fine laſs in this town, that ſets up her perſon for ſale——

Mrs. Air. How?

Air. And had the modeſty to fix the price to the colonel at five hundred guineas.

Mrs. Air. Abominable! Can there be ſuch creatures?

Air. Aſk the colonel; that is all: An infamous harpy!

Gorget. Dear Mr. Aircaſtle, you are here in an error.

Air. Error! why, did not you tell me of a line ſhe ſent you?

Gorget. Very true.

Air. And did not I advance the caſh?

Gorget. Do I pretend to deny it?

Air. well then?

Gorget. Your patience a moment, my dear friend! I gave her the money, it is true——

Air. There, Mrs. Aircaſtle! did not I tell you—

Gorget. But, then, like a woman of honour—

Air. Well?

Gorget.

Gorget. She told me that ſhe did it but to try the ſtrength of my paſſion——

Air. Pho, pho!

Gorget. And ſo immediately returned it again.

Air. Pſhaw! a bam, Mrs. Aircaſtle; don't believe it, my dear!

Gorget. To put the matter out of diſpute, I returned to your lodging directly; when, not finding you, I delivered the caſh to your lady.

Air. Indeed!

Gorget. In the very individual bag that you gave me; and before Maſter Toby, your ſon.

Air. Ay? and have you got the money, my dear?

Mrs Air. Yes, yes; I received it.—Was ever woman ſo duped! but this town is full of Cozeners. [*Aſide.*

Gorget. I am afraid, Mr. Aircaſtle, that it was pretty lucky for you I happened to have the caſh in my hand.

Air. Lucky! I don't underſtand——

Gorget. Otherwiſe, it might have flown away with the reſt.

Air. Flown away?

Gorget. By what Mrs. Aircaſtle has told me, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect you are got into the hands of ſome villainous ſharpers.

Air. How!

Gorget. Mr. Flaw, and his coadjutrix.—Within! who's there?—But we ſhall ſoon get the buſineſs explained.

Enter a Servant.

Gorget. Do you live with the perſon who inhabits this houſe?

Serv. But a very ſhort time.

Gorget.

Gorget. We wiſh to ſee her directly.

Serv. She is gone out.

Gorget. I thought ſo; And her niece too, I ſuppoſe!

Serv. Her niece, Sir?

Gorget. Ay.

Serv. I know no niece ſhe has.

Air. and Mrs. Air. How!

Gorget. Juſt as I ſuſpected: Now, Sir, do you begin to find what a ſituation you are in?

Air. Then I am totally ruined! I told you, Mrs Aircaſtle, what would come of your—I remember Martin Moneytrap, of the Minories, was once in the very ſame way—he was taken-in by a Portugueſe Jew——

Gorget. A truce to recrimination, I beg! we have more material buſineſs in hand: Let this woman be directly purſued; and endeavour to recover at leaſt a part of——

O'Flan. [*without.*] Pray ſtep in a bit, if you plaſe, and refund freely the bill; or, upon my ſoul, I'll make you do me the favour by force!

Enter O'Flannagan with Mrs. Fleece'em.

All. Mrs. Fleece'em!

O'Flan. Yes, yes; it is, ſure enough; ſhe overtook me, as I met her hard by.

Gorget. We are obliged to you then for the lady's return!

O'Flan. You may ſay that: I ſtopped her juſt in the nick, as ſhe was ſlily walking off in a coach. Arrah, put off your hood, my dear honey; don't be ſhame-faced amongſt your friends and acquaintance.

Mrs. Fl. Stand off, you rude brute!

O'Flan. Better words, if you plaſe! you want-

ed

ed to ſend me to be feathered abroad; ſo, in return, I ſhall beg lave, madam, to pluck you at home.

Gorget. No violence to the lady, I beg, Sir! ſhe now finds ſhe is detected, and, I dare ſay, will do every body all the juſtice ſhe can. And, firſt, madam, as to the capital ſum which you had the addreſs to obtain from this——

Mrs. Fl. What concern have I in the buſineſs? the gentleman himſelf gave it into the poſſeſſion of Flaw.

Gorget. Mr. Aircaſtle!

Air. That's true, I confeſs.

Gorget. But, ſince that, has not the property ſuffered a transfer?

Mrs. Fl. Not to me: But if you doubt it, you may ſearch the houſe when you pleaſe.

Gorget. Then it has got into worſe hands, I'm afraid.

Enter Mrs. Simony.

Mrs. Sim. I ſee by their confuſion my information was right.—Not to interrupt you, madam, I ſhould take it as a particular favour if you would immediately return the little note I left in your hand—for I have not a moment to ſpare.

Mrs. Fl. Note, madam! what note? I recollect, indeed, a hymn that you——

Mrs. Sim. Well, madam, that hymn, if you pleaſe.

Mrs. Fl. I gave it directly to Flaw, to get a friend of his to ſet it to muſick.

Mrs. Sim. Muſick? Ladies and gentlemen, a bank-note, I proteſt!

Air.

Air. What! ſet a bank-note to muſick! I never heard of ſuch a thing.

Gorget. And pray, madam, what could induce you to truſt that woman with a bank-note?

Mrs. Fl. That ſhe will not ſo readily own; a little earneſt of a much larger bribe, to procure her huſband a living.

Gorget. How, madam! I hope your huſband was not appriſed of this application?

Mrs. Sim. The doctor was totally ignorant; knew nothing about it.

Gorget. I am very happy to hear it: I ſhould be ſorry to find that a gentleman, whoſe peculiar duty it is to ſuſtain the purity of his profeſſion, ſhould himſelf be the very perſon to ſoil it; or that an office of ſo ſacred a nature, ſhould be ſolicited by ſuch unſanctified means.

Mrs. Sim. I believe my doctor, Sir, will be hardly ſuſpected: But I have not time to ſay more for the preſent; I ſhall be ſtayed for, and have not a moment to ſpare. [*Exit.*

Gorget. Let her go! that plunder, however, is fair.

Air. Well, well! but, colonel, notwithſtanding all that you ſay, I have heard there was a bet once made between the patron of a living and one Parſon Plurality—Plurality had been a Preſbyterian—his father keeps a paſtry-cook's ſhop in Spring-gardens—juſt where Cox's Muſeum—by the bye, they tell me, Cox will get deviliſh rich by his lottery.

Gorget. But if we don't uſe ſome diſpatch, I am afraid you will get deviliſh poor.

Enter Prig, in a waiſtcoat and cap.

Prig. Where is this damn'd infernal—ſhe is burrow'd here, but I'll make her——

Air.

Air. Who the deuce can this be?

Mrs. Fl. Some madman eſcaped from his keepers, I reckon.

Prig. Yes, yes, I am eſcaped! but not mad: and if there is law to be had, I'll make you to know—keepers!—if I had not luckily met with ſome friends at the turnpike, I ſhould have been kept pretty cloſe, I believe. I recollected your footman that ſtood at the door, and gueſſed you were not far off.

Air. What is this? a madman? I went to ſee one once in Bedlam—he— [*Exit Prig.*

Enter Roger.

Oh, here is Roger. Well, did you find where Toby is?

Roger. Yes, yes, I found un out; and in ſweet company too.

Mrs. Air. Company?

Roger. A clergyman, Betſy Bloſſom, and our waiter at home.

Air. Zounds! I hope the boy is not married.

Roger. No; but they would have been, if I had not come juſt in the nick to fetch un away.

Air. Where is he?

Roger. In a ſhop at the corner. I wanted un to ſtep over; but he would not, becauſe why, he ſays as how the houſe is haunted.

Air. And why not? There was the manor-houſe in the pariſh of Paddington—Mrs. Air-caſtle, you may remember it formerly belonged to the Jeſſops; but, by the marriage of the heireſs with one of the Haſlewoods——

Gorget. Come, come, it is a lucky prevention; and, to give you a little conſolation, I believe I ſhall be able to recover your money from Flaw.

Mrs.

Mrs. Air. and Air. How, colonel?

Gorget. I took the liberty, by way of prevention, to get him ſecured for the money received of my enſign.

Air. Indeed!

Gorget. And, as this affair is rather of a criminal nature, he will think himſelf happy to eſcape by reſtoring the plunder.

Air. My kind colonel!

Gorget. I hope, madam, this will make you amends for your diſappointment in the five hundred pounds. [*Aſide.*

O'Flan. But what the devil is all this to my bill?

Gorget. Did this woman receive it?

Mrs. Fl. Flaw had it; but it wants ſome days of being due.

Gorget. Then we ſhall be able to ſtop the payment, at leaſt; it is ſafe, never fear.

O'Flan. That's lucky, however: And, by all I can hear, my beſt way, Mr. Colonel, will be to make an emigration back to Ireland again.

Gorget. By all means; and, by this time, many more of your countrymen would, I believe, be glad to follow your ſteps.

O'Flan. Like enough.

Air. And if, Mrs. Aircaſtle, we were to return back again——

Gorget. It would be the wiſeſt thing you could do.

Mrs. Air. What, to vegetate like a parcel of plants!

Gorget. Ay, madam; for there are trees that won't bear tranſplanting; they thrive beſt in their natural ſoil.

Air.

Air. That's true, I can anſwer. Laſt ſummer, I tranſplanted ſome elm-trees——

Gorget. Lord! Mr. Aircaſtle, how can you—

Air. Zounds! I muſt n't ſpeak—Sir, let me tell you the ſtory of the elm. [*To O'Flan.*

Gorget. You, madam, till you have made all the ſatisfaction you can, muſt be contented to ſuffer a little confinement; after which, unleſs your country ſhould have ſome other call upon you, you may diſpoſe of yourſelf as you pleaſe.

Mrs. Fl. I am detected, diſtreſſed, and muſt therefore ſubmit! But, gentlemen, if all who have offended like us, were like us produced to the public, much higher names would adorn the the Old Bailey Chronicle than thoſe of poor Fleece'em and Flaw!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

THE

MAID OF BATH;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.
1795.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

WHO but has read, if you have read at all,
Of one, they *Jack the giant-killer* call?
He was a bold, ſtout, able-bodied man,
To clear the world of *fee, faw, fum,* his plan:
Whene'er a *monſter* had within his power
A young and tender *virgin* to devour,
To cool his blood, *Jack,* like a ſkilful ſurgeon,
Bled well the *monſter,* and releas'd the *virgin*;
Like the beſt doctors, did a method learn,
Of curing fevers never to return.
Mayn't I this *giant-killing* trade renew?
I have my *virgin* and my *monſter* too.
Tho' I can't boaſt, like *Jack,* a liſt of ſlain,
I wield a lancet and can breathe a vein;
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,
He cleft his foes, I only make mine ſqueak:
As Indians wound their ſlaves to pleaſe the court,
I'll tickle mine, *Great Sirs,* to make you ſport.
To prove myſelf an humble imitator,
Giants are *vices,* and *Jack* ſtands for *ſatire*;
By tropes and figures, as it fancy ſuits,
Paſſions riſe monſters, men ſink down to brutes;
All talk and write in allegoric diction,
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction!
Each daily paper allegory teaches——
Placemen are *locuſts,* and *contractors leeches*;
Nay, even *Change-alley,* where no bard repairs,
Deals much in fiction to paſs off their wares;
For whence the roaring there?—from *bulls* and *bears!*
The gaming fools are *doves,* the *knaves* are *rooks,*
Change-alley bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks!*
But, ladies, blame not you your gaming ſpouſes,
For you, as well as they, have *pigeon*-houſes.
To change the figure—formerly I've been,
To ſtraggling follies only *whipper-in*;

By

By royal bounty raiſed, I mount the back
Of my own *hunter*, and I keep the *pack*;
'Tallyho!—a rank old *fox* we now purſue,
So ſtrong the ſcent, you'll run him full in view;
If we can't kill ſuch *brutes* in human ſhape,
Let's fright 'em, that your *chickens* may eſcape;
Rouſe 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're grumbling,
And rub their gums at leaſt, to mar their mumbling.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE,	*Mr. Woodward.*
Mr. FLINT,	*Mr. Foote.*
Major RACKETT,	*Mr. Aickin.*
BILLY BUTTON,	*Mr. Weſton.*
PETER POULTICE,	*Mr. Fearon.*
FILLUP,	*Mr. Davis.*
Mynheer SOUR-CROUT,	*Mr. Caſtle.*
Monſ. DE JARSEY,	*Mr. Loyd.*
JOHN,	*Mr. Jacobs.*
Lady CATHARINE COLDSTREAM,	*Mrs. Fearon.*
Mrs. LINNET,	*Miſs Platt.*
Miſs LINNET,	*Mrs. Jewell.*
MAID,	*Mrs. Weſton.*

Waiters, *&c.*

THE

THE MAID OF BATH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Bear Inn at Bath.

Enter Fillup:

Fillup.

WHY, John, Roger, Ralphy, Harry Buckle! what a-dickens are become of the lads? Can't you hire?—Zure, zure, theſe whelps are enow to make a man mazed!

Enter ſeveral Waiters.

All. Coming, Sir!

Fillup. Coming! ay, zo be Chriſtmas, I think. Where be'ſt thee gwain, boy? what, I reckon thee ca'ſt not zee for thy eyes—Here, take the candle, and light the gentlefolk in.

Enter John.

John. Carry a couple of candles into the Daphne. [*Exeunt Waiters.*

Fillup. John, who is it be a come?

John.

John. Major Rackett, in a chay and four, from the Devizes.

Fillup. What, the young youth that laſt zeaſon carried away wi' un Mrs. Muzleneſes 'prentice?

John. Miſs Patty Prim, from the Grove?

Fillup. Ay, zure: Thee doſt know her well enow.

John. The ſame.

Fillup. Zure and zure, then we ſhall have old doing and by; he is a deadly wild ſpark, thee doſt know.

John. But as good a cuſtomer as comes to the Bear.

Fillup. That's zure enough: Then why doſt not run and light un in? Stay! gee I the candle; I woole go and light un in myzelf. [*Exit.*

Rack. [*without.*] Give the poſt-boys half a guinea between 'em.

John. Ay, there is ſome life in this chap! Theſe are your gueſts that give ſpirit to Bath: Your paralytical people, that come down to be parboiled and pumped, do no good, that I know, to the town, unleſs indeed to the phyſical tribe; How I hate to ſee an old fellow hobble into the houſe, with his feet wrapt in flannel, puſhing forth his fingers like a croſs in the hands to point out the different roads on a common!—Huſh!

Enter Rackett and Fillup.

Fillup. I hope, meſter, you do zee your way: There be two ſteps; that you do know. Well, zure, I be heartily glad to zee your honour at Bath.

Rack.

Rack. I thank you, my honeſt friend Fillup.—What, have you many people in the town?

Fillup. There ben't a power, pleaſe your honour, at preſent. Some zick folk that do no zort of zarvis, and a few layers that be comed off a the zircuit, that's all.

Rack. Birds of paſſage, ha, Fillup?

John. True, Sir; for at the beginning of term, when the woodcocks come in, the others fly off.

Rack. Are you there, honeſt Jack?

John. And happy to ſee your honour in town.

Rack. Well, maſter Fillup, and how go you on? any clubs fixed as yet?

Fillup. No, Zir, not to zay fixed; there be parſon Pulruddock from the Land's-End, maſter Evan Thomas, a Welch attorney, two Briſtol men, and a few port-drinking people, that dine every day in the Lion; the claret-club ben't expected down till the end of next week.

Rack. Any body in the houſe that I know?

Fillup. Yes, zure: Behind the bar there be Sir Chriſtopher Cripple, freſh out of a fit of the gout, drinking a drop of punch along wy Meſter Peter Poultice, the potter-carrier on the Parade.

Rack. The Gazettes of the Bath; the very men I want. Give my compliments to the gentlemen, and tell them I ſhould be glad of their company. But, perhaps it may be troubleſome for Sir Chriſtopher——

Fillup. No, no, not at all; at preſent he's a little tender for zure; but I warrant un he'll make a ſhift to hobble into the room. [*Exit*

Rack. Well, Jack, and how fares it with you? You have throve, I hope, ſince I ſaw you?

John. Throve? no, no, Sir: 'Your honour knows

knows that during the ſummer, taverns and turn-ſpits have but little to do at Bath.

Rack. True. But what is become of your colleague, honeſt Ned? I hope he has not quitted his place.

John. The ſhare he had in your honour's intrigue with Miſs Prim, ſoon made this city too hot for poor Ned.

Rack. Then why did not the fool go to London with me? The fellow has humour, ſpirit, and ſings a good ſong. I intended to have recommended him to one of the theatres.

John. Why, Sir, Ned himſelf had a bias that way; but his uncle, Alderman Surcingle the ſadler, a piece of a Puritan, would not give his conſent.

Rack. Why not?

John. He was afraid that kind of life might corrupt or endanger Ned's morals; ſo has ſet him up in a bagnio at the end of Long-Acre.

Rack. Nay, if the fellow falls after ſuch a ſecurity——

Sir Chr. (without.) At what a rate the raſcal is running! Zounds, I believe the fellow thinks I can foot it as faſt as Eclipſe! Slower, and be——

Enter Sir Chriſtopher Cripple and Fillup, followed by Peter Poultice.

Where is this rakehelly, rantipole?—Jack, ſet me a chair.—So, Sir! you muſt poſſeſs a good ſhare of aſſurance to return to this town, after the tricks you have played.—Fillup, fetch in the punch?—Well, you ungracious young dog, and what is become of the poor wench? Ah, poor Patty! and here too my reputation is ruined as well as the girl's.

Rack. Your reputation? that's a good jeſt.

Sir Chr.

Sir Chr. Yes, ſirrah, it is; and all owing to my acquaintance with you: I, forſooth, am called your adviſer; as if your own contriving head and profligate heart ſtood in need of any aſſiſtance from me.

Rack. Well, but, dear Sir Kit, how can this idle ſtuff affect you?

Sir Chr. How? eaſy enough: I will be judged now by Poultice.—Peter, ſpeak truth! before this here blot in my eſcutcheon, have not you obſerved, when I went to either a ball or a breakfaſting, how eagerly all the girls gathered round me, gibing, and joking, and giggling? gad take me, as facetious and free as if I were their father!

Poul. Nothing but truth.

Fillup. That's truth, to my zertain knowledge; for I have zeen the women-folk tittering, 'till they were ready to break their zides, when your honour was throwing your double tenders about.

Sir Chr. True, honeſt Fillup.—Before your cursed affair, neither maid, widow, or wife was aſhamed of converſing with me; but now, when I am wheeled into the room, not a ſoul under ſeventy will venture within ten yards of my chair: I am ſhunned worſe than a leper in the days of King Lud; an abſolute hermit in the midſt of a croud! Speak, Fillup, is not this a melancholy truth?

Fillup. Very molycolly, zure!

Sir Chr. But this is not all; the crop-eared curs of the city have taken it into their empty heads to neglect me: Formerly, Mr. Mayor could not devour a cuſtard, but I received a civil card to partake; but now, the rude raſcals, in their buſhy bobs, bruſh by me without deigning to bow! in ſhort, I do not believe I have had

had a corporation cruſt in my mouth for theſe ſix months: You might as well expect a miniſter of ſtate at the Manſion-Houſe, as ſee me at one of their feaſts——

Fillup. His honour tells nothing but truth.

Sir Chr. So that I am almoſt famiſhed, as well as forſaken.

Fillup. Quite famiſhed, as a body may zay, meſter.

Sir Chr. Oh, Tom, Tom, you have been a curſed acquaintance to me! what a number of fine turtles and fat haunches of veniſon has your wickedneſs loſt me!

Rack. My dear Sir Kit, for this I merit your thanks: How often Dr. Carawitchet has told you, rich food and *champaigne* would produce you nothing but poor health and *real* pain?

Sir Chr. What ſignifies the prattle of ſuch a punning puppy as he? what, I ſuppoſe, you would ſtarve me, you ſcoundrel! When I am got out of one fit, how the devil am I to gather ſtrength to encounter the next? Do you think it is to be done by ſipping and ſlopping? [*drinks*] But no matter! Look you, major Rackett, all between us is now at an end; and, Sir, I ſhould conſider it as a particular favour if you would take no further notice of me: I ſincerely deſire to drop your acquaintance; and, as to myſelf, I am fixed, poſitively fixed, to reform.

Rack. Reform? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Chr. Reform! and why not? Well! you ſhall ſee! the whole city ſhall ſee! As ſoon as ever I get to my lodgings, I will ſend for Luke Lattitat and Codicil, and make a handſome bequeſt to the hoſpital.

Rack. Stuff!

Sir Chr. Then I am reſolved to be carried every

every day to the twelve o'clock prayers, at the Abby, and regularly twice on a Sunday.

Rack. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Chr. Ha, ha, ha! you may laugh; but I'll be damn'd if I don't! and if all this don't recover my credit, I am determined, beſides, to hire a houſe in Harlequin-Row, and be a conſtant hearer at the counteſs's chapel——

Rack. And ſo, perhaps, turn out a field-preacher in time.

Sir Chr. I don't know but I may.

Rack. Well then, my dear Sir Chriſtopher, adieu! But, if we muſt part, let us part as friends ſhould; not with dry lips, and in anger. Fillup, take care of the knight. [*Fillup fills the glaſſes.*] Well, faith, my old crony, I can't ſay but I am heartly ſorry to loſe you; many a brave batch have we broached in our time.

Sir Chr. True, Tom, true.

Rack. Don't you remember the bout we had at the Tuns, in the days of Plump Jack? I ſhall never forget! After you had felled poor Falſtaff with a pint bumper of burgundy, how you beſtrode the proſtrate hero, and in his own manner cried, "Crown me, ye ſpirits that de-"light in gen'rous wine!"

Sir Chr. Vanity, mere vanity, Tom, nothing but vanity!

Rack. And then another day at the—But repleniſh, Fillup! the bowl is not empty?

Sir Chr. Enough, enough!

Rack. What, don't flinch, man! it is but to finiſh the bowl.—Come, Sir Chriſtopher, one tender ſqueeze!

Sir Chr. Take care of my hand! none of your old tricks, you young dog.

Rack.

Rack. Gentle as the lick of a lap-dog; there!—What o'clock is it, Fillup?

Fillup. I'll tell you, meſter [*looks at his watch*]. Juſt turned a ſix.

Rack. So ſoon? Hang it, Sir Kit, it is too early to part. Come, what ſay you to one ſupper more? but one, by way of ſacrifice to the ſacred feelings of friendſhip? Honeſt Fillup knows your taſte; he will toſs you up a——

Sir Chr. Not a morſel, Tom, if you would give me the univerſe!

Rack. Pho, man! only a Sandwich or ſo.—— Fillup, what haſt got in the houſe?

Fillup. A vamous John Dorey, two pair of ſoals, and there be a joint of Landſdown mutton; and then, you do know, my Molly be vamous in making marrow-puddens.

Rack. A fine bill of fare.—Come, knight, what do you chooſe?

Sir Chr. Me! why you ſeem to have forgot what I told you juſt now.

Rack. Your deſign to reform? not at all; and I think you quite right; perfectly ſo, as I hope to be ſaved: But what needs all this hurry? to-morrow is a new day; it will then be early enough. Fillup, ſend us in juſt what you will.

Sir Chr. You are a coaxing, cajoling young dog.—Well, if it muſt be ſo, Fillup, it muſt. Fillup, get me an anchovy-toaſt; and, do you hear? a red herring or two, for my ſtomach is damnably weak.

Fillup. I ſhall be zure, zur. [*Exit.*

Rack. So! that's ſettled.—Now, Poultice! Come forward.—Well, my blades, and what news have you got ſtirring amongſt you?

Poul. Except a little run of ſore throats about the

the beginning of autumn, and a few feeble fellows that dropt off with the leaves in October, the town is in tolerable——

Rack. Pox of the dead and the dying! but what amuſements have you got for the living?

Poul. There is the new playhouſe, you know.

Rack. True: But as to the muſical world; what hopes have we there? any of the opera people among you? Apropos—what is become of my little flame, *La petite Roſignole*, the lively little Linnet? is ſhe ſtill——

Sir Chr. Loſt, totally loſt!

Rack. Loſt! what, left you? I am ſorry for that.

Sir Chr. Worſe, worſe!

Rack. I hope ſhe an't dead.

Sir Chr. Ten thouſand times worſe than all that!

Rack. How the deuce can that be?

Sir Chr. Juſt going to be buried alive—to be married.

Rack. Pho! is that all? The ceremony was, indeed, formerly looked upon as a kind of metaphorical grave; but the ſyſtem is changed, and marriage is now conſidered as an entrance to a new and better kind of life.

Sir Chr. Indeed!

Rack. Pſhaw! who talks now of the drudgery of domeſtic duties, of nuptial chains, and of bonds? mere obſolete words! they did well enough in the dull days of queen Beſs; but a modern laſs puts on fetters to enjoy the more freedom, and pledges her faith to one, that ſhe may be at liberty to beſtow her favours on all.

Sir Chr. What vaſt improvements are daily made in our morals! what an unfortunate dog am I, to come into the world at leaſt half a century

ſury too ſoon! what would I give to be born twenty years hence! there will be damned fine doings then! hey, Tom? But I'm afraid our poor little girl won't have it in her power to profit by theſe prodigious improvements.

Rack. Why not?

Sir Chr. Oh, when you once hear the name of her partner——

Rack. Who is it?

Sir Chr. An acquaintance of yours: Only that old fuſty, ſhabby, ſhuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, mirth-marring, amorous old hunks, maſter Solomon Flint.

Rack. He that enjoys—owns, I mean—half the farms in the country?

Sir Chr. He, even he.

Rack. Why, he is ſixty at leaſt: What a filthy old goat! But then, how does this deſign ſuit with his avarice? the girl has no fortune.

Sir Chr. No more than what her talents will give her.

Rack. Why, the poltroon does not mean to profit by them?

Sir Chr. Perhaps, if his family ſhould chance to encreaſe: But I believe his main motive is the hopes of an heir.

Rack. For which he muſt be indebted to ſome of his neighbours: In that point of light, the matter is not ſo much amiſs. It is impoſſible ſhe can be fond of the fellow; and it is very hard, with the opportunities this place will afford, if, in leſs than a month, I don't——

Sir Chr. This place! why, you don't ſuppoſe he'll truſt her here for an hour?

Rack. How!

Sir Chr. Not a moment: The ſcheme is all ſettled;

ſettled; the rumbling 'old family-coach carries her immediately from the church-door to his moated, haunted, old houſe in the country.

Rack. Indeed!

Sir Chr. Where, beſides the Argus himſelf, ſhe will be watched by no leſs then two brace of his ſiſters; four as malicious, muſty old maids as ever were ſoured by ſolitude, and the neglect of the world.

Rack. A guard not to be corrupted or cozened. Why, Sir Chriſtopher, in a Chriſtian country this muſt not be ſuffered. What! a miſerable tattered old fellow like him, to monopolize ſuch a tempting creature as her?

Sir Chr. A diabolical plan!

Rack. Beſides, the ſecluding and immuring a girl poſſeſſed of her elegant talents, is little better than robbing the world.

Sir Chr. Infamous! worſe than a rape! But, where are the means to prevent it?

Rack. Much might be done, if you would lend us your aid.

Sir Chr. Me! of what uſe can I—And ſo, you raſcal, you want to employ me again as your pimp?

Rack. You take the thing wrong: I only wiſh you to ſtand forth, my dear knight; and, like myſelf, be the protector of innocence, and a true friend to the publick.

Sir Chr. A true friend to the publick! a fine ſtalking-horſe that! But, I fear, like other pretenders, Tom, when your own private purpoſe is ſerved, the poor publick will be left in the lurch. But, however, the poor girl does deſerve to be ſaved; and if I can do any thing, not inconſiſtent with my plan of reforming——

Rack.

Rack. That was ſpoke like yourſelf. Upon what terms are you and Flint at preſent?

Sir Chr. Oil and vinegar are ſcarce ſo oppoſite.

Rack. Poultice, you ſmoke a pipe with him ſometimes: Pray, who are your party?

Poul. Mynheer Sour-Crout, Monſieur de Jarſey the port manufacturer, Billy Button the taylor, Maſter Flint and I, moſt evenings take a whiff here.

Rack. Are you all in his confidence on this great occaſion?

Poul. Upon this caſe we have had conſultations; but Billy button is firſt in his favour; he likes his preſcription the beſt.

Rack. From this quarter we muſt begin the attack: Could not we contrive to convene this illuſtrious ſenate to-night?

Poul. I ſhould think eaſily enough.

Rack. But before you meet here?

Poul. Without doubt.

Rack. My dear Poultice, will you undertake the commiſſion?

Poul. I will feel their pulſes, to oblige Sir Chriſtopher Cripple.

Sir Chr. But, Peter, doſt really think this raſh fool is determined?

Poul. I believe, Sir Chriſtopher, he is firmly perſuaded, that nothing will allay this uncommon heat in his blood, but ſwallowing the pill matrimonial.

Rack. We muſt contrive at leaſt to take off the gilding, and ſee what effect that will have on his courage. [*Exit Poul.*

Sir Chr. Well, Major, unfold! what can you mean by this meeting?

Rack.

Rack. Is it poſſible you can be at a loſs? you who have ſo long ſtudied mankind?

Sir Chr. Explain.

Rack. Can't you conceive what infinite ſtruggles muſt have been felt by this fellow, before he could muſter up courage to engage in this dreadful perilous ſtate. How often have you heard the proverbial puppy affirm, that marriage was fiſhing for a ſingle eel among a barrel of ſnakes! what infinite odds, that you laid hold of the eel! and then a million to one but he ſlipt through your fingers!

Sir Chr. True, true.

Rack. Can't you, then, gueſs what will be his feelings and fears when it comes to the puſh? Do you think publick opinion, his various doubts of himſelf, and of her, the pride of his family, and the loud claims of avarice (his ruling paſſion 'till now), won't prove near an equipoiſe to his love?

Sir Chr. Without doubt.

Rack. At this critical period, won't the concurring advice of all his aſſociates, think you, deſtroy the balance at once?

Sir Chr. Very probably, Tom, I confeſs.

Rack. As to our engines, there is no fear of them: Billy Button you have under your thumb; I'll purchaſe a pipe of port of de Jarſey; and we are ſure of old Sour-Crout for a hamper of hock.

Sir Chr. Right, right!—But, after all, what is to become of the girl? Come, Tom, I'll have no foul play ſhewn to her.

Rack. Her real happineſs is part of my project.

Enter Fillup.

Fillup. Here be Mynheer Sour-Crout and Mounſeer de Jarſey a come.

Sir Chr.

Sir Chr. We will attend them.—Only think, Tom, what a villain you will be to make me the ſecret inſtrument of any more miſchief.

Rack. Never fear.

Sir Chr. Particularly, too, now I am fixed to reform.

Rack. It would be criminal in the higheſt degree.

Sir Chr. Ah, rot your hypocritical face!—I am half afraid, Tom, to truſt you; I'll be hanged if you ha'n't ſome wicked deſign yourſelf on the girl! but however, I waſh my hands of the guilt.

Rack. My dear knight, don't be ſo ſqueamiſh! But—the gentlemen within!—Stay! who have we here? Ah, my old friend maſter Button!

Enter Button.

Button. Your worſhip is welcome to town!—But where is Sir—Oh! I underſtood as how your honour had ſent for me all in a hurry: I ſhould have brought the patterns before, if I had them: the worſt of my enemies can't ſay but Billy Button is punctual. Here they be: I received them to-night by Wiltſhire's waggon, that flies in eight days.

Sir Chr. Tomorrow, Billy, will do; take a ſeat.

Button. I had rather ſtand.

Sir Chr. I wanted to talk to you upon another affair. What, I ſuppoſe, you are very buſy at preſent?

Button. Vaſt buſy, your honour.

Sir Chr. This marriage, I reckon, takes up moſt of your time.

Button. Your honour?

Rack. Miſs Linnet, and your old maſter Flint, you know.

Button.

Button. Oh, ay! But the ſquire does not intend to cut a daſh till the ſpring.

Sir Chr. No! nothing has happened, I hope? affairs are all fixed?

Button. As a rock: I am ſure, now, it can't fail; becauſe why, I have premptory orders to ſcour and new-line the coachman and footman's old frocks; and am, beſides, to turn the lace, and freſh-button the ſuit his honour made up twenty years ago comes next Lent, when he was ſhreif for the county.

Rack. Nay, then it is determined.

Button. Or he would never have gone to ſuch an expence.

Sir Chr. Well, Billy, and what is your private opinion, after all, of this match?

Button. It is not becoming, your honour knows, for a tradeſman like me to give his——

Rack. Why not? Don't you think now, Billy, it is a bold undertaking for a man at his time of life?

Button. Why, to be ſure, his honour is a little ſtricken in years, as a body may ſay; and, take all the care that one can, time will wear the nap from even ſuperfine cloth; ſtitches tear, and elbows will out, as they ſay——

Sir Chr. And beſides, Bill, the bride's a mere baby.

Button. Little better, your honour: But ſhe is a tight bit of ſtuff, and I am confident will turn out well in the wearing. I once had ſome thoughts myſelf of taking meaſure of Miſs.

Rack. Indeed!

Button. Yes; and, to my thinking, had made a pretty good progreſs; becauſe why, at church of a Sunday ſhe ſuffered me to look for the leſſons; and

and moreover, many a time and oft have we ſung pſalms out of the very ſame book.

Rack. That was going a great way.

Button. Nay, beſides, and more than all that, ſhe has at this precious minute of time a pincuſhion by her ſide of my own preſentation.

Rack. Ay! and how came the treaty broke off?

Button. Why, who ſhould ſtep in in the nick, but the very ſquire himſelf?

Sir Chr. I am afraid, Bill, your beauty is a little bit of the jilt.

Button. No, your worſhip; it is all along with her mother: 'Cauſe her great aunt, by her father's ſide, was a clargyman's daughter, ſhe is as pragmatic and proud as the Pope; ſo, forſooth, nothing will pleaſe her for Miſs, but a bit of quality binding.

Rack. I knew the refuſal could not come from the girl; for, without a compliment, Billy, there is no compariſon between you and the—why, you are a pretty, ſlight, tight, light, nimble—

Button. Yes; very nimble and ſlight, and we are both of a height: Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Chr. Why, love has made Billy a poet.

Button. No, no; quite accident, as I hope to be kiſſed.

Rack. And your rival is a fuſty, foggy, lumbering log!

Button. For all the world like my gooſe; plaguy hot and damned heavy, your honour.

Sir Chr. Why, Billy blazes to-day.

Button. And though my purſe, mayhap, ben't ſo heavy as his'n, yet I contrives to pay every body their own.

Rack. I dare ſay.

Button. Ay; and I have, beſides, two houſes in Avon-

Avon-Street; and, perhaps, a bit or two of land in a corner.

Sir Chr. Oh, the curmudgeonly rogue!

Button. And, moreover, if madam Linnet talks of families, I would have her to know that I have powerful relations as well as herſelf: There's Tommy Button, my uncle's own ſon, that has an employment under the government.

Sir Chr. Ay, Billy! what is it?

Button. At this very time he is an exciſeman at Wapping. And, beſides, there is my couſin Paul Puff, that kept the great paſtrycook's ſhop in the Strand, now lives at Brentford, and is made a juſtice of the peace.

Rack. As this is the caſe, I don't think it will be difficult yet to bring matters to bear.

Sir Chr. If Bill will but follow directions.

Button. I hope your honour never found me deficient.

Sir Chr. We will inſtruct you further within.—Major Racket, your hand!

Button. Let me help you. Folks may go further and fare worſe, as they ſay: Why, I have ſome thoughts, if I can call in my debts, to retire into the country, and ſet up for a gentleman.

Rack. Why not? one meets with a great number of them who were never bred to the buſineſs.

Button. I a'n't much of a mechanic at preſent; I does but juſt meaſure and cut.

Rack. No?

Button. I don't think that I have ſat croſs-legg'd for theſe ſix years.

Rack. Indeed?

Button. And who can tell, your honour, in a few years, if I behaves well, but, like couſin Puff, I may get myſelf put in the commiſſion?

Sir Chr.

Sir Chr. The worſhipful William Button, eſquire— it ſounds well. I can tell you, Billy, there have been magiſtrates made of full as bad materials as you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Linnet and Miſs. Linnet.

Mrs. Linnet.

——YES, Kitty, it is in vain to deny it! I am convinced there is ſome little, low, paltry paſſion, that lurks in your heart.

Miſs Lin. Indeed, my dear mother, you wrong me.

Mrs. Lin. Indeed, my dear Miſs, but I don't! what elſe could induce you to reject the addreſſes of a lover like this? Ten thouſand pounds a year! Gads my life, there is not a lady in town would refuſe him, let her rank be ever ſo——

Miſs Lin. Not his fortune, I firmly believe.

Mrs. Lin. Well! and who now-a-days marries any thing elſe? Would you refuſe an eſtate, becauſe it happened to be a little encumbered? you muſt conſider the man in this caſe as a kind of a mortgage.

Miſs Lin. But, the diſproportion of years—

Mrs. Lin. In your favour, child; the incumbrance will be the ſooner removed.

Miſs Lin. Then, my dear mother, our minds; how very widely they differ! my nature is liberal and frank, though I am but a little removed from mediocrity; his heart, in the very boſom of wealth, is ſhut to every ſocial ſenſation.

Mrs. Lin.

Mrs. Lin. And yet, Miſs, this heart you have had the good luck to unlock. I hope you don't urge his offers to you as a proof of his paſſion for money? why, you forget yourſelf, Kate; who, in the name of wonder, do you think that you are? What, becauſe that you have a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads——

Miſs Lin. Nay, madam, you know I was never vain of my talents; if they can procure me a decent ſupport, and in ſome meaſure repay my father and you for their kind cultivation—

Mrs. Lin. And how long are you ſure your talents, as you call 'em, will ſerve you? Are a ſet of features ſecure againſt time? wont a ſingle ſore throat deſtroy the boaſted power of your pipe? But ſuppoſe that ſhould not fail, who can inſure you againſt the whim of the publick? will they always continue their favour?

Miſs Lin. Perhaps not.

Mrs. Lin. What muſt become of you then? Now by this means you are ſafe, above the reach of ill-fortune. Beſides, child, to put your own intereſt out of the queſtion, have you no tender feelings for us? Conſider, my love (you don't want for good nature), your conſent to this match will, in the worſt of times, ſecure a firm and able friend to the family.

Miſs Lin. You deceive yourſelf, indeed, my dear mother: He a friend! I dare believe the firſt proof you will find of his friendſhip, will be his poſitive commands to break off all correſpondence with every relation I have.

Mrs. Lin. That's a likely ſtory indeed! Well, child, I muſt ſet your father to work; I find what little weight my arguments have.

L. Cath. [*without.*] Is Meſtreſs Linnet within?

Mrs. Lin.

Mrs. Lin. Oh, here comes a protectreſs of yours, Lady Catharine Coldſtream; ſubmit the matter to her: She can have no views, is well read in the ways of the world, and has your intereſt ſincerely at heart.

Enter Lady Catharine Coldſtream.

L. Cath. How is aw wi you, Meſtreſs Linnet and Meſs? what a dykens is the matter wi Meſs? ſhe ſeems got quite i'the dumps: I thought you were aw ready to jump oot o' your ſkens at the bonny proſpec afore you.

Mrs. Lin. Indeed, I wiſh your ladyſhip would take Kitty to taſk; for what I ſay ſignifies nothing.

L. Cath. Ah! that's aw wrang! What has been the mater, Meſs Kitty? you ken weel enow that children owe an implecit conceſſion to their parents; it is na for bairns to litigate the wull of their friends.

Mrs. Lin. Eſpecially, my lady, in a caſe where their own happineſs is ſo nearly concerned: There is no perſuading her to accept Mr. Flint's offers.

L. Cath. Gad's mercy, Meſs, how comes aw this about? do na you think you ha drawn a braw ticket in the lottery o' life? do na you ken that the mon is laird of aw the lond in the country?

Miſs Lin. Your ladyſhip knows, madam, that real happineſs does not depend upon wealth.

L. Cath. Ah, Meſs, but it is a bonny engredient. Don't you think, Meſtreſs Linnet, the laſs has got ſome other lad in her heed?

Mrs. Lin. Your ladyſhip joins in judgment with

with me: I have charged her; but ſhe ſtoutly denies it.

L. Cath. Meſs, you munna be baſhful: An you ſolecit a cure, your phyſician muſt ken the cauſe o' your malady.

Miſs Lin. Your ladyſhip may believe me, madam, I have no complaint of that kind.

L. Cath. The laſs is obſtinate. Meſtreſs Linnet, cannot yourſel gi a gueſs?

Mrs. Lin. I can't ſay that I have obſerved—Indeed, ſome time ago, I was inclined to believe Mr. Button——

L. Cath. What! yon taylor in Stall-Street? Ah, Mrs. Linnet, you are aw oot in your gueſs: The laſs is twa weel bred, and twa ſaunzy to gi her heart to ſik a burgis as he: Wully Button? nae, he is nae the lad avaw.

Mrs. Lin. Major Racket, I once thought—but your ladyſhip knows his affairs took a different turn.

L. Cath. Ah! Racket! that's another man's mater: Laſſes are apt enow to ſet their hearts upon ſcarlet; a cockade has muckle charms wi our ſex; yes. Well, Meſs, comes the wind fra that corner?

Miſs Lin. Does your ladyſhip think, to diſlike Mr. Flint, it is abſolutely neceſſary to have a prepoſſeſſion for ſomebody elſe?

L. Cath. Mrs. Linnet, an you wull withdraw for a while, perhaps Meſs may throw aff her reſerve, when there's nobody by but ourſelves; a mother, you ken weel, may prove ane too many ſome times.

Mrs. Lin. Your ladyſhip is moſt exceedingly kind.—D'ye hear, Kitty? mind what her ladyſhip

ſhip ſays; do, my dear; and be ruled by your friends; they are older and wiſer than you. [*Exit.*

L. Cath. Well, Meſs, what's the cauſe of aw this? what makes you ſo averſe to the wull of your friends?

Miſs Lin. Your ladyſhip knows Mr. Flint.

L. Cath. Ay, unco weel.

Miſs Lin. Can your ladyſhip then be at a loſs for a cauſe?

L. Cath. I canna ſay Mr. Flint is quite an Adonis; but wha is it that in matrimony gets aw they wiſh? When I entermarried with Sir Launcelot Coldſtream, I was e'en ſik a ſprak laſs as yourſel, and the baronet bordering upon his grand climacteric. You mun ken, Meſs, my father was ſo unſaunzy as to gang out wi' Charley in the forty-five; after which, his fidelity was rewarded in France by a commiſſion that did na bring him in a bawbee, and a penſion that he never was paid.

Miſs Lin. Infamous ingratitude!

L. Cath. Ay; but I dinna think they will find ony mair ſik fools i' the North.

Miſs Lin. I hope not.

L. Cath. After this, you canna think, Meſs, there was mickle ſiller for we poor bairns that were left; ſo that, in troth, I was glad to get an eſtabliſhment; and ne'er heeded the diſparity between my guid mon and myſel.

Miſs Lin. Your ladyſhip gave great proofs of your prudence; but my affairs are not altogether ſo deſperate.

L. Cath. Gad's mercy, Meſs! I hope you dinna make any compariſon between Lady Catharine Coldſtream, wha has the beſt blood in Scotland that runs in her veins——

Miſs

Miſs Lin. I hope your ladyſhip does not ſuppoſe——

L. Cath. A lady lineally deſcended fra the great Oſſian himſelf, and allied to aw the illuſtrious houſes abroad and at home——

Miſs Lin. I beg, madam, your ladyſhip—

L. Cath. And Kitty Linnet, a little play-actor, wha gets applauded or hiſſed juſt e'en as the mobility wulls.

Miſs Lin. I am extremely concern'd, that—

L. Cath. Look'ye, Meſs, I will cut maters ſhort: You ken weel enow, the firſt notice that e'er I took of you was on your acting in Allan Ramſay's play of Patie and Roger; ere ſin I hae been your faſt friend; but an you continue obſtinate, and will na ſuccumb, I ſhall ſtraightway withdraw my protection.

Miſs Lin. I ſhall be extremely unhappy in loſing your ladyſhip's favour.

L. Cath. Meſs, that depends entirely on yourſel.

Miſs Lin. Well, madam, as a proof how highly I rate it, and how deſirous I am of obeying the commands of my parents, it ſha'n't be my fault if their wiſhes are not accompliſhed.

L. Cath. That's aw wright now, Kitty: Gi me a kiſs! you are the prudent laſs that I thought you. Love, Meſs, is a paſtime for boys and green girls; aw ſtuff, fit for nothing but novels and romances; there is nathing ſolid, na ſtability.

Miſs Lin. Madam——

L. Cath. But to fix your fortune at once, to get above the power o' the world, that, child, is a ſerious concern.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lin. [*without.*] With your ladyſhip's leave——

L. Cath. You may come in, Mrs. Linnet;

Enter Mrs. Linnet.

your daughter is brought to a proper ſenſe of her duty, and is ready to coincide with your wiſh.

Mrs. Lin. We are infinitely bound to your ladyſhip! This is lucky, indeed! Mr. Flint is now below, madam, and begs to be admitted.

L. Cath. Ah! the mon comes in the nick: Shew him in, the inſtant. [*Exit Mrs. Lin.* Now, Kitty, is your time! do na be ſhy, laſs; but throw out aw your attractions, and fix him that he canna gang back:

Miſs Lin. Madam, I hope to behave——

L. Cath. Gad's mercy, how the girl trembles and quakes! Come, pluck up a heart, and conſider your aw is at ſtake.

Miſs Lin. I am afraid I ſhall be hardly able to ſay a ſingle——

L. Cath. Suppoſe then you ſing; gi him a ſong; there is nothing moves a love-ſick loon mair than a ſong—[*Noiſe without.*] I hear the lad on the ſtairs.—But let the words be aw melting and ſoft: The Scotch tunes, you ken, are unco pathetic; ſing him the Birks of Endermay, or the Braes of Balendine, or the——

Enter Flint and Mrs. Linnet.

Maiſter Flint, your ſervant! There, Sir, you ken the laſs of your heart: I have laid for you a pretty ſolid foundation; but as to the edifice, you muſt e'en erect it yourſel. [*Exit.*

Flint.

Flint. Pleaſe your ladyſhip, I will do my endeavour.—Madam Linnet, I have made bold to bring you a preſent, a ſmall paper of tea, in my pocket: You will order the tea-kettle on.

Mrs. Lin. Oh, Sir, you need not have——

Flint. I won't put you to any expence.

Exit Mrs. Lin.

Well, Miſs; I underſtand here by my lady, that ſhe—that is, that you—with reſpect and regard to the—ah! ah! won't you pleaſe to be ſeated? [*Reaches two chairs.*

Miſs Lin. Sir?—My lover ſeems as confuſed as myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Flint. I ſay, Miſs, that as I was a-ſaying, your friends have ſpoke to you all how and about it.

Miſs Lin. About it! about what?

Flint. About this here buſineſs that I come about. Pray, Miſs, are you fond of the country?

Miſs Lin. Of the country!

Flint. Ay: Becauſe why, I think it is the moſt prettieſt place for your true lovers to live in; ſomething ſo rural! For my part, I can't ſee what pleaſure pretty Miſſes can take in galloping to plays, and to balls, and ſuch expenſive vagaries; there is ten times more paſtime in fetching walks in the fields, in plucking of daiſies——

Miſs Lin. Haymaking, feeding the poultry, and milking the cows.

Flint. Right, Miſs.

Miſs Lin. It muſt be owned they are pretty employments for ladies.

Flint. Yes; for my mother uſed to ſay, who, between ourſelves, was a notable houſewife,

Fools

Fools that are idle,
May live to bite the bridle.

Miſs Lin. What a happineſs to have been bred under ſo prudent a parent!

Flint. Ay, Miſs, you will have reaſon to ſay ſo; her maxims have put many a pound into my pocket.

Miſs Lin. How does that concern me?

Flint. Becauſe why, as the ſaying is,

Tho' I was the maker,
You may be the partaker.

Miſs Lin. Sir, you are very obliging.

Flint. I can tell you, ſuch offers are not every day to be met with: Only think, Miſs, to have victuals and drink conſtantly found you, without coſt or care on your ſide! eſpecially, now meat is ſo dear.

Miſs Lin. Conſiderations by no means to be ſlighted.

Flint. Moreover, that you may live and appear like my wife, I fully intend to keep you a coach.

Miſs Lin. Indeed!

Flint. Yes; and you ſhall command the horſes whenever you pleaſe, unleſs during the harveſt, and when they are employed in plowing and carting; becauſe the main chance muſt be minded, you know.

Miſs Lin. True, true.

Flint. Though I don't think you will be vaſtly fond of coaching about; for why, we are off of the turnpike, and the ſloughs are deadly deep about we.

Miſs

Miſs Lin. What, you intend to reſide in the country?

Flint. Without doubt; for then, you know, Miſs, I ſhall be ſure to have you all to myſelf.

Miſs Lin. An affectionate motive!—But even in this happy ſtate, where the moſt perfect union prevails, ſome ſolitary hours will intrude, and the time, now and then, hang heavy on our hands.

Flint. What, in the country, my dear Miſs? not a minute: You will find all paſtime and jollity there; for what with minding the dairy, dunning the tenants, preſerving and pickling, nurſing the children, ſcolding the ſervants, mending and making, roaſting, boiling, and baking, you won't have a moment to ſpare; you will be merry and happy as the days they are long.

Miſs Lin. I am afraid the days will be hardly long enough to execute ſo extenſive a plan of enjoyment.

Flint. Never you fear! I am told, Miſs, that you write an exceeding good hand.

Miſs Lin. Pretty well, I believe.

Flint. Then, Miſs, there is more pleaſure in ſtore; for you may employ any leiſure time that you have in being my clerk, as a juſtice of peace: You ſhall ſhare ſixpence out of every warrant, to buy you any little thing that you want.

Miſs Lin. That's finely imagined!—As your enjoyments are chiefly domeſtic, I preſume you have contrived to make home as convenient as can be: You have, Sir, good gardens, no doubt?

Flint. Gardens? ay, ay: Why, before the great parlour window there grows a couple of yews,

yews, as tall as a maſt, and as thick as a ſteeple; and the boughs caſt ſo delightful a ſhade, that you can't ſee your hand in any part of the room.

Miſs Lin. A moſt delicate gloom!

Flint. And then there conſtantly roofts in the trees a curious couple of owls; which I won't ſuffer our folks to diſturb, as they make ſo rural a noiſe in the night——

Miſs Lin. A moſt charming duet!

Flint. And beſides, Miſs, they pay for their lodgings, as they are counted very good mouſers, you know.

Miſs Lin. True; but within doors, your manſion is capacious, and——

Flint. Capacious? yes, yes; capacious enough: You may ſtretch your legs without croſſing the threſhold: Why, we go up and down ſtairs to every room of the houſe. To be ſure, at preſent, it is a little out of repair; not that it rains in (where the caſements are whole) at above five or ſix places, at preſent.

Miſs Lin. Your proſpects are pleaſing!

Flint. From off the top of the leads; for why, I have boarded up moſt of the windows, in order to ſave paying the tax. But to my thinking, our bed-chamber, Miſs, is the moſt pleaſanteſt place in the houſe.

Miſs Lin. Oh, Sir, you are very polite.

Flint. No, Miſs, it is not for that; but you muſt know, Miſs, that there is a large bow-window facing the Eaſt, that does finely for drying of herbs: It is hung round with hatchments of all the folks that have died in the family; and then the pigeon-houſe is over our heads.

Miſs Lin. The pigeon-houſe?

Flint. Yes; and there, every morning, we ſhall be

be waked by day-break with their murmuring, cooing and courting, that will make it as fine as can be.

Miſs Lin. Raviſhing! Well, Sir, it muſt be confeſſed, you have given me a moſt bewitching picture of paſtoral life: your place is a perfect Arcadia! But I am afraid half the charms are derived from the painter's flattering pencil.

Flint. Not heightened a bit, as yourſelf ſhall be judge. And then, as to company, Miſs, you may have plenty of that when you will; for we have as pretty a neighbourhood as a body can wiſh.

Miſs Lin. Really!

Flint. There is the widow Kilderkin, that keeps the Adam and Eve at the end of the town, quite an agreeable body! indeed, the death of her huſband has drove the poor woman to tipple a bit; farmer Dobbin's daughters, and Dr. Surplice, our curate, and wife, a vaſt converſible woman, if ſhe was not altogether ſo deaf.

Miſs Lin. A very ſociable ſet! Why, Sir, placed in this paradiſe, there is nothing left you to wiſh.

Flint. Yes, Miſs, but there is.

Miſ. Lin. Ay! what can that be?

Flint. The very ſame that our grandfather had; to have a beautiful Eve by my ſide. Could I lead the lovely Linnet nothing loath to that bower——

Miſs Lin. Oh, exceſs of gallantry!

Flint. Would her ſweet breath but deign to kindle, and blow up my hopes!

Miſs Lin. Oh, Mr. Flint! I muſt not ſuffer this, for your ſake; a perſon of your importance and rank——

Flint.

Flint. A young lady, Miſs, of your great merit and beauty——

Miſs Lin. A gentleman ſo accompliſhed and rich——

Flint. Whoſe perfections are not only the talk of the Bath, but of Briſtol, and the whole country round——

Miſs Lin. Oh, Mr. Flint, this is too much!

Flint. Her goodneſs, her grace, her duty, her decency, her wiſdom and wit, her ſhape, ſlimneſs and ſize, with her lovely black eyes, ſo elegant, engaging, ſo modeſt, ſo prudent, ſo pious, and, if I am rightly informed, poſſeſſed of a ſweet pretty pipe.

Miſs Lin. This is ſuch a profuſion——

Flint. Permit me, Miſs, to ſolicit a ſpeciment of your delicate talents.

Miſs Lin. Why, Sir, as your extravagant compliments have left me nothing to ſay, I think the beſt thing I can do is to ſing.

SONG.

The ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invites the tuneful birds to ſing;
And as they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay, *&c.*

Flint. Enchanting! raviſhing ſounds! not the Nine Muſes themſelves, nor Mrs. Baddeley, is equal to you.

Miſs Lin. Oh, fy!

Flint. May I flatter myſelf that the words of that ſong were directed to me?

Miſs Lin. Should I make ſuch a confeſſion, I ſhould ill deſerve the character you have been pleaſed to beſtow.

Enter

Enter Lady Catharine Coldſtream.

L. Cath. Come, come, Maiſter Flint, I'll ſet your hert at reſt in the inſtant: you ken weel enow, laſſes are apt to be modeſt and ſhy; then take her anſwer fra me: Prepare the miniſter, and aw the reſt of the tackle, and you will find us ready to gang to the kirk.

Flint. Miſs, may I rely on what her ladyſhip ſays?

L. Cath. Gad's mercy! I think the mon is bewitched! he wonna take a woman of quality's word for ſik a trifling thing as a wife.

Flint. Your ladyſhip will impute it all to my fears. Then I will ſtraight ſet about getting the needful.

L. Cath. Gang your gait as faſt as you liſt.

Flint. Lord bleſs us! I had like to have forgot—I have, pleaſe your ladyſhip, put up here in a purſe a few preſents, that if Miſs would but deign to accept——

L. Cath. Ah! that's aw wright; quite in the order of things: As maters now ſtand, there is no harm in her accepting of preſents fra you, Maiſter Flint; you may produce.

Flint. Here is a Porto-Bello pocket-piece of Admiral Varnon, with his image a one ſide, and ſix men of war only, all in full ſail, on the other——

L. Cath. That's a curious medallion!

Flint. And here is a half-crown of Queen Anne's, as freſh as when it came out from the Mint: I have refuſed two and eight-pence for it a hundred times.

L. Cath. Yes, yes; it is in very fine preſervation.

Flint.

Flint. In this here paper there are two mourning-rings; that, which my aunt Bother'em left me, might ſerve very well, I ſhould think, for the approaching happy occaſion.

L. Cath. How! a mourning——

Flint. Becauſe why, the motto's ſo pat;

True, till death
Shall ſtop my breath.

L. Cath. Ay, ay, that contains mickle morality, Meſs.

Flint. And here is, fourthly, a ſilver coral and bells, with only a bit broke off the coral when I was cutting my grinders: This was given me by my godfather Slingſby; and I hope will be in uſe again before the year comes about.

L. Cath. Na doubt, na doubt! Leave that matter to us; I warrant we impede the Flint family from fawing into oblivion.

Flint. I hope ſo: I ſhould be glad to have a ſon of my own, if ſo be, but to leave him my fortune; becauſe why, at preſent there is no mortal that I care a farthing about.

L. Cath. Quite a philoſopher. Then diſpatch, Maiſter Flint, diſpatch! for you ken, at your time of life, you hanna a moment to loſe.

Flint. True, true. Your ladyſhip's entirely devoted—Miſs, I am your moſt affectionate ſlave! [*Exit.*

L. Cath. A ſaunzy lad, this Maiſter Flint: You ſee, Meſs, he has a meaning in aw he does.

Miſs Lin. Might I be permitted to alter your ladyſhip's words, I ſhould rather ſay, *meanneſs.*

L. Cath. It is na mickle mater what the mon is at preſent; wi a little management, you may mould him into any form that you liſt.

Miſs

Miſs Lin. I am afraid he is not made of ſuch pliant materials: But, however, I have too far advanced to retire; the die is caſt! I have no chance now, unleſs my Corydon ſhould happen to alter his mind.

L. Cath. Na, Meſs: there is na danger in that: You may ken the treaty is concluded under my mediation; an he ſhould dare to draw back, Lady Catharine Coldſtream would find means to puniſh his perfidy.—Come away, Meſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Bear Inn.

Sir Chriſtopher Cripple, Sour-Crout, de Jarſey, Major Rackett, and Poultice, diſcovered ſitting at a table.

Sir Chriſtopher Cripple.

WE muſt take care that Flint does not ſurpriſe us; for the ſcoundrel is very ſuſpicious.

Rack. There is no danger of that; I lodged him ſafely at Linnet's: Button ſtands centry at the end of the ſtreet; ſo that we ſhall be inſtantly appriſed of every motion he makes.

Poul. Well managed, my Major!

Sir Chr. Yes, yes; the cunning young dog knows very well what he is about.

Sour-Cr. Upon my vord, Major Rackett has very fine diſpoſition to make a figure at de head of de army; five or ſix German campaigns will —Ah,

—Ah, dat is de beſt ſchool in de vorld for make a de var.

Sir Chr. Five or ſix German campaigns!

Sour-Cr. Ay, Chevalier; vat you ſay to dat?

Sir Chr. O Mynheer! nothing at all: A German war, for aught I know, may be a very good ſchool; but it is a damned expenſive education for us.

De Jar. C'eſt vrai, Chevalier; dat is all true; ce pay la, dat place is de grave for de Frenchman and de fine Engliſh Guinea.

Sir Chr. True, Monſieur; but our guineas are rather worſe off than your men, for they ſtand no chance of riſing again.

De Jar. Ha, ha, ha! dat is very vell! le Chevalier have beaucoup d'eſprit, great deal of wit, ma foi.

Rack. I think the Knight is in luck. But don't let us loſe ſight of our ſubject! You, Gentlemen, are all prepared, perfect in the ſeveral parts you are to play?

All. Ay, ay.

Rack. You, Mynheer Sour-Crout?

Sour-Cr. I underſtand: I will pique his honour; de pride of his famille.

Rack. Right. Poultice——

Poul. I will alarm him on the ſide of his health.

Sir Chr. Next to his money, the thing in the world he moſt minds.

Rack. You, de Jarſey, and Button, will employ all your eloquence on the prudential ſide of the—Oh, dear Jarſey! here is a draft for the pipe of Port that I promiſed.

De Jar. Dat is right.

Rack. The only receipt to get bawds, boroughs,

roughs, or Frenchmen. [*Aſide.*]—Oh, here Billy comes.

Enter Button.

Well, Billy! what news?

Button. I am vaſt afraid all matters are concluded at laſt.

Rack. Ay! prithee why ſo?

Button. Becauſe why, in ten minutes after you went, out bolted the Squire, and hurry-ſcurried away to layer Lattitat's, who, you know, arreſts his tenants, and does all his concarns.

Rack. True: Well——

Button. I ſuppoſe, to gi' him orders about drawing up the writings.

Sir Chr. Not unlikely. But you think Flint will come to the club?

Button. There is no manner of doubt of it; becauſe why, he holloo'd to me from over the way, "What, Billy, I ſuppoſe you are bound "to the Bear: Well, boy, I ſhall be hard at "your heels;" and he ſeemed in prodigious vaſt ſpirits.

Rack. I am miſtaken if we don't lower them a little. Well, Gentlemen, the time of action draws near. Knight, we muſt decamp.

Sir Chr. When you will.

Rack. I think, Sir Chriſtopher, you lodge in the ſame houſe with the Linnets?

Sir Chr. Juſt over their heads.

Rack. Then thither we'll go. Ten to one, if our plot operates as I expect, the hero will return to their houſe.

Sir Chr. Moſt likely.

Rack. We are come to a criſis, and the cataſtrophe of our piece can't be very far off.

Sir

Sir Chr. I wiſh, like other plays, it don't end in a marriage.

Rack. Then ſhall I be moſt confoundedly bit. But come, Knight!

Sir Chr. Rot you! I do as faſt as I can.—I can't think, Rackett, what the deuce makes thee ſo warm in this buſineſs; there is certainly ſomething at the bottom that I don't comprehend. But do, Major, have pity on the poor girl: Upon my ſoul, ſhe is a ſweet little ſyren! ſo innocent and——

Rack. Pho, pho! don't be abſurd! I thought that matter had been fully explained. This, Knight, is no time to look back; but ſuppoſe now I ſhould have a little miſchief in hand——

Sir Chr. How! of what kind?

Rack. "Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt Knight, till done, and then applaud the deed!"

Sir Chr. It is very extraordinary, Major Rackett, if you are determined to make the devil a viſit, that you can't pay it alone; or, if you muſt have company, what a pox makes you think of fixing on me?

Rack. Hey-day! ha, ha, ha! What, in the vapours again? we muſt have ſome more punch.

Sir Chr. You are miſtaken; that won't have power to change the ſtate of my mind: My reſolves are too firm——

Rack. And who wiſhes to break them? I only aſk your aſſiſtance to-night; and your reformation, you recollect, don't begin till to-morrow.

Sir Chr. That's true, indeed: But no human power ſhall prevail on me to put it off any longer than to-morrow.

Rack.

Rack. Or the next day at furtheſt.

Sir Chr. May I be damn'd if I do!

[*Exeunt Rack. and Sir Chr.*

Poul. Come, lads, light your pipes! Which of us ſhall be firſt to attack? Billy——

Button. Won't it be rather too bold for me to begin?

Poul. Then let us leave it to chance.—Huſh! I hear him lumbering in! compoſe your looks; let his reception be ſolemn and grave.

Button. Leave that chair for him.

Enter Flint.

Flint. How fares it, my lads?—Well, boys, matters are ſettled at laſt; the little Kate has complied, and to-morrow is fixed for the day.

Poul. You have ſettled it then?

Flint. As firm as a rock.

Poul. So you can't retreat, if you would?

Flint. Retreat! I have no ſuch deſign.

Poul. You ha'n't?

Flint. No, to be ſure, you great fool! What the deuce would Poultice be at?

Poul. Nay then, neighbours, what we have been ſaying will juſt ſignify nothing.

Flint. Saying! why, you have not heard—that is, nobody——

Poul. No, nothing very material—only—but as the matter is carried ſo far——

Flint. So far! why, I hope you have not found out any flaw! Kitty has not——

Poul. No, no; nothing of that; no, upon my word! I believe, a very modeſt, prudent, good girl, neighbours.

All. No manner of doubt.

Flint. Well then? but what a plague is the meaning

meaning of this? you all ſit as ſilent and glum—why, can't you ſpeak out, with a pox?

Poul. Why, 'Squire, as we are all your fixed friends, we have been canvaſſing this matter amongſt us.

Flint. You have?

Poul. Marriage, you know very well, is no trifling affair; too much caution and care can't be uſed.

Flint. That I firmly believe, which has made me defer it ſo long.

Poul. Pray lend me your hand; how is the ſtate of your health? do you find yourſelf hearty and ſtrong?

Flint. I think ſo; that is, I—you ha'n't obſerved any bad ſymptoms of late?

Poul. No; but you uſed to have pains flying about you.

Flint. Formerly; but ſince I have fixed my gout to a fit, they are gone: that, indeed, lays me up for four or five months in a year.

Poul. A pretty long ſpell: And, in ſuch a caſe, now, do you think that marriage——

Flint. The moſt beſt receipt in the world: Why, that, man, was one of my motives: Wives, you know, are allowed to make very good nurſes.

Poul. That, indeed——

Flint. Ay; and then they are always at hand; and, beſides, they don't coſt one a farthing.

Poul. True, true. Why, you look very jolly, and freſh; does not he?

All. Exceedingly.

Poul. Yet he can't be leſs than—let me ſee! Wasn't you under old Syntax at Wells?

Flint. He died the year I left ſchool.

Poul.

Poul. That muſt be a good forty years ſince.

Flint. Come ſheep-ſhearing next.

Poul. Then, 'Squire, you are hard upon ſixty.

Flint. Not far away, Maſter Poultice.

Poul. And Miſs Linnet—ſixteen: You are a bold man! Not but there are inſtances, where men have ſurvived many years ſuch diſproportionate marriages as theſe.

Flint. Survived! and why ſhould they not?

Poul. But then their ſtamina muſt be prodigiouſly ſtrong.

Flint. Stamina!

Poul. Let us ſee, Button! there was Dr. Dotage, that married the Devonſhire girl; he had a matter of——

Button. No, no; he dropped off in ſix months.

Poul. True, true; I had forgot.

Flint. Lord have mercy!

Button. Indeed, an old maſter of mine, Sir Harry O'Tuff, is alive, and walks about to this day.

Flint. Hey!

Poul. But you forget where Sir Harry was born, and how ſoon his lady eloped.

Button. In the honey-moon; with Captain Pike, of the guards: I mind it full well.

Poul. That, indeed, alters the caſe.

Flint. Well, but, Billy, you are not ſerious in this? you don't think there is any danger of death?

Button. As to the matter of death, the Doctor knows better than I, becauſe why, that lies in his way: But I ſhall never forget Colonel Crazy, one of the beſt cuſtomers that ever I had;

had ; I never think of him without dropping a tear.

Flint. Why ? what was the matter with him ?

Button. Married Lady Barbary Bonnie, as it might be about midnight on Monday——

Flint. Well !

Button. But never more ſaw the ſweet face of the ſun.

Flint. What ! did he die ?

Button. Within an hour after throwing the ſtocking.

Flint. Good Lord ! that was dreadful indeed ! Of what age might he be ?

Button. About your time of life.

Flint. That is vaſtly alarming. Lord bleſs me, Bill, I am all of a tremble !

Button. Ay, truly, it behoves your honour to conſider what you are about.

Flint. True.

Button. Then, what a world of money muſt go ! running forwards and backwards to town, and jaunting to ſee all the fine ſights in the place——

Flint. I ſha'n't take her to many of them : perhaps I may ſhew her the Parliament-houſe, the plays, and Boodles, and Bedlam, and my Lord Mayor, and the lions.

Button. And then the vaſt heap of fine cloaths you muſt make——

Flint. What occaſion for that ?

Button. As you ar'n't known, there is no doing without ; becauſe why, every body paſſes there for what they appears.

Flint. Right, Billy ; but I believe I have found out a way to do that pretty cheap.

Button. Which way may be that ?

Flint.

Flint. You have ſeen the miniſter that's come down to tack us together——

Button. I have: Is he a fine man in the pulpit?

Flint. He don't care much to meddle with that; but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot.

Button. Indeed?

Flint. And he has left behind him, at Paris, a choice collection of curious rich cloaths, which he has promiſed to ſell me a pennorth.

Poul. Pho! what Billy talks of are trifles to the evils you are to expect: To have a young girl break in upon all your old ways; your afternoon's nap interrupted, and perhaps not ſuffered to take your pipe of a night——

Flint. No?

Poul. All your former friends forbidden your houſe——

Flint. The fewer comes in, the leſs will go out: I ſha'n't be very ſorry for that.

Poul. To make room for her own numerous clan——

Flint. Not a ſoul of them ſhall enter the doors.

Poul. A brood of babes at your board, whoſe fathers ſhe herſelf won't find it eaſy to name——

Flint. To prevent that, I'll lock her up in a room.

Poul. The King's-Bench will break open the door.

Flint. Then I'll turn her out of the houſe.

Poul. Then her debts will throw you into a gaol.

Flint. Who told you ſo?

Poul. A dozen of proctors.

Flint.

Flint. Then I will hang myſelf out of the way.

Poul. So ſhe will become poſſeſſed of her jointure, and her creditors foreclose your eſtate.

Flint. What a miſerable poor toad is a huſband, whoſe misfortunes not even death can relieve!

Button. Think of that, 'Squire, before it be too late.

Flint. Well, but, friends, neighbours, what the deuce can I do? Are you all of a mind?

De Jar. All, all; dere is no queſtion at all. What, a garçon of your antient famille, to take up with a pauvre petite bourgoiſe a?

Flint. Does that never happen in France?

De Jar. Never, but when Monſieur de Baron is very great beggar, and de bourgoiſe has damn'd deal de guinea.

Poul. That is none of our caſe.

Flint. No, no.—Mynheer, do your people never make up ſuch matches?

Sour-Cr. Never, never: What! a German diſhonour his ſtock! Why, Meſter Flint, ſhould Miſtreſs Linnet bring you de children for de ten generations to come, they could not be choſe de Canons de Stratſbourg.

Flint. No?

Poul. So, 'Squire, take it which way you will, what dreadful danger you run!

Flint. I do.

Poul. Loſs of friends——

Button. Pipe and afternoon's nap——

Sour-Cr. Your famille gone to de dogs——

De Jar. Your peace of mind to de devil——

Poul. Your health——

Button. Your wealth——

Poul.

Poul. Plate, money, and manors——

All. Your——

Flint. Enough, dear neighbours, enough! I feel it, I feel it too well! Lord have mercy, what a miſerable ſcrape am I in! And here too, not an hour ago, it coſt me the Lord knows what in making her preſents.

Poul. Never mind that; you had better part with half you are worth in the world.

Flint. True, true,—Well, then, I'll go and break off all matters this minute.

Poul. The wiſeſt thing you can do.

Button. The ſooner the better.

Flint. No doubt, no doubt in the—And yet, Button, ſhe is a vaſt pretty girl: I ſhould be heartily ſorry to loſe her. Doſt think one could not get her on eaſier terms than on marriage?

Button. It is but trying, however.

Flint. To tell truth, Billy, I have always had that in my head; and, at all events, I have thought of a project that will anſwer my purpoſe.

Button. Ay, Squire! what is it?

Flint. No matter.—And, do you hear, Billy? ſhould I get her conſent, if you will take her off my hands, and marry her when I begin to grow tired, I'll ſettle ten pounds a-year upon you, for both your lives.

Button. Without paying the taxes?

Flint. That matter we will talk of hereafter. [*Exit.*

Poul. So, ſo! we have ſettled this buſineſs, however.

Button. No more thoughts of his taking a wife.

Poul.

Poul. He would ſooner be tied to a gibbet. But, Billy, ſtep after him (they will let you in at Sir Chriſtopher Cripple's) and bring us, Bill, a faithful account.

Button. I will, I will. But where ſhall you be?

Poul. Above, in the Phœnix; we won't ſtir out of the houſe. But be very exact!

Button. Never fear. [*Exeunt.*

A Chamber.

Miſs Linnet alone.

Miſs Lin. Heigh-ho! what a ſacrifice am I going to make! but it is the will of thoſe who have a right to all my obedience; and to that I will ſubmit.—[*Loud knocking at the door.*] Bleſs me! who can that be at this time of night?—Our friends may err; and projects, the moſt prudentially pointed, may miſs of their aim: But age and experience demand reſpect and attention, and the undoubted kindneſs of our parents' deſigns claims, on our part, at leaſt a grateful and ready compliance.

Enter Nancy.

Miſs Lin. Nancy, who was that at the door?

Nancy. Mr. Flint, Miſs, begs the favour of ſpeaking five words to you.

Miſs Lin. I was in hopes to have had this night at leaſt to myſelf.—Where is my mother?

Nancy. In the next room, with Lady Catharine, conſulting about your cloaths for the morning.

Miſs Lin. He is here.—Very well; you may go. [*Exit Nancy.*

Enter

Enter Flint.

Flint. She is alone, as I wiſhed.—Miſs, I beg pardon for intruding at this time of night: But——

Miſs Lin. Sir!

Flint. You can't wonder that I deſire to enjoy your good company every minute I can.

Miſs Lin. Thoſe minutes a ſhort ſpace will place, Mr. Flint, in your power: If 'till then you had permitted me to——

Flint. Right. But to ſay truth, I wanted to have a little ſerus talk with you of how and about it. I think, Miſs, you agree, if we marry, to go off to the country directly.

Miſs Lin. If we marry? is it then a matter of doubt?

Flint. Why, I will tell you, Miſs: With regard to myſelf, you know, I am one of the moſt antienteſt families in all the country round——

Miſs Lin. Without doubt.

Flint. And as to money and lands, in theſe parts, I believe, few people can match me.

Miſs Lin. Perhaps not.

Flint. And as to yourſelf, (I don't ſpeak in a diſparaging way) your friends are low folks, and your fortune juſt nothing at all.

Miſs Lin. True, Sir: But this is no new diſcovery; you have known this——

Flint. Hear me out. Now as I bring all theſe good things on my ſide, and you have nothing to give me in return but your love, I ought to be pretty ſure of the poſſeſſion of that.

Miſs Lin. I hope the properly diſcharging all the

the duties of that condition, which I am ſhortly to owe to your favour, will give you convincing proofs of my gratitude.

Flint. Your gratitude, Miſs! but we talk of your love! and of that I muſt have plain and poſitive proofs.

Miſs Lin. Proofs! of what kind?

Flint. To ſteal away directly with me to my lodgings——

Miſs Lin. Your lodgings!

Flint. There paſs the night; and in the morning, the very minute we riſe, we will march away to the Abbey.

Miſs Lin. Sir!

Flint. In ſhort, Miſs, I muſt have this token of your love, or not a ſyllable more of the marriage.

Miſs Lin. Give me patience!

Flint. Come, Miſs! we have not a moment to loſe; the coaſt is clear: Should ſomebody come, you will put it out of my power to do what I deſign.

Miſs Lin. Power? Hands off, Mr. Flint! Power? I promiſe you, Sir, you ſhall never have me in your power!

Flint. Hear, Miſs!

Miſs Lin. Deſpicable wretch! From what part of my character could your vanity derive a hope that I would ſubmit to your infamous purpoſe?

Flint. Don't be in a——

Miſs Lin. To put principle out of the queſtion, not a creature that had the leaſt tincture of pride could fall a victim to ſuch a contemptible——

Flint. Why, but, Miſs——

Miſs Lin.

Miſs Lin. It is true, in compliance with the earneſt requeſt of my friends, I had conſented to ſacrifice my peace to their pleaſure: and, though reluctant, would have given you my hand.

Flint. Vaſtly well!

Miſs Lin. What motive, but obedience to them, could I have had in forming an union with you? Did you preſume I was ſtruck with your perſonal merit, or think the ſordidneſs of your mind and manners would tempt me?

Flint. Really, Miſs, this is carrying——

Miſs Lin. You have wealth, I confeſs; but where could have been the advantage to me? As a reward for becoming your drudge, I might perhaps have received a ſcanty ſubſiſtence; for I could hardly ſuppoſe you would grant the free uſe of that to your wife, which your meanneſs had denied to yourſelf.

Flint. So, ſo, ſo! By and bye ſhe will alarm the whole houſe!

Miſs Lin. The whole houſe? the whole town ſhall be told! Sure, the greateſt misfortune that Poverty brings in its train, is the ſubjecting us to the inſults of wretches like this, who have no other merit than what their riches beſtow on them.

Flint. What a damnable vixen!

Miſs Lin. Go, Sir! leave the houſe! I am aſhamed you have had the power to move me; and never more let me be ſhocked with your ſight!

Enter Lady Catharine and Mrs. Linnet.

L. Cath. How's aw wi you within?—Gad's mercy, what's the mater wi Meſs? I well hope, Maiſter

Maiſter Flint, it is nae you wha ha ſet her a wailing.

Mrs Lin. Kitty, my love!

Miſs Lin. A modeſt propoſal of that gentleman's making——

L. Cath. Of what kind?

Miſs Lin. Only this moment to quit my father and you, and take up my lodging with him.

L. Cath. To-night! aw that is quite out of the order of things; that is ne'er done, Maiſter Flint, till after the ceremony of the nuptials is ſaid.

Flint. No? then, I can tell your ladyſhip, it will never be done.

L. Cath. How!

Enter Major Rackett, Sir Chriſtopher Cripple, and Button.

Sir Chr. We beg pardon for taking the liberty to come in, Mrs. Linnet; but we were afraid ſome accident might have happened to Miſs.

Mrs. Lin. There has, Sir.

Rack. Of what kind?

Mrs. Lin. That worthy gentleman, under pretence of friendſhip to us, and honourable views to my daughter, has hatched a treacherous deſign inevitably to ruin my child.

Sir Chr. What, he? Flint?

Mrs. Lin. Even he.

Sir Chr. An impudent ſon of a—Billy, lead me up, that I may take a peep at the puppy.—Your ſervant, young gentleman! what, is it true that we hear? A ſweet ſwain this, to tempt a virgin to ſin! Why, Old Nick has made a miſtake here—he uſed to be more expert in his angling —for

—for what female on earth can be got to catch at this bait?

L. Cath. Haud, haud you, Sir Chriſtopher Cripple! let Maiſter Flint and I have a ſhort conference upon the occaſion.—I find, Maiſter Flint, you ha made a little miſtake; but marriage will ſet aw maters right i' the inſtant: I ſuppoſe you perſevere to gang wi Meſs to kirk in the morning.

Flint. No, madam; nor the evening neither.

L. Cath. Mercy a Gad! what, do you refuſe to ratify the preliminaries?

Flint. I don't ſay that neither.

Sir Chr. Then name the time in which you will fulfil them: A week?

L. Cath. A fortnight?

Mrs Lin. A month?

Flint. I won't be bound to no time.

Rack. A raſcally evaſion of his, to avoid an action at law.

Sir Chr. But, perhaps, he may be diſappointed in that.

L Cath. Well, but, Maiſter Flint, are you willing to make Meſs a pecuniary acknowledgement for the damage?

Flint. I have done her no damage, and I'll make no reparation.

Rack. Twelve honeſt men of your country may happen to differ in judgment.

Flint. Let her try, if ſhe will.

Sir Chr. And I promiſe you ſhe ſha'n't be to ſeek for the means.

L. Cath. If you be nae afraid o' the laws, ha you nae ſenſe o' ſhame?

Rack. He ſenſe of ſhame?

L. Cath. Gad's wull, it ſha' cum to the proof:

You

You mun ken, gued folk, at Edinbrugh, laiſt winter, I got acquainted with Maiſter Foote, the play-actor: I wull get him to bring the filthy loon on the ſtage——

Sir Chr. And expoſe him to the contempt of the world; he richly deſerves it.

Flint. Ay, he may write, you may rail, and the people may hiſs, and what care I? I have that at home that will keep up my ſpirits.

L. Cath. At hame?

Rack. The wretch means his money.

Flint. And what better friend can any man have? tell me the place where its influence fails? aſk that gentleman how he got his cockade. Money! I know its worth, and therefore can't too carefully keep it: At this very inſtant I have a proof of its value; it enables me to laugh at that ſqueamiſh impertinent girl, and deſpiſe the weak efforts of your impotent malice: Call me forth to your courts when you pleaſe; that will procure me able defenders, and good witneſſes too, if they are wanted. [*Exit.*

Sir Chr. Now there's a fellow that will never reform!

Rack. You had better let him alone; it is in vain to expect juſtice or honour from him: What a moſt contemptible cur is a miſer!

Sir Chr. Ten thouſand times worſe than a highwayman: That poor devil only pilfers from Peter or Paul, and the money is ſcattered as ſoon as received; but the wretch thata ccumulates for the ſake of ſecreting, annihilates what was intended for the uſe of the world, and is a robber of the whole human race.

Rack. And of himſelf into the bargin.

Button.

Button. For all the world like a magpie; he ſteals for the mere pleaſure of hiding.

Rack. Well obſerved, little Bill.

Button. Why, he wanted to bring me into his plot: yes; he made propoſals for me to marry Miſs after his purpoſe was ſerved——

Sir Chr. How!

Button. But he was out in his man! let him give his caſt cloaths to his coachman; Billy Button can afford a new ſuit of his own.

Rack. I don't doubt it at all.

Button. Fellow! I am almoſt reſolved never to ſet another ſtitch for him as long as I live.

Sir Chr. Right, Button, right. But where is Miſs Kitty?—Come hither, my chicken! Faith, I am heartily glad you are rid of this ſcoundrel? and if ſuch a crippled old fellow as I was worthy your notice—But, hold, Kate! there is another chap I muſt guard you againſt——

Miſs Lin. Another, Sir! who?

Sir Chr. Why, this gentleman.

Rack. Me?

Sir Chr. Ay, you: Come, come, major, don't think you can impoſe upon a cunning old ſportſman like me.

Rack. Upon my ſoul, Sir Chriſtopher, you make me bluſh.

Sir Chr. Oh, you are deviliſh modeſt, I know! But to come to the trial at once. I have ſome reaſon to believe, major, you are fond of this girl; and, that her want of fortune mayn't plead your excuſe, I don't think I can better begin my plan of reforming than by a compliment paid to her virtue: Then, take her, and with her two thouſand guineas in hand.

Mrs Lin. How, Sir!

Sir Chr.

Sir Chr. And expect another good ſpell, when Monſieur le Fevre ſets me free from the gout.

Button. Pleaſe your worſhip, I'll accept her with half.——

L Cath. Gi me leave, Sir Chriſtopher, to throw in the wedow's mite on the happy occaſion: The bride's garment, and her dinner, ſhall be furniſhed by me.

Sir Chr. Cock-a-leeky ſoup!

L. Cath. Sheep's head ſinged, and haggies in plenty.

Sir Chr. Well ſaid, Lady Catharine,

Miſs Lin. How, Sir, ſhall I acknowledge this goodneſs?

Sir Chr. By ſaying nothing about it.—Well, Sir! we wait your anſwer.

Rack. I think the lady might firſt be conſulted: I ſhould be ſorry a freſh proſecution ſhould follow ſo faſt on the heels of the——

Sir Chr. Come, come, no trifling! your reſolution at once.

Rack. I receive, then, your offer with pleaſure.

Sir Chr. Miſs!

Miſs Lin. Sir, there is a little account to be firſt ſettled between this gentleman and an old unhappy acquaintance of mine.

Sir Chr. Who?

Miſs Lin. The major can gueſs—the unhappy Miſs Prim.

Sir Chr. You ſee, major, your old ſins are riſing in judgment.

Rack. I believe, madam, I can ſatisfy that.

Miſs Lin. I ſha'n't give you the trouble.—But firſt, let me return you all my moſt grateful thanks for your kind intentions towards me: I know

know your generous motives, and feel their value, I hope, as I ought; but might I be permitted to chuſe, I beg to remain in the ſtation I am: My little talents have hitherto received the publick protection, nor, whilſt I continue to deſerve, am I the leaſt afraid of loſing, my patrons. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Written by R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. JEWELL.

CONFIDING in the justice of the place,
To you *The Maid of Bath* submits her case:
Wronged, and defeated of three several spouses,
She lays her damages for nine full houses.
Well, Sirs, you've heard the parties, *pro* and *con*.
Do the *pro's* carry it? shall the suit go on?
Speak hearts for us! to them we make appeal:
Tell us not what you think, but what you feel:
Ask us, Why bring a private cause to view?
We answer with a sigh—because 'tis true:
For tho' invention is our Poet's trade,
Here he but copies parts which others played.
For on a ramble, late one starry night,
With Asmodeo, his familiar sprite,
High on the wing, by his conductor's side,
This guilty scene the indignant Bard descried;
Soaring in air, his ready pen he drew,
And dash'd the glowing satire as he flew:
For in these rank luxuriant times, there needs
Some strong bold hand to pluck the noxious weeds.
The rake of sixty, crippled hand and knee,
Who sins on claret, and repents on tea;
The witless macaroni, who purloins
A few cant words, which some pert gambler coins;
The undomestick Amazonian dame,
Staunch to her *coterie*, in despite of Fame;
These are the victims of our Poet's plan:
But most, that *monster*—an unfeeling man.
When such a foe provokes him to the fight,
Tho' maim'd, out sallies the puissant knight;
Like Withrington, maintains the glorious strife,
And only yields his laurels—with his life.

THE

NABOB;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.
1795.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE,

At the Theatre-Royal in DUBLIN,

On the 19th of November, 1773.

UPWARDS of twenty years are fled and wafted
Since in this ſpot your favour firſt I taſted.
Urged by your ſmiles thro' various realms to roam,
The muſe now brings her motley cargo home;
For frugal Nature, with an equal hand,
Beſtows peculiar gifts to every land.
To France ſhe gave her rapid repartee,
Bows, and *bons mots*, fibs, faſhions, flattery,
Shrugs, grins, grimace, and ſportive gaiety:
Armed with the whole artillery of love,
Latium's ſoft ſons poſſeſs the powers to move:
Humour, the foremoſt of the feſtive crew,
Source of the comic ſcene, ſhe gave to you;
Humour, with arched brow, and leering eye,
Shrewd, ſolemn, ſneering, ſubtle, ſlow and ſly;
Serious herſelf, yet laughter ſtill provoking,
By teaſing, tickling, jeering, gibing, joking:
Impartial gift, that owns nor rank nor birth!
'Tis theirs who rule the realm, or till the earth;
Their's who in ſenates wage the wordy war,
And their's whoſe humble lot conducts the car:
If aught derived from her adorns my ſtrain,
You gave, at leaſt diſcover'd firſt, the vein:
Should wide experience, or maturing age,
Have brought or mirth or moral to the ſtage,
To you, the patrons of the wilder ſong,
The chaſter notes in juſtice muſt belong:
But ſhould infirmities with time conſpire,
My force to weaken or abate my fire,
Leſs entertainment may ariſe to you,
But to myſelf leſs danger will enſue.
If age contracts my muſcles, ſhrills my tone.
No man will claim thoſe foibles as his own;
Nor, if I halt or hobble thro' the ſcene,
Malice point out what citizen I mean:
No foe I fear more than a legal fury,
Unleſs I gain this circle for my jury.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir MATTHEW MITE,	*Mr. Foote.*
Sir JOHN OLDHAM,	*Mr. Gentleman.*
Mr. THOMAS OLDHAM,	*Mr. Aickin.*
YOUNG OLDHAM,	*Mr. Du-Bellamy.*
Mr. MAYOR,	*Mr. Parſons.*
TOUCHIT,	*Mr. Baddeley.*
FIRST ANTIQUARIAN,	*Mr. Loyd.*
SECOND ANTIQUARIAN,	*Mr. Hamilton.*
SECRETARY,	*Mr. Davis.*
RAPINE,	*Mr. Lings.*
NATHAN,	*Mr. Caſtle.*
MOSES,	*Mr. Jacobs.*
JANUS, PUTTY,	*Mr. Weſton.*
CONSERVE,	*Mr. Fearon.*
WAITER,	*Mr. Ward.*

LADY OLDHAM,	*Mrs. Egerton.*
SOPHY,	*Miſs Ambroſe.*
Mrs. MATCH'EM,	*Mrs. Gardner.*
CROCUS,	*Miſs Craven.*

Beadle, Servants, *&c.*

THE

THE NABOB.

ACT I.

A Chamber.

Enter Lady Oldham and Sir John Oldham.

Lady Oldham.

NOT a ſyllable more will I hear!

Sir John. Nay, but, my dear——

L. Old. I am amazed, Sir John, at your meanneſs! or that you could ſubmit to give his paltry propoſals ſo much as a reading!

Sir John. Nay, my dear, what would you have had me done?

L. Old. Done! returned them with the contempt they deſerved. But, come, unfold! I am calm: Reveal the pretty project your precious head has produced.

Sir John. Nay, my dear, as to that, my head produced——

L. Old. Nay, I don't wonder that ſhame has tied up your tongue! But, come; I will ſpare the confuſion, and tell you what you would ſay. Here, Lady Oldham, Sir Matthew Mite has juſt

juſt ſent me a letter, modeſtly deſiring that, in return for the ruin he has brought on me and my houſe, I would be ſo kind as to beſtow upon him my darling daughter, the hopes of my—And is it poſſible you can be mean enough to think of ſuch an alliance? Will you, Sir John, oblige me with an anſwer to a few ſhort queſtions?

Sir John. Without doubt.

L. Old. I ſuppoſe you conſider yourſelf as ſprung from a family at leaſt as ancient as any in the county you live in?

Sir John. That I fancy will not be denied.

L. Old. Nor was it, I fancy, diſhonoured by an alliance with mine.

Sir John. My Lady, the very reverſe.

L. Old. You ſucceeded, Sir, to a patrimony, which though the liberal and hoſpitable ſpirit of your predeceſſors would not ſuffer to encreaſe, yet their prudence took care ſhould never be diminiſhed?

Sir John. True.

L. Old. From the public and private virtues of your anceſtors, the inhabitants of the neighbouring borough thought their beſt and deareſt intereſts in no hands ſo ſecure as in theirs?

Sir John. Right.

L. Old. Nor till lately were they ſo tainted by the faſhion of the times, as to adopt the egregious abſurdity, That to be faithfully ſerved and protected above, it was neceſſary to be largely bribed and corrupted below?

Sir John. Why, I can't ſay, except now and then a bit of veniſon, or an annual dinner, they have ever put me to any great——

L. Old. Indulge me yet a moment, Sir John! In this happy ſituation, did the laſt year chearfully

ully cloſe; our condition, though not opulent, affluent, and you happy in the quiet poſſeſſion or your family honours.

Sir John. There is no gainſaying of that.

L. Old. Now, look at the diſmal, ſhocking reverſe!

Sir John. There is but too much reaſon in what your ladyſhip ſays.

L. Old. And conſider, at the ſame time, to whom you are obliged.

Sir John. Why, what could we do? your ladyſhip knows there was nobody more againſt my giving up than yourſelf.

L. Old. Let me proceed. At this criſis, preceded by all the pomp of Aſia, Sir Matthew Mite, from the Indies, came thundering amongſt us; and, profuſely ſcattering the ſpoils of ruined provinces, corrupted the virtue and alienated the affections of all the old friends to the family.

Sir John. That is nothing but truth.

L. Old. Compelled by the ſame means to defend thoſe that were employed in attacking your intereſt, you have been obliged deeply to encumber your fortune; his ſuperior addreſs has procured a return, and probably your petition will complete the ruin his oppoſition began.

Sir John. Let us hope all for the beſt.

L. Old. And who can tell, but you may be ſoon forced to part with your patrimony, to the very inſolent worthleſs individual, who has been the author of your diſtreſs?

Sir John. I would ſooner periſh, my Lady!

L. Old. Parallel inſtances may be produced; nor is it at all unlikely, but Sir Matthew, taking a liking to your family manſion, has purſued this very method to compel you to ſell it.

Sir John.

Sir John. It is, my dear, to avoid this neceſſity that I wiſh you to give his letter a reading.

L. Old. Is it poſſible, not to mention the meanneſs, that you can be weak enough to expect any real ſervice from that infamous quarter?

Sir John. Who can tell, my love, but a conſciouſneſs of the miſchief he has done us, may have rouſed ſome feelings that——

L. Old. His feelings! will he liſten to a private complaint, who has been deaf to the cries of a people? or drop a tear for particular diſtreſs, who owes his riſe to the ruin of thouſands?

Sir John. Well, Lady Oldham, I find all that I ſay ſignifies nothing.—But here comes brother Thomas; two heads are better than one; let us take his opinion, my love.

L. Old. What need of any opinion? the caſe is too clear; nor indeed, if there had been a neceſſity for conſulting another, ſhould I have thought your brother the propereſt man to adviſe with on the occaſion.

Sir John. And why not? there is not a merchant whoſe judgment would be ſooner taken.

L. Old. Perhaps not, on the value of merchandize, or the goodneſs of a Bill of Exchange: But there is a nicety, a delicacy, an elevation of ſentiment, in this caſe, which people who have narrowed their notions with commerce, and conſidered during the courſe of their lives their intereſt alone, will ſcarce comprehend.

Enter Mr. Thomas Oldham.

Thomas. So, ſiſter! what! upon your old topic, I find?

L. Old. Sir!

Thomas

Thomas. Some pretty compariſons, I ſuppoſe, not much to the honour of trade.

L. Old. Nay, brother, you know I have always allowed merchants to be a uſeful body of men; and conſidered commerce, in this country, as a pretty reſource enough for the younger ſhoots of a family.

Thomas. Exceedingly condeſcending, indeed! And yet, ſiſter, I could produce you ſome inſtances where the younger ſhoots have flouriſhed and throve, when the reverend trunk has decayed.

L. Old. Perhaps, brother Thomas——

Thomas. Nay, nay, don't let us revive our antient diſputes?—You ſeem warm; no miſunderſtanding, I hope?

Sir John. No, no; none, in the leaſt: You know, my lady's temper's apt to be lively now and then.

Thomas. Nay, ſiſter—But, come! what has occaſioned this mighty debate?

Sir John. You know, brother, how affairs ſtand between Sir Matthew and us.

Thomas. Well.

Sir John. He has ſent us here a kind of a compromiſe; I don't know well what to call it; a ſort of a treaty.

Thomas. That in your hand?

Sir John. Yes; and I can't prevail on my lady to give it a reading.

Thomas. And why not?

L. Old. To what end?

Thomas. A very natural one; in order to know the contents.

L. Old. Of what importance can they be to us?

Thomas. That the letter will tell you. But ſurely,

ſurely, Lady Oldham, you are rather too nice. Give it me!

Sir John. Is it your ladyſhip's pleaſure?

Thomas. Pſha! here's a rout, indeed!—One would be apt to ſuſpect that the packet was peſtilential, and came from the Archipelago, inſtead of the Indies. Now let us ſee what this formidable memorial contains! [*opens the letter.* "To Sir John Oldham. Sir Matthew Mite having lately ſeen, at Lady Levant's rout, the eldeſt Miſs Oldham, and being ſtruck with her perſonal charms, propoſes to her father the following treaty."

L. Old. A very monarchical addreſs!

Thomas. "*Imprimis*; Upon a matrimonial union between the young lady and him, all hoſtilities and contention ſhall ceaſe, and Sir John be ſuffered to take his ſeat in ſecurity."

L. Old. That he will do, without an obligation to him.

Thomas. Are you, ſiſter, certain of that?

L. Old. You don't harbour the leaſt doubt of our merits?

Thomas. But do they always prevail?

L. Old. There is now, brother Thomas, no danger to dread; the reſtraint the popular part of government has in this inſtance laid on itſelf, at the ſame time that it does honour to them, diſtributes equal juſtice to all.

Thomas. And are you aware what the expence will be to obtain it?—But, pray, let me proceed!—"Secondly, as Sir Matthew is bent upon a large territorial acquiſition in England, and Sir John Oldham's finances are at preſent a little out of repair, Sir Matthew Mite will make up the money already advanced in another name,

" name, by way of future mortgage upon his " eſtate, for the entire purchaſe, five lacks of " roupees."

L. Old. Now, Sir, Sir John! was I right in my gueſs?

Sir John. Your ladyſhip is never out.—But, brother Thomas, theſe ſame lacks—to what may they amount?

Thomas. Sixty thouſand, at leaſt.

Sir John. No inconſiderable offer, my lady.

L. Old. Contemptible! But pray, Sir, proceed.

Thomas. " Or if it ſhould be more agreeable " to the parties, Sir Matthew will ſettle upon " Sir John and his Lady, for their joints lives, " a jagghire."

Sir John. A jagghire?

Thomas. The term is Indian, and means an annual income.

L. Old. What ſtrange jargon he deals in!

Thomas. His ſtile is a little Oriental, I muſt own: but moſt exceedingly clear.

L. Old. Yes, to Coſſim Ali-Khan, or Mier Jaffeir. I hope you are near the concluſion.

Thomas. But two articles more.[*reads*] " And " that the principals may have no cares for the " younger parts of their family, Sir Matthew " will, at his own expence, tranſport the two " young ladies, Miſs Oldham's two ſiſters, to " Madraſs or Calcutta, and there procure them " ſuitable huſbands."

L. Old. Madraſs, or Calcutta!

Thomas. Your patience, dear ſiſter!—" And " as for the three boys, they ſhall be either made " ſupercargoes, ſhip's huſbands, or go out cadets " and writers in the Company's ſervice."

L. Old. Why, he treats my children like a parcel

parcel of convicts: Is this their method of ſupplying their ſettlements?

Thomas. This, with now and then a little kidnapping, dear ſiſter.—Well, madam, you have now the means of getting rid of all your offſpring at once: Did not I tell you the paper was worth your peruſal? You will reply to his wiſh; you can have no doubts, I ſuppoſe.

L. Old. Not the leaſt, as I will ſhew you. [*Tears the letter.*] And, if Sir John has the leaſt ſpirit or pride, he will treat the inſolent principal as I do his propoſals.

Thomas. But that method, as things ſtand, may not be altogether ſo ſafe. I am ſorry you were ſo haſty in deſtroying the letter: If I remember rightly, there is mention made of advancing money in another man's name.

L. Old. We have been compelled to borrow, I own; but I had no conception that he was the lender.

Thomas. That's done by a common contrivance; not a country lawyer but knows the doctrine of transfer.—How much was the ſum?

Sir John. Ten thouſand pounds.

Thomas. And what, Sir John, were the terms?

Sir John. As I could give no real ſecurity, my eſtate being ſettled till my ſon John comes of age, I found myſelf obliged to comply with all that was aſked.

Thomas. A judgment, no doubt.

Sir John. They divided the ſum, and I gave them a couple.

Thomas. Which will affect not only your perſon, but perſonal proverty; ſo they are both in his power.

Sir John. Too true, I am afraid!

Thomas.

Thomas. And you may be ſent to a gaol, and your family turned into the ſtreets, whenever he pleaſes.

L. Old. How! Heaven forbid!

Thomas. Not the leaſt doubt can be made.—This is an artful project: No wonder that ſo much contrivance and cunning has been an overmatch for a plain Engliſh gentleman, or an innocent Indian. And what is now to be done? Does your daughter Sophy know of this letter?

L. Old. Sir John?

Sir John. It reached my hands not ten minutes ago.

Thomas. I had ſome reaſon to think, that, had you complied, you would not have found her very eager to ſecond your wiſhes.

L. Old. I don't know that, brother: Young girls are eaſily caught with titles and ſplendor; magnificence has a kind of magick for them.

Thomas. I have a better opinion of Sophy. You know, Lady Oldham, I have often hinted, that my boy was fond of his couſin; and poſſibly my niece not totally averſe to his wiſh; but you have always ſtopped me ſhort, under a notion that the children were too nearly allied.

L. Old. Why, brother, don't you think——

Thomas. But that, ſiſter, was not the right reaſon; you could have eaſily digeſted the *couſins*, but the *compting-houſe* ſtuck in his way: Your favourite maxim has been, that citizens are a diſtinct race, a ſort of creatures that ſhould mix with each other.

L. Old. Bleſs me, brother, you can't conceive that I——

Thomas. Nay, no apology, good Lady Oldham! perhaps you have a higher alliance in view: and

let

let us now conſider what is to be done. You are totally averſe to this treaty?

L. Old. Can that be a queſtion?

Thomas. Some little management is neceſſary, as to the mode of rejection: As matters now ſtand, it would not be prudent to exaſperate Sir Matthew.

L. Old. Let Sir John diſcharge the debt due to him at once.

Thomas. But where ſhall we get meterials?

L. Old. Can that be a difficult taſk?

Thomas. Exceedingly ſo, as I apprehend: But few can be found to advance ſo large a ſum on ſuch ſlender ſecurity; nor is it to be expected, indeed, unleſs from a friend to relieve, or a foe to ruin.

L. Old. Is it poſſible Sir Matthew can have acted from ſo infernal a motive, to have advanced the money with a view of diſtreſſing us deeper?

Thomas. Sir Matthew is a profound politician, and will not ſtick at trifles to carry his point.

L. Old. With the wealth of the Eaſt, we have too imported the worſt of its vices. What a horrid crew!

Thomas. Hold, ſiſter! don't gratify your reſentment at the expence of your juſtice; a general concluſion from a ſingle inſtance is but indifferent logick.

L. Old. Why, is not this Sir Matthew——

Thomas. Perhaps as bad a ſubject as your paſſion can paint him: But there are men from the Indies, and many too, with whom I have the honour to live, who diſpenſe nobly and with hoſpitality here, what they have acquired with honour and credit elſewhere; and, at the ſame time

time they have increaſed the dominions and wealth, have added virtues too to their country.

L. Old. Perhaps ſo: But what is to be done? Suppoſe I was to wait on Sir Matthew myſelf.

Thomas. If your ladyſhip is ſecure of commanding your temper.

Sir John. Mercy on us, brother Thomas, there's no ſuch thing as truſting to that!

L. Old. You are always very obliging, Sir John! if the embaſſy was to be executed by you——

Thomas. Come, come, to end the diſpute, I will undertake the commiſſion myſelf.

L. Old. You will take care, brother, to make no conceſſions that will derogate from——

Thomas. Your dignity, in my hands, will have nothing to fear.—But ſhould not I ſee my niece firſt? ſhe ought to be conſulted, I think.

Sir John. By all means.

Thomas. For, if ſhe approves of the knight, I don't ſee any thing in the alliance ſo much to be dreaded.

L. Old. I will ſend Sophy to her uncle directly; but I deſire the girl may be left to herſelf; no undue influence! [*Exit.*

Thomas. The caution was needleſs.

Sir John. Why, really, now, brother, but that my lady's too warm, I don't ſee any thing ſo very unreaſonable in this ſame paper here that lies ſcattered about. But, I forget, did he mention any thing of any fortune he was to have with the girl?

Thomas. Pho! a paltry conſideration, below his concern.

Sir John. My lady herſelf muſt own there is ſomething generous in that.

Thomas.

Thomas. Will you ſtay and repreſent the caſe to Sophy yourſelf?

Sir John. She is here!

Enter Sophy.

Your uncle, child, has ſomething to ſay to you: You know he loves you, my dear, and will adviſe you for the beſt. [*Exit.*

Thomas. Come hither, Sophy, my love! don't be alarmed. I ſuppoſe my lady has opened to you, that Sir Matthew has ſent a ſtrange kind of a romantic letter.

Sophy. But ſhe did not ſeem, Sir, to ſuppoſe that it deſerved much attention.

Thomas. As matters now ſtand, perhaps more than ſhe thinks. But come, my good girl, be explicit: Suppoſe the affairs of your family ſhould demand a compliance with this whimſical letter, ſhould you have any reluctance to the union propoſed?

Sophy. Me, Sir? I never ſaw the gentleman but once in my life.

Thomas. And I don't think that would intereſt you much in his favour.

Sophy. Sir!

Thomas. No prepoſſeſſion? no prior object that has attracted your notice?

Sophy. I hope, Sir, my behaviour has not occaſioned this queſtion.

Thomas. Oh, no, my dear; it naturally took its riſe from the ſubject. Has your couſin lately been here?

Sophy. Sir!

Thomas. Tom Oldham, my ſon?

Sophy. We generally ſee him, Sir, every day.

Thomas. I am glad to hear that: I was afraid ſome

ſome improper attachment had drawn him from the city ſo often of late.

Sophy. Improper! I dare ſay, Sir, you will have nothing of that kind to fear from my couſin.

Thomas. I hope not: And yet I have had my ſuſpicions, I own; but not unlikely you can remove 'em: Children rarely make confidants of their fathers.

Sophy. Sir!

Thomas. Similarity of ſentiments, nearneſs of blood, and the ſame ſeaſon of life, perhaps may have induced him to unboſom to you.

Sophy. Do you ſuppoſe, Sir, that he would diſcover to me, what he choſe to conceal from ſo affectionate a father?

Thomas. Nay, prithee, Sophy, don't be grave! What, do you imagine I ſhould think his preferring your ear to mine, for a melting paſſionate tale, any violent breach of his duty?

Sophy. You are merry, Sir.

Thomas. And who knows but you might repay the communication with a ſimilar ſtory? You bluſh, Sophy.

Sophy. You are really pleaſed to be ſo very particular, that I ſcarce know what anſwer to make.

Thomas. Come, my good niece, I will perplex you no longer: My ſon has concealed nothing from me; and did the completion of your wiſhes depend on my approbation alone, you would have but little to fear: But my lady's notions are ſo very peculiar, you know, and all her principles ſo determined and fixed——

Sophy. The merits of my couſin, which ſhe herſelf is not ſlow to acknowledge, and time, might, I ſhould hope, ſoften my mother.

Thomas. Why then, my dear niece, leave it to time,

time, in moſt caſes the ableſt phyſician. But let your partiality for Tom be a ſecret!—I muſt now endeavour to learn when I can obtain an audience from Sir Matthew.

Sophy. An audience from *him?*

Thomas. Yes, child; theſe new gentlemen, who from the caprice of fortune, and a ſtrange chain of events, have acquired immoderate wealth, and roſe to uncontroled power abroad, find it difficult to deſcend from their dignity, and admit of any equal at home. Adieu, my dear niece! But keep up your ſpirits! I think I foreſee an event that will produce ſome change in our favour. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Matthew Mite's Hall.

Janus and Conſerve diſcovered.

Conſ. I own the place of a porter, if one can bear the confinement—And then, Sir Matthew has the character of—[*low tap.*] Uſe no ceremony, Mr. Janus; mind your door, I beſeech you.

Janus. No hurry! keep your ſeat, Mr. Conſerve; it's only the tap of a tradeſman: I make thoſe people ſtay till they collect in a body, and ſo let in eight or ten at a time; it ſaves trouble.

Conſ. And how do they brook it?

Janus. Oh, wonderfully well, here with us. In my laſt place, indeed, I thought myſelf bound to be civil; for as all the poor devils could get was good words, it would have been hard to have been ſparing of them.

Conſ. Very conſiderate!

Janus. But here we are rich; and as the fellows

lows don't wait for their money, it is but fair they ſhould wait for admittance.

Conſ. Or they would be apt to forget their condition.

Janus. True.

Conſ. Upon the whole, then, you do not regret leaving my lord?

Janus. No; Lord Levee's place had its ſweets, I confeſs; perquiſites pretty enough: But what could I do? they wanted to give me a rider.

Conſ. A rider!

Janus. Yes; to quarter Monſieur Friſſart, my Lady's valet de chambre, upon me; ſo you know I could not but in honour reſign.

Conſ. No; there was no bearing to be rid by a Frenchman; there was no ſtaying in after that.

Janus. It would have been quoted as a precedent againſt the whole corps.

Conſ. Yes. Pox on 'em! our maſters are damned fond of encroachments. Is your preſent duty ſevere?

Janus. I drudge pretty much at the door; but that, you know, is mere bodily labour: But then, my mind is at eaſe; not obliged to rack my brain for invention.

Conſ. No?

Janus. No; not near the lying here, as in my laſt place.

Conſ. I ſuppoſe not, as your maſter is but newly in town; but you muſt expect that branch to encreaſe.

Janus. When it does, I ſhall inſiſt the door be done by a deputy. [*Two raps.*

Conſ. Hark! to your poſt!

Janus. No; ſit ſtill! that is ſome aukward body out of the city; one of our people from Leaden-

Leadenhall-ſtreet; perhaps a director; I ſha'n't ſtir for him.

Conſ. Not for a director? I thought he was the commanding officer, the Great Captain's captain.

Janus. No, no; quite the reverſe; the tables are turned, Mr. Conſerve: In acknowledgment for appointing us their ſervants abroad, we are ſo obliging as to make them directors at home.

[*A loud rapping.*

Conſ. That rap will rouſe you, I think.

Janus. Let me take a peep at the wicket. Oh, oh! is it you, with a pox to you? How the deuce came your long legs to find the way hither?—I ſhall be in no haſte to open for you.

Conſ. Who is it?

Janus. That eternal teizer, Sir Timothy Tallboy. When once he gets footing, there is no ſuch thing as keeping him out.

Conſ. What, you know him then?

Janus. Yes, rot him, I know him too well! he had like to have loſt me the beſt place I ever had in my life.

Conſ. How ſo?

Janus. Lord Lofty had given orders on no account to admit him. The firſt time, he got by me under a pretence of ſtroking Keeper the houſe-dog; the next, he nicked me by deſiring only juſt leave to ſcratch the poll of the parrot, Poll, Poll, Poll! I thought the devil was in him if he deceived me a third; but he did, notwithſtanding.

Conſ. Prythee, Janus, how?

Janus. By begging to ſet his watch by Tompion's clock in the Hall; I ſmoaked his deſign, and laid hold of him here: [*taking hold of his coat.*] As ſure

ſure as you are alive, he made but one leap from the ſtairs to the ſtudy, and left the ſkirt of his coat in my hand?

Conſ. You got rid of him then?

Janus. He made one attempt more; and, for fear he ſhould ſlip by me, (for you know he is as thin as a ſlice of beef at Vauxhall-Gardens), I ſlapped the door in his face, and told him, the dog was mad, the parrot dead, and the clock ſtood; and, thank Heaven, I have never ſet eyes on him ſince. [*Knock louder.*

Conſ. But the door!

Janus. Time enough.—You had no particular commands, maſter Conſerve?

Conſ. Only to let you know that Betſy Robins has a rout and ſupper on Sunday next.

Janus. Conſtant ſtill, Mr. Conſerve, I ſee. I am afraid I can't come to cards; but ſhall be ſure to attend the repaſt. A nick-nack, I ſuppoſe?

Conſ. Yes, yes; we all contribute, as uſual: The ſubſtantials from Alderman Surloin's; Lord Frippery's cook finds fricaſees and ragouts; Sir Robert Bumper's butler is to ſend in the wine; and I ſhall ſupply the deſert.

Janus. There are a brace of birds and a hare, that I cribbed this morning out of a baſket of game.

Conſ. They will be welcome.—[*Knock louder.*] But the folks grow impatient!

Janus. They muſt ſtay till I come.—At the old place, I ſuppoſe?

Conſ. No; I had like to have forgot! Betſy grew ſick of St. Paul's, ſo I have taken her a houſe amongſt the new buildings; both the air and the company is better.

Janus.

Janus. Right.

Conſ. To ſay truth, the ſituation was diſagreeable on many accounts. Do you know, though I took care few people ſhould behave better at Chriſtmas, that becauſe he thought her a citizen, the houſekeeper of Drury-lane Theatre, when his maſter mounted, refuſed her a ſide-box?

Janus. No wonder Miſs Betſy was bent upon moving.—What is the name of her ſtreet?

Conſ. Rebel-row: It was built by a meſſenger who made his market in the year forty-five. But ſhall Miſs Robins ſend you a card?

Janus. No, no; I ſhall eaſily find out the place. [*Knock.*] Now let us ſee; who have we here? Gad's my life, Mrs. Match'em! my maſter's amorous agent: It is as much as my place is worth to let her wait for a minute.

[*Opens the door.* [*Exit. Conſ.*

Enter Mrs. Match'em, ſome Tradeſpeople, who bow low to Janus, and Thomas Oldham.

Match. So, Sir! this is pretty treatment, for a woman like me to dangle at your gate, ſurrounded by a parcel of tradeſpeople!

Janus. I beg pardon; but, madam——

Match. Suppoſe any of my ladies had chanced to drive by: In a pretty ſituation they'd have ſeen me! I promiſe you I ſhall make my complaints to Sir Matthew.

Janus. I was receiving ſome particular commands from my maſter.

Match. I ſhall know that from him. Where is he? let him know I muſt ſee him directly; my hands are ſo full I have not a moment to ſpare.

Janus. At that door the groom of the chamber

ber will take you in charge; I am ſure you'll be admitted as ſoon as announced.

Match. There is as much difficulty to get a ſight of this ſignior, as of a member when the parliament's diſſolved! [*Exit.*

Janns. Soh! what, you have brought in your bills? damned punctual, no doubt! the ſteward's room is below.—And, do you hear? when you are paid, be ſure to ſneak away without ſeeing me.

All Tradeſ. We hope you have a better opinion——

Janus. Well, well, march! [*Exeunt Tradeſmen.*] So, friend; what is your buſineſs, pray?

Thomas. I have a meſſage to deliver to Sir Matthew.

Janus. You have? and pray what is the purport?

Thomas. That's for his ear alone.

Janus. You will find yourſelf miſtaken in that.

Thomas. How?

Janus. It muſt make its way to his, by paſſing through mine.

Thomas. Is that the rule of the houſe?

Janus. Ay; and the beſt way to avoid idle and impertinent pratlers.

Thomas. And of that you are to judge?

Janus. Or I ſhould not be fit for my poſt. But, you are very importunate; who are you? I ſuppoſe a Jew broker, come to bring my maſter the price of the ſtocks?

Thomas. No.

Janus. Or ſome country couſin, perhaps?

Thomas. Nor that neither.

Janus. Or a voter from our borough below? we never admit them but againſt an election.

Thomas.

Thomas. Still wide of the mark.—[*Aſide.*] There is but one way of managing here; I muſt give the Cerberus a ſop, I perceive.—Sir, I have really buſineſs with Sir Matthew, of the utmoſt importance; and if you can obtain me an interview, I ſhall think myſelf extremely obliged.

[*Gives money.*

Janus. As I ſee, Sir, by your manner, that it is a matter of moment, we will try what can be done; but you muſt wait for his levee; there is no ſeeing him yet.

Thomas. No?

Janus. He is too buſy at preſent; the waiter at Almack's has juſt brought him home his macaroni dreſs for the hazard-table, and is inſtructing him to throw the dice with a grace.

Thomas. Then where can I wait?

Janus. If you will ſtep into that room, I will take care to call you in time. [*Exit Mr. Old.*]—*Looking at the money.*] A good ſenſible fellow! At firſt ſight, how eaſily one may be miſtaken in men. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

A Chamber. Sir Matthew Mite in his gaming dreſs, a Waiter attending.

Mite.

MAIN and chance?

Waiter. Five to nine, pleaſe your honour.

Mite. I am at all that is ſet. How muſt I proceed?

Waiter.

Waiter. With a tap, as the chances are equal; then raiſe the box genteelly and gently, with the finger and thumb.

Mite. Thus?

Waiter. Exactly, your honour. Cinque and quater. You're out.

Mite. What is next to be done?

Waiter. Flirt the bones with an air of indifference, and pay the money that's ſet.

Mite. Will that do?

Waiter. With a little more experience, your honour.

Mite. Then paſs the box to my neighbour?

Waiter. Yes; or you make a back hand, if you pleaſe.

Mite. Cou'dn't you give me ſome general rules? for then, you know, I might practiſe in private.

Waiter. By all means. Seven, Sir, is better nicked by a ſtamp.

Mite. So?

Waiter. Yes. When you want to throw ſix and four, or two cinques, you muſt take the long gallery, and whirl the dice to the end of the table.

Mite. Thus?

Waiter. Pretty well, pleaſe your honour. When your chance is low, as tray, ace, or two deuces, the beſt method is to dribble out the bones from the box.

Mite. Will that do?

Waiter. Your honour comes rapidly on.

Mite. So that, perhaps, in a couple of months, I ſhall be able to tap, flirt, ſtamp, dribble, and whirl, with any man in the club?

Waiter. As your honour has a genius, you will make

make a wonderful progreſs, no doubt: But theſe nice matters are not got in a moment; there muſt be parts, as well as practice, your honour.

Mite. What! parts for the performance of this?

Waiter. This! Why, there's Sir Chriſtopher Clumſey, in the whole loſing his fortune, (and I believe he was near a twelvemonth about it) never once threw, paid, or received, with one atom of grace.

Mite. He muſt have been a dull devil, indeed.

Waiter. A mere dunce! got no credit by loſing his money; was ruined without the leaſt reputation.

Mite. Perhaps ſo. Well, but, Dick, as to the oaths and phraſes that are moſt in uſe at the club?

Waiter. I have brought them here in this paper: As ſoon as your honour has got them by heart, I will teach you when and in what manner to uſe them.

Mite. [*after looking at the paper.*] How long do you apprehend before I may be fit to appear at the table?

Waiter. In a month or ſix weeks. I would adviſe your honour to begin in the Newmarket week, when the few people left do little better than piddle.

Mite. Right: ſo I ſhall gain confidence againſt the club's coming to town.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Crocus, from Brompton, your honour.

Mite. Has ſhe brought me a bouquet?

Serv. Your honour?

Mite.

Mite. Any noſegays, you blockhead?

Serv. She has a boy with a baſket.

Mite. Shew her in! [*Exit Servant.*]—Well, Dick, you will go down to my ſteward, and teach him the beſt method of making a rouleau. And, do you hear? let him give you one for your pains.

Waiter. Your honour's obedient! You'd have me attend every morning?

Mite. Without doubt: It would be madneſs to loſe a minute, you know. [*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Mrs. Crocus.

Well, Mrs. Crocus; let us ſee what you have brought me. Your laſt bouquet was as big as a broom, with a tulip ſtrutting up like a magiſtrate's mace; and, beſides, made me look like a devil.

Crocus. I hope your honour could find no fault with the flowers? It is true, the polyanthuſes were a little pinched by the eaſterly winds; but for pipe, colour, and eye, I defy the whole pariſh of Fulham to match 'em.

Mite. Perhaps not; but it is not the flowers, but the mixture, I blame. Why, here now, Mrs. Crocus, one ſhould think you were out of your ſenſes, to cram in this clump of jonquils!

Crocus. I thought your honour was fond of their ſmell.

Mite. Damn their ſmell! it is their colour I talk of. You know my complexion has been tinged by the Eaſt, and you bring me here a blaze of yellow, that gives me the jaundice. Look! do you ſee here, what a fine figure I cut? You might as well have tied me to a bundle of ſun-flowers!

Crocus.

Crocus. I beg pardon, your honour!

Mite. Pardon! there is no forgiving faults of this kind. Juſt ſo you ſerved Harry Hectic; you ſtuck into his boſom a parcel of hyacinths, though the poor fellow's face is as pale as a primroſe.

Crocus. I did not know——

Mite. And there, at the opera, the poor creature ſat in his ſide-box, looking like one of the figures in the glaſs-caſes in Weſtminſter-Abbey; dead and dreſt!

Crocus. If gentlemen would but give directions, I would make it my ſtudy to ſuit 'em.

Mite. But that your curſed climate won't let you. Have you any pinks or carnations in bloom?

Crocus. They are not in ſeaſon, your honour. Lillies of the valley——

Mite. I hate the whole tribe! What, you want to dreſs me up like a corpſe! When ſhall you have any roſe-buds?

Crocus. The latter end of the month, pleaſe your honour.

Mite. At that time you may call.

Crocus. Your honour has no further commands?

Mite. None. You may ſend noſegays for my chairmen, as uſual. [*Exit. Mrs. Crocus.*] Piccard! Here, take that garland away: I believe the woman thought ſhe was dreſſing a may-pole. Make me a bouquet with the artificial flowers I brought from Milan.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Would your honour pleaſe to ſee Madam Match'em?

Mite.

Mite. Introduce her this inſtant.

Enter Mrs. Match'em.

My dear Match'em! Well, what news from Cheapſide?

Match. Bad enough; very near a total defeat.

Mite. How ſo? you were furniſhed with ample materials.

Match. But not of the right kind, pleaſe your honour. I have had but little intercourſe with that part of the world: My buſineſs has chiefly lain on this ſide of the Bar; and I was weak enough to think both cities alike.

Mite. And arn't they?

Match. No two nations can differ ſo widely! Though money is ſuppoſed the idol of merchants, their wives don't agree in the worſhip.

Mite. In that article I thought the whole world was united.

Match. No; they don't know what to do with their money; a Pantheon ſubſcription, or a maſquerade ticket, is more negotiable there than a note from the Bank.

Mite. What think you of a bracelet, or a well-fancied aigret?

Match. I ſhould think they muſt make their way.

Mite. I have ſent ſome rough diamonds to be poliſhed in Holland; when they are returned, I will equip you, Match'em, with ſome of theſe toys.

Match. Toys? how light he makes of theſe things!—Bleſs your noble and generous ſoul! I believe for a trifle more I could have obtained Lady Lurcher laſt night.

Mite. Indeed!

Match.

Match. She has been preſſed a good deal to diſcharge an old ſcore, long due to a knight from the North; and play-debts, your honour knows, there is no paying in part: She ſeemed deeply diſtreſſed; and I really believe another hundred would have made up the ſum.

Mite. And how came you not to advance it?

Match. I did not chuſe to exceed my commiſſion; your honour knows the bill was only for five.

Mite. Oh, you ſhould have immediately made it up; you know I never ſtint myſelf in theſe matters.

Match. Why, had I been in caſh, I believe I ſhould have ventured, your honour. If your honour approves, I have thought of a project that will ſave us both a good deal of trouble.

Mite. Communicate, good Mrs. Match'em!

Match. That I may not peſter you with applications for every trifle I want, ſuppoſe you were to depoſit a round ſum in my hands.

Mite. What, Match'em, make you my banker for beauty? Ha, ha, ha!

Match. Exactly, your honour. Ha, ha, ha!

Mite. Faith, Match'em, a very good conceit.

Match. You may depend on my punctuality in paying your drafts.

Mite. I don't harbour the leaſt doubt of your honour.

Match. Would you have me proceed in Patty Parrington's buſineſs? She is expected from Bath in a week.

Mite. And what becomes of her aunt?

Match. That Argus is to be left in the country.

Mite. You had better ſuſpend your operations for

for a while. Do you know, Mrs. Match'em, that I am a-going to be married?

Match. Married! your honour's pleaſed to be pleaſant: That day I hope never to ſee.

Mite. The treaty wants nothing but her friends' ratification; and I think there is no danger of their with-holding that.

Match. Nay, then, the matter is as good as concluded: I was always in dread of this fatal ſtroke!

Mite. But, Match'em, why ſhould you be ſo averſe to the meaſure?

Match. Can it be thought, that with dry eyes I could bear the loſs of ſuch a friend as your honour? I don't know how it is, but I am ſure I never took ſuch a fancy to any man in my life.

Mite. Nay, Match'em!

Match. Something ſo magnificent and princely in all you ſay or do, that a body has, as I may ſay, a pleaſure in taking pains in your ſervice.

Mite. Well, but pr'ythee, child——

Match. And then, when one has brought matters to bear, no after-reproaches, no grumblings from parties, ſuch general ſatisfaction on all ſides! I am ſure, ſince the death of my huſband, as honeſt a man, except the thing he died for——

Mite. How came that about, Mrs. Match'em?

Match. Why, Kit was rather apt to be careleſs, and put a neighbour's name to a note without ſtopping to aſk his conſent.

Mite. Was that all?

Match. Nothing elſe. Since that day, I ſaw no mortal has caught my eye but your honour.

Mite. Really, Match'em!

Match. I can't ſay, neither, it was the charms of

of your perſon—though they are ſuch as any lady might like—but it was the beauties of your mind that made an impreſſion upon me.

Mite. Nay, pr'ythee, Match'em, dry up your tears! You diſtreſs me! Be perſuaded you have nothing to fear.

Match. How!

Mite. Why, you don't ſuppoſe that I am prompted to this project by paſſion?

Match. No?

Mite. Pho! no; only wanted a wife to complete my eſtabliſhment; juſt to adorn the head of my table.

Match. To ſtick up in your room, like any other fine piece of furniture?

Mite. Nothing elſe; as an antique buſt, or a picture.

Match. That alters the caſe.

Mite. Perhaps I ſhall be confined a little at firſt; for when you take or bury a wife, decency requires that you ſhould keep your houſe for a week: After that time, you will find me, dear Matchem, all that you can wiſh.

Match. Ah! that is more than your honour can tell. I have known ſome of my gentlemen, before marriage, make as firm and good reſolutions not to have the leaſt love or regard for their wives; but they have been ſeduced after all, and turned out the pooreſt tame family fools!

Mite. Indeed?

Match. Good for nothing at all.

Mite. That ſhall not be my caſe.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your honour's levee is crouded.

Mite. I come. Piccard, give me my coat!—I have

have had ſome thoughts of founding in this town a ſeraglio; they are of ſingular uſe in the Indies: Do you think I could bring it to bear?

Match. Why, a cuſtomer of mine did formerly make an attempt; but he purſued too violent meaſures at firſt; wanted to confine the ladies againſt their conſent; and that too in a country of freedom.

Mite. Oh, fy! How the beſt inſtitutions may fail, for want of a man proper to manage!

Match. But your honour has had great experience. If you would beſtow the direction on me——

Mite. Impoſſible, Match'em! In the Eaſt we never confide that office to your ſex or complexion. I had ſome thoughts of importing three blacks from Bengal, who have been properly prepared for the ſervice; but I ſha'n't venture till the point is determined whether thoſe creatures are to be conſidered as mere chattels, or men. [*Exeunt.*

A Saloon.

Enter Mayor, Touchit, Nathan, Moſes, &c.

Serv. Walk in, gentlemen! his honour will be preſently here.

Touchit. Do you ſee, Mr. Mayor? look about you! here are noble apartments!

Mayor. Very fine, very curious, indeed! But, after all, Maſter Touchit, I am not ſo over-fond of theſe Nabobs; for my part, I had rather ſell myſelf to ſomebody elſe.

Touchit. And why ſo, Mr. Mayor?

Mayor. I don't know—they do a mortal deal of harm in the country: Why, wherever any of them

them ſettles, it raiſes the price of proviſions for thirty miles round. People rail at ſeaſons and crops; in my opinion, it is all along with them there folks, that things are ſo ſcarce.

Touchit. Why, you talk like a fool! Suppoſe they have mounted the beef and mutton a trifle; a'n't we obliged to them too for raiſing the value of boroughs? You ſhould always ſet one againſt t'other.

Mayor. That indeed, is nothing but fair. But how comes it about? and where do theſe here people get all their wealth?

Touchit. The way is plain enough; from our ſettlements and poſſeſſions abroad.

Mayor. Oh, may be ſo. I've been often minded to aſk you what ſort of things them there ſettlements are; becauſe why, as you know, I have been never beyond ſea.

Touchit. Oh, Mr. Mayor, I will explain that in a moment: Why, here are a body of merchants that beg to be admitted as friends, and take poſſeſſion of a ſmall ſpot in a country, and carry on a beneficial commerce with the inoffenſive and innocent people, to which they kindly give their conſent.

Mayor. Don't you think now that is very civil of them?

Touchit. Doubtleſs. Upon which, Mr. Mayor, we cunningly encroach, and fortify by little and by little, till at length, we growing too ſtrong for the natives, we turn them out of their lands, and take poſſeſſion of their money and jewels.

Mayor. And don't you think, Maſter Touchit, that is a little uncivil in us?

Touchit. Oh, nothing at all: Theſe people are but a little better than Tartars or Turks.

Mayor.

Mayor. No, no, Maſter Touchit; juſt the reverſe; it is *they* have caught the Tartars in us.

Touchit. Ha, ha, ha! well ſaid, Mr. Mayor. But huſh! here comes his honour. Fall back!

Enter Sir Matthew Mite.

Mite. Oh, Nathan! are you there? You have ſplit the ſtock, as I bid you?

Nathan. I vas punctually obey your directions.

Mite. And I ſhall be in no danger of loſing my liſt?

Nathan. Dat is ſafe, your honour; we have noting to fear.

Mite. Moſes Mendoza! You will take care to qualify Peter Pratewell and Counſellor Quibble? I ſhall want ſome ſpeakers at the next general Court.

Moſes. Pleaſe your honour, I ſhall be careful of dat.

Mite. How is the ſtock?

Moſes. It vas got up the end of the veek.

Mite. Then ſell out till you ſink it to two and a half. Has my advice been followed for burning the tea?

Moſes. As to dat matter, I vas not enquire dat; I believe not.

Mite. So that commodity will ſoon be a drug. The Engliſh are too proud to profit by the practice of others: What would become of the ſpice trade; if the Dutch brought their whole growth to market?

Moſes. Dat is very true. Your honour has no farder commands?

Mite. None at preſent, maſter Mendoza.

[*Exit Mendoza.*

Nathan.

Nathan. For de next ſettlement, would your honour be de bull or de bear?

Mite. I ſhall ſend you my orders to Garraway's. Oh, Nathan! did you tell that man in Berkſhire, I would buy his eſtate?

Nathan. Yes; but he ſay he has no mind, no occaſion to ſell it; dat the eſtate belong to great many faders before him.

Mite. Why, the man muſt be mad; did you tell him I had taken a fancy to the ſpot, when I was but a boy?

Nathan. I vas tell him as much.

Mite. And that all the time I was in India, my mind was bent upon the purchaſe?

Nathan. I vas ſay ſo.

Mite. And now I'm come home, am determined to buy it?

Nathan. I make uſe of de very vords.

Mite. Well then! what would the booby be at?

Nathan. I don't know.

Mite. Give the fellow four times the value, and bid him turn out in a month—[*To Touchit.*] May I preſume, Sir, to aſk who you are, and what your buſineſs may be?

Touchit. My name, Sir, is Touchit, and theſe gentlemen ſome friends and neighbours of mine. We are ordered by the Chriſtian Club, of the borough of Bribe'em, to wait upon your honour, with a tender of the nomination of our two members at the enſuing election.

Mite. Sir, I accept their offer with pleaſure; and am happy to find, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid, that the union ſtill ſubſiſts between Bengal and the ancient corporation of Bribe'em.

Touchit.

Touchit. And if they ever are ſevered, I can aſſure your honour the Chriſtian Club will not be to blame. Your honour underſtands me, I hope?

Mite. Perfectly. Nor ſhall it, I promiſe you, be my fault, good Mr. Touchit. But, (you will forgive my curioſity, Sir!) the name your club has adopted, has at firſt a whimſical ſound; but you had your reaſons, no doubt.

Touchit. The very beſt in the world, pleaſe your honour: From our ſtrict union and brotherly kindneſs, we hang together: like the primitive Chriſtians too, we have all things in common.

Mite. In common! I don't apprehend you.

Touchit. Why, pleaſe your honour, when the bargan is ſtruck, and the depoſit is made, as a proof that we love our neighbours as well as ourſelves, we ſubmit to an equal partition; no man has a larger ſhare than another.

Mite. A moſt Chriſtian-like diſpenſation?

Touchit. Yes; in our borough all is unanimity now: Formerly, we had nothing but diſcontents and heart-burnings among us; each man jealous and afraid that his neighbour got more and did better than him.

Mite. Indeed?

Touchit. Ay, and with reaſon ſometimes. Why, I remember, at the election ſome time ago, when I took up my freedom, I could get but thirty guineas for a new pair of jack-boots; whilſt Tom Ramſkin over the way had a fifty-pound note for a pair of waſh-leather breeches.

Mite. Very partial, indeed!

Touchit. So, upon the whole, we thought it beſt to unite.

Mite. Oh, much the beſt. Well, Sir, you may

may aſſure your principals that I ſhall take care properly to acknowledge the ſervice they do me.

Touchit. No doubt, no doubt. But—will your honour ſtep a little this way?—Though no queſtion can be made of your honour's keeping your word, yet it has always been the rule with our club to receive the proper acknowledgment before the ſervice is done.

Mite. Ay, but, Mr. Touchit, ſuppoſe the ſervice ſhould never be done?

Touchit. What then muſt become of our conſciences? We are Chriſtians, your honour.

Mite. True; but, Mr. Touchit, you remember the proverb?

Touchit. What proverb, your honour?

Mite. There are two bad pay-maſters; thoſe who pay before, and thoſe who never pay.

Touchit. True, your honour; but our club has always found, that thoſe who don't pay before, are ſure never to pay.

Mite. How! impoſſible! the man who breaks his word with ſuch faithful and honeſt adherents, deſerves richly a halter. Gentlemen, in my opinion, he deſerves to be hanged.

Touchit. Huſh! have a care what you ſay.

Mite. What is the matter?

Touchit. You ſee the fat man that is behind; he will be the returning officer at the election.

Mite. What then?

Touchit. On a gibbet at the end of our town there hangs a ſmuggler, for robbing the cuſtom-houſe.

Mite. Well?

Touchit. The mayor's own brother, your honour: Now, perhaps, he may be jealous that you meant

meant to throw ſome reflection on him or his family.

Mite. Not unlikely.—I ſay, gentleman, whoever violates his promiſe to ſuch faithful friends as you are, in my poor opinion, deſerves to be damned!

Touchit. That's right! ſtick to that! for tho' the Chriſtian Club may have ſome fears of the gallows, they don't value damnation of a farthing.

Mite. Why ſhould they, as it may be ſo long before any thing of that kind may happen, you know?

Touchit. Good! good again! Your honour takes us rightly, I ſee: I make no doubt, it won't be long before we come to a good underſtanding.

Mite. The ſooner the better, good maſter Touchit; and, therefore, in one word, pray what are your terms?

Touchit. Do you mean for one, or would your honour bargain for both?

Mite. Both, both.

Touchit. Why, we could not have afforded you one under three thouſand at leaſt; but as your honour, as I may ſay, has a mind to deal in the groſs, we ſhall charge you but five for both.

Mite. Oh fy! above the market, good Mr. Touchit!

Touchit. Dog-cheap; neck-beef; a penny-loaf for a halfpenny! Why, we had partly agreed to bring in Sir Chriſtopher Quinze and major Match'em for the very ſame money; but the major has been a little unlucky at Almack's, and at preſent can't depoſit the needful; but he ſays, however, if he ſhould be ſucceſsful at the next Newmarket meeting, he will faithfully abide by the

the bargin: But the turf, your honour knows, is but an uncertain eſtate, and ſo we can't depend upon him.

Mite. True. Well, Sir, as I may ſoon have occaſion for all the friends I can make, I ſhall haggle no longer; I accept your propoſals: In the next room we will ſettle the terms.

Touchit. Your honour will always find the Chriſtians ſteady and firm.—But, won't your honour introduce us to his worſhip whilſt we are here?

Mite. To his worſhip? to whom?

Touchit. To the gentleman in black.

Mite. Worſhip! you are mad, Mr. Touchit! That is a ſlave I brought from the Indies.

Touchit. Good lack! may be ſo! I did not know but the gentleman might belong to the tribe, who, we are told by the papers, conferred thoſe ſplended titles upon your honour in India.

Mite. Well, Maſter Touchit, what then?

Touchit. I thought it not unlikely, but, in return to that compliment, your honour might chuſe to make one of the family member for the corporation of Bribe'em.

Mite. Why, you would not ſubmit to accept of a Negro?

Touchit. Our preſent members, for aught we know, may be of the ſame complexion, your honour; for we have never ſet eyes on them yet.

Mite. That's ſtrange! But, after all, you could not think of electing a black?

Touchit. That makes no difference to us: The Chriſtian Club has ever been perſuaded, that a good candidate, like a good horſe, can't be of a bad colour. [*Exit with friends.*

Enter

Enter Thomas Oldham and others.

Mite. [*to Oldham.*]. What is your buſineſs, and name?

Thomas. Oldham.

Mite. The brother of Sir John? I have heard of you: You are, if I miſtake not, a merchant?

Thomas. I have that honour, Sir Matthew.

Mite. Um! honour!—Well, Sir; and what are your commands?

Thomas. I wait on you in the name of my brother, with——

Mite. An anſwer to the meſſage I ſent him. When do we meet to finiſh the matter? It muſt be tomorrow, or Sunday, for I ſhall be buſy next week.

Thomas. Tomorrow?

Mite. Ay; it is not for a man like me to dangle and court, Mr. Oldham.

Thomas. Why, to be plain, Sir Matthew, it would, I am afraid, be but looſing your time.

Mite. Sir?

Thomas. As there is not one in the family that ſeems the leaſt inclined to favour your wiſh.

Mite. No? ha, ha, ha! that's pleaſant enough! ha, ha, ha! And why not?

Thomas. They are, Sir Matthew, no ſtrangers to your great power and wealth; but corrupt as you may conceive this country to be, there are ſuperior ſpirits living, who would diſdain an alliance with grandeur obtained at the expence of honour and virtue.

Mite. And what relation has this ſentimental declaration to me?

Thomas. My intention, Sir Matthew was not to offend; I was deſired to wait on you with a civil denial.

Mite.

Mite. And you have faithfully diſcharged your commiſſion.

Thomas Why, I'm a man of plain manners, Sir Matthew; a ſupercilious air, or a ſneer, won't prevent me from ſpeaking my thoughts.

Mite. Perfectly right, and prodigiouſly prudent!—Well, Sir, I hope it won't be thought too preſuming, if I deſire to hear my ſentence proceed from the mouth of the father and daughter.

Thomas. By all means; I will wait on you thither.

Mite. That is not ſo convenient, at preſent. I have brought from Italy, antiques, ſome curious remains, which are to be depoſited in the archives of this country: The Antiquarian Society have, in conſequence, choſen me one of their body, and this is the hour of reception.

Thomas. We ſhall ſee you in the courſe of the day?

Mite. At the cloſe of the ceremony. Perhaps, I ſhall have ſomething to urge, that may procure me ſome favour from your very reſpectable family.—Piccard, attend Mr. A—a—a to the door.

Thomas. I gueſs your deſign. [*Exit.*

Mite. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Stept to my attorney directly, bid him attend me within an hour at Oldham's, armed with all the powers I gave him. [*Exit Servant.*

I will ſee if I can't bend to my will this ſturdy race of inſolent beggars!—After all, riches to a man who knows how to employ them, are as uſeful in England as in any part of the Eaſt: There they

they gain us thoſe ends in ſpite and defiance of law, which, with a proper agent, may here be obtained under the pretence and colour of law.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

The Antiquarian Society.

Secretary.

SIR Matthew Mite, preceded by his preſents, will attend this honourable Society this morning.

1 *Ant.* Is he appriſed that an inauguration-ſpeech is required, in which he is to expreſs his love of vertù, and produce proofs of his antique erudition?

Sec. He has been appriſed, and is rightly prepared.

2 *Ant.* Are the minutes of our laſt meeting fairly recorded and entered?

Sec. They are.

1 *Ant.* And the valuable antiques which have happily eſcaped the depredations of time ranged and regiſtered rightly?

Sec. All in order.

2 *Ant.* As there are new acquiſitions to the Society's ſtock, I think it is right that the members ſhould be inſtructed in their ſeveral natures and names.

1 *Ant.* By all means. Read the liſt!

Sec. " *Imprimis.* In a large glaſs-caſe, and in " fine preſervation, the toe of the ſlipper of " Cardinal

" Cardinal Pandulpho, with which he kicked the " breech of King John at Swinſtead-Abbey, when " he gave him abſolution and penance."

2 *Ant.* A moſt noble remains!

1 *Ant.* An excellent antidote againſt the progreſs of Popery, as it proves the Pontiff's inſolent abuſe of his power!—Proceed.

Sec. " A pair of nut-crackers, preſented by " Harry the Eighth to Anna Bullen the eve of " their nuptials; the wood ſuppoſed to be " walnut."

1 *Ant.* Which proves, that before the reformation walnut-trees were planted in England.

Sec. " The cape of Queen Elizabeth's riding- " hood, which ſhe wore on a ſolemn feſtival, " when carried behind Burleigh to Paul's; the " cloth undoubtedly Kidderminſter."

2 *Ant.* A moſt inſtructive leſſon to us, as it proves that patriotic princeſs wore nothing but the manufactures of England!

Sec. " A cork-ſcrew preſented by Sir John " Falſtaff to Harry the Fifth, with a tobacco- " ſtopper of Sir Walter Raleigh's, made of the " ſtern of the ſhip in which he firſt compaſſed " the globe; given to the Society by a clergy- " man from the North-Riding of Yorkſhire."

1 *Ant.* A rare inſtance of generoſity, as they muſt have both been of ſingular uſe to the reverend donor himſelf!

Sec. " A curious collection, in regular and " undoubted ſucceſſion, of all the tickets of " Iſlington-Turnpike, from its firſt inſtitution " to the twentieth of May."

2 *Ant.* Preſerve them with care, as they may hereafter ſerve to illuſtrate that part of the Engliſh Hiſtory.

" *Sec.*

Sec. "A wooden medal of Shakeſpeare, made "from the mulberry-tree he planted himſelf; with "a Queen Anne's farthing; from the Manager of "Drury-Lane Playhouſe."

1 *Ant.* Has he received the Society's thanks?

Sec. They are ſent.

Enter Beadle.

Beadle. Sir Matthew Mite attends at the door.

1 *Ant.* Let him be admitted directly.

Enter Sir Matthew Mite, preceded by four Blacks; firſt Black bearing a large book; ſecond, a green chamber-pot; third, ſome lava from the mountain Veſuvius; fourth, a box. Sir Matthew takes his ſeat; Secretary receives the firſt preſent, and reads the label.

Sec. "Purchaſed of the Abbé Montini at "Naples for five hundred pounds, an illegible "manuſcript in Latin, containing the twelve "books of Livy, ſuppoſed to be loſt."

Mite. This invaluable treaſure was very near falling into the hands of the Pope, who deſigned to depoſit it in the Vatican Library, and I reſcued it from idolatrous hands.

1 *Ant.* A pious, learned, and laudable purchaſe!

Sec. [*receives the ſecond preſent, and reads the label.*] "A ſarcophagus, or Roman urn, dug from the "temple of Concord."

Mite. Suppoſed to have held the duſt of Marc-Antony's coachman.

Sec. [*receives the third preſent, and reads*] "A "large piece of the lava, thrown from the Veſuvian "volcano at the laſt great eruption."

Mite. By a chymical analyſis, it will be eaſy to

to diſcover the conſtituent parts of this maſs; which, by properly preparing it, will make it no difficult taſk to propagate burning mountains in England, if encouraged by premiums.

2 *Ant.* Which it will, no doubt!

Mite. Gentlemen! Not contented with collecting, for the uſe of my country, theſe ineſtimables relics, with a large catalogue of petrifactions, bones, beetles, and butterflies, contained in that box, [*pointing to the preſent borne by the fourth Black.*] I have likewiſe laboured for the advancement of national knowledge: For which end, permit me to clear up ſome doubts relative to a material and intereſting point in the Engliſh hiſtory. Let others toil to illumine the dark annals of Greece, or of Rome; my ſearches are ſacred only to the ſervice of Britain!

The point I mean to clear up, is an error crept into the life of that illuſtrious magiſtrate, the great Whittington, and his no-leſs-eminent Cat: And in this diſquiſition four material points are in queſtion.

1ſt. Did Whittington ever exiſt?

2d. Was Whittington Lord-Mayor of London?

3d. Was he really poſſeſſed of a Cat?

4th. Was that cat the ſource of his wealth?

That Whittington lived, no doubt can be made; that he was Lord-Mayor of London, is equally true; but as to his Cat, that, gentlemen, is the gordian knot to unite. And here, gentlemen, be it permited me to define what a Cat is. A Cat is a domeſtic, whiſkered, four-footed animal, whoſe employment is catching of mice; but let Puſs have been ever ſo ſubtle, let Puſs have been ever ſo ſucceſsful, to what could

could Puſs's captures amount? no tanner can curry the ſkin of a mouſe, no family make a meal of the meat; conſequently, no Cat could give Whittington his wealth. From whence then does this error proceed? be that my care to point out!

The commerce this worthy merchant carried on, was chiefly confined to our coaſts; for this purpoſe, he conſtructed a veſſel, which, from its agility and lightneſs, he aptly chriſtened a Cat. Nay, to this our day, gentlemen, all our coals from Newcaſtle are imported in nothing but Cats. From thence it appears, that it was not the whiſkered, four-footed, mouſe-killing Cat, that was the ſource of the magiſtrate's wealth, but the coaſting, ſailing, coal-carrying Cat; that, gentlemen, was Whittington's Cat.

1 *Ant.* What a fund of learning!

2 *Ant.* Amazing acuteneſs of erudition!

1 *Ant.* Let this diſcovery be made public directly.

2 *Ant.* And the author mentioned with honour.

1 *Ant.* I make no doubt but the city of London will deſire him to ſit for his picture, or ſend him his freedom in a fifty-pound box.

2 *Ant.* The honour done their firſt magiſtrate richly deſerves it.

1 *Ant.* Break we up this aſſembly, with a loud declaration, that Sir Matthew Mite is equally ſkilled in arts as well as in arms.

2 *Ant. Tam Mercurio quam Marti.* [*Exe. Ant.*

Mite. Having thus diſcharged my debt to the public, I muſt attend to my private affairs. Will Rapine, my attorney, attend as I bid him?

Serv. He will be punctual, your honour.

Mite.

Mite. Then drive to Hanover-ſquare.

Putty [*without.*] I will come in!

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a little ſhabby fellow without, that inſiſts on ſeeing your honour.

Mite. Why, who and what can he be?

Serv. He calls himſelf Putty, and ſays he went to ſchool with your honour.

Serv. [*within.*] His honour don't know you!

Putty. I will come in! Not know me, you oaf? what ſhould ail him? Why, I tell you, we were bred up together from boys. Stand by, or I'll——

Enter Putty.

Hey! yes, it is—no, it a'n't—yes, it is Matthew Mite.—Lord love your queer face! what a figure you cut! how you are altered! well, had I met with you by chance, I don't think I ſhould ever have known you. I have had a deuced deal of work to get at you.

Mite. This is a lucky encounter!

Putty. There is a little fat fellow, that opens the door at your houſe, was as pert as a 'prentice juſt out of his time: He would not give me the leaſt inkling about you; and I ſhould have returned to Shoreditch as wiſe as I came, if ſome folks who are gazing at the fine gilt coach in the ſtreet, hadn't told me 'twas yours. Well, Maſter Mite, things are mainly changed ſince we were boys at the Blue-Coat: Who could have thought that you would have got ſo up in the world? for you know you were reckoned a dull one at ſchool.

Serv. Friend, do you know who you talk to?

Putty.

Putty. Yes, friend, much better than you do. I am told he is become a Knight, and a Nabob; and what of all that? For your Nabobs, they are but a kind of outlandiſh creatures, that won't paſs current with us; and as to knights, we have a few of them in the city, whom I dare ſpeak to without doffing my hat. So, Mr. Scrapetrencher, let's have no more of your jaw!—I ſay, Mat, doesn't remember one Eaſter-Tueſday, how you tipt the barrow-woman into Fleet-ditch, as we were going about with the hymns?

Mite. An anecdote that does me infinite honour!

Putty. How all the folks laughed to ſee how bolt upright ſhe ſtood on her head in the mud! ha! ha! ha! And one fifth of November, I ſhall never forget! how you frightened a preaching methodiſt taylor, by throwing a cracker into the pulpit.

Mite. Another pretty exploit!

Putty. At every bounce, how poor Stitch capered and jumped! Ah! many's the merry freak we have had! for this I muſt ſay, though Mat was but bad at his book, for miſchiefful matters there wasn't a more ingenous cuterer lad in the ſchool.

Mite. Yes; I have got a fine reputation, I ſee!

Putty. Well, but Mat! what, be'ſt dumb? why doesn't ſpeak to a ſchool-fellow?

Mite. That at preſent is more than I'll own.—I fancy, Mr. A—a—a, you have made ſome miſtake.

Putty. Some miſtake?

Mite. I don't recollect that I ever had the honour to know you.

Putty. What, don't you remember Phil Putty!

Mite.

Mite. No.

Putty. That was 'prentice to Maſter Gibſon, the glazier in Shoreditch?

Mite. No.

Putty. That at the Blue-Coat-Hoſpital has often ſaved your bacon by owning your pranks?

Mite. No.

Putty. No! What, then, mayhap you ben't Mat Mite, ſon of old John and Margery Mite, at the Sow and Sauſage in St. Mary Axe, that took the tarts from the man in Pye-corner, and was ſent beyond ſea, for fear worſe ſhould come on it?

Mite. You ſee, Mr. Putty, the glazier, if that is your name and profeſſion, you are entirely out in this matter; ſo you need not repeat your viſits to me. *Exit.*

Putty. Now here's a pretty purſe-proud ſon a a——who, forſooth, becauſe he is grown great by robbing the heathens, won't own an old friend and acquaintance, and one too of the livery beſide! Dammee, the great Turk himſelf need not be aſhamed to ſhake hands with a citizen! "Mr. Putty the glazier!" well, what a pox am I the better for you? I'll be ſworn our company has made more money by a ſingle election at Brentford, than by all his exploits put together. [*Exit.*

Sir John Oldham's houſe.

Enter Mr. Thomas Oldham, followed by a Servant.

Thomas. Sir Matthew Mite is not come?

Serv. No, Sir.

Thomas. Is Tom here?

Serv. Mr. Oldham is, I believe, with Miſs in the parlour.

Thomas.

Thomas. Let him know I would ſee him. [*Exit Serv.*] Poor boy! Nay, I ſincerely grieve for them both! this diſappointment, like an untimely froſt, will hang heavy on their tender years: To conquer the firſt and fineſt feelings of nature is an arduous taſk!

Enter Young Oldham.

So, Tom! ſtill attached to this ſpot, I perceive?

Y. Old. Sir, I arrived but the inſtant before you.

Thomas. Nay, child, I don't blame you. You are no ſtranger to the almoſt-invincible bars that oppoſe your views on my niece; it would be therefore prudent, inſtead of indulging, to wean yourſelf by degrees.

Y. Old. Are there no hopes, then, Sir, of ſubduing my aunt?

Thomas. I ſee none: Nay, perhaps, as matters now ſtand, a compliance may be out of her power.

Y. Old. How is that poſſible, Sir? out of her power?

Thomas. I won't anticipate: Misfortunes come too ſoon of themſelves; a ſhort time will explain what I mean.

Y. Old. You alarm me! Would you condeſcend to inſtruct me, I hope, Sir, I ſhall have diſcretion enough——

Thomas. It would anſwer no end. I would have you both prepare for the worſt: See your couſin again; and remember, this, perhaps, may be the laſt time of your meeting.

Y. Old. The laſt of our——

Thomas. But Sophy is here. I muſt go in to Sir John. [*Oldham bows low to Sophy and retires.*

Enter

Enter Sophy.

Sophy. Sir! What can be the meaning of this? My uncle Oldham avoids me! you ſeem ſhocked! no additional misfortune, I hope?

Y. Old. My father has threatened me, in obſcure terms, I confeſs, with the worſt that can happen.

Sophy. How!

Y. Old. The total, nay, perhaps, immediate loſs of my Sophy.

Sophy. From what cauſe?

Y. Old. That, in tenderneſs, he choſe to conceal.

Sophy. But why make it a myſtery? have you no gueſs?

Y. Old. Not the moſt diſtant conception. My lady's diſlike would hardly prompt her to ſuch violent meaſures. I can't comprehend how this can poſſibly be; but yet my father has too firm, too manly a mind, to encourage or harbour vain fears.

Sophy. Here they come. I ſuppoſe the riddle will ſoon be explained.

Enter Sir John, Lady, and Thomas Oldham.

L. Old. But what motive could he have for demanding this whimſical interview? he could not doubt your credentials, or think his preſence could be grateful to us.

Thomas. I have delivered my meſſage.

L. Old. Perhaps he depends on his rhetorical powers: I hear he has a good opinion of them. Stay, Sophy! Sir Matthew Mite, diſtruſting the meſſage we begged your uncle to carry, deſires to have it confirmed by ourſelves: I fancy, child,

child, you will do yourſelf no violence in rejecting this lover. He is an amiable ſwain, I confeſs!

Sophy. I ſhall be always happy in obeying your ladyſhip's orders.

L. Old. Are you ſure of that, Sophy? a time may ſoon come for the trial.

Sir John. Well, in the main, I am glad of this meeting; it will not only put a final end to this buſineſs, but give us an opportunity of diſcuſſing other matters, my dear.

L. Old. Is that your opinion, Sir John? I fancy he will not be very fond of prolonging his viſit.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Matthew Mite!

L. Old. Shew him in!—Now, Sir John, be on your guard; ſupport this ſcene with a dignity that becomes one of your birth and——

Sir John. Never fear my dignity, love. I warrant you I'll give him as good as he brings.

Enter Sir Matthew Mite.

Mite. I find the whole tribe is convened.—I hope I am not an intruder; but I confeſs the extraordinary anſwer I received from the mouth of this worthy citizen, to a meſſage conveyed by my ſecretary, induced me to queſtion its authenticity, unleſs confirmed by yourſelves.

L. Old. And why ſhould you think our reply ſo very extraordinary?

Mite. You muſt give me leave to ſmile at that queſtion.

L. Old. A very deciſive anſwer, I own!

Mite.

Mite. You are, Lady Oldham, a woman of the world, and ſuppoſed not to be wanting in ſenſe.

L. Old. Which this conduct of mine inclines you to doubt?

Mite. Why, to be plain, my condition and your own ſituation conſidered, prudence might have dictated a different reply.

L. Old. And yet, Sir Matthew, upon the matureſt deliberation, all the parties, you ſee, perſiſt in giving no other.

Mite. Is it ſo? You will permit me, Lady Oldham, to deſire one of thoſe reaſons which influenced this auguſt aſſembly upon the occaſion?

L. Old. They will, I dare ſay, appear but trifling to you.

Mite. Let us have them, however.

L. Old. Firſt, we think it right to have a little regard to *her* happineſs, as ſhe is indebted for her exiſtence to us.

Mite. Which you think ſhe riſques in a union with me? [*Lady Oldham bows.*] And why ſo? I have the means to procure her, madam, thoſe enjoyments with which your ſex is chiefly delighted.

L. Old. You will, Sir Matthew, pardon my weakneſs; but I would much rather ſee my child with a competence, nay, even reduced to an indigent ſtate, than voluptuouſly rioting in pleaſures that derive their ſource from the ruin of others.

Mite. Ruin! what, you, I find, adopt the popular prejudice, and conclude that every man that is rich is a villain?

L. Old.

L. Old. I only echo the voice of the public. Beſides, I would wiſh my daughter a more ſolid eſtabliſhment: The poſſeſſions ariſing from plunder very rarely are permanent; we every day ſee what has been treacherouſly and rapaciouſly gained, as profuſely and full as rapidly ſquandered.

Mite. I am ſorry, madam, to ſee one of your faſhion, concur in the common cry of the times; but ſuch is the gratitude of this country to thoſe who have given it dominion and wealth.

Thomas. I could wiſh even that fact was well founded, Sir Matthew. Your riches (which perhaps too are only ideal) by introducing a general ſpirit of diſſipation, have extinguiſhed labour and induſtry, the ſlow, but ſure ſource of national wealth.

Mite. To theſe refinements I have no time to reply. By one of your ladyſhip's hints I ſhall profit at leaſt: I ſhall be a little more careful of the plunder I have made. Sir John Oldham, you recollect a ſmall ſum borrowed by you?

Sir John. I do.

Mite. The obligations for which are in my poſſeſſion at preſent.

Sir John. I underſtand as much by your letter.

Mite. As I find there is an end of our treaty, it would be right, I think, to diſcharge them directly.

Sir John. I can't ſay that is quite ſo convenient; beſides, I underſtood the party was to wait till the time that Jack comes of age.

Mite. I am told the law does not underſtand what is not clearly expreſſed. Beſides, the probable event of your death, or the young gentleman's

man's ſhyneſs to fulfil the agreement, are enough to put a man on his guard.

Thomas. Now comes on the ſtorm.

Mite. And, that my prudence might not ſuffer in that lady's opinion, I have taken ſome precautions which my attorney will more clearly unfold.—Mr. Rapine!

Enter Rapine.

You will explain this affair to Sir John: I am a military man, and quite a ſtranger to your legal manœuvres.

Rap. By command of my client, Sir Matthew, I have iſſued here a couple of writs.

L. Old. Sir John!

Sir John. What?

Rap. By one of which, plaintiff poſſeſſes the perſon, by t'other goods and chattels, of Sir John the defendant.

Mite. A definition very clear and conciſe!

L. Old. Goods, Sir? what, muſt I be turned out of my houſe?

Rap. No, madam; you may ſtay here till we ſell, which perhaps mayn't happen theſe two days. We muſt, indeed, leave a few of our people, juſt to take care that there is nothing embezzled.

L. Old. A ſhort reſpite, indeed! For a little time, I dare ſay, my brother Oldham will afford us protection. Come, Sir John, nor let us indulge that monſter's malice with a longer ſight of our miſery.

Rap. You, madam, are a wife, and may go where you pleaſe; but as to Sir John——

L. Old. Well!

Rap.

Rap. He muſt not ſtir: We are anſwerable for the poſſeſſion of him.

L. Old. Of him? a priſoner? then indeed is our ruin complete!

Sophy. Oh, uncle!—You have been pleaſed, Sir, to expreſs an affection for me: Is it poſſible, Sir, you can be ſo cruel, ſo unkind to my parents——

Mite. They are unkind to themſelves.

Sophy. Let me plead for mercy! ſuſpend but a little!—My uncle, you, Sir, are wealthy too!—Indeed we are honeſt! you will not run the leaſt riſque.

Mite. There is a condition, Miſs, in which you have a right to command.

Sophy. Sir!

Mite. It is in your power, and that of your parents, to eſtabliſh one common intereſt amongſt us.

L. Old. Never! After rejecting, with the contempt they deſerved, the firſt arrogant offers you made, do you ſuppoſe this freſh inſult will gain us?

Mite. I am anſwered.—I preſume, Mr. Rapine, there is no longer occaſion for me?

Sophy. Stop, Sir! Mr. Oldham teaches me what I ſhould do. Can I ſee their diſtreſs? Heaven knows with what eagerneſs I would ſacrifice my own peace, my own happineſs, to procure them relief! [*Kneels to Sir Matthew.*

Thomas. Riſe, niece! nor hope to ſoften that breaſt, already made too callous by crimes! I have long ſeen, Sir, what your malice intended, and prepared myſelf to baffle its purpoſe. I am inſtructed, Sir, in the amount of this man's demands on my brother: You will there find a ſum

ſum more than ſufficient to pay it.—And now, my dear ſiſter, I hope you will pleaſe to allow a citizen may be uſeful ſometimes.

Mite. Mr. Rapine, is this manœuvre according to law?

Rap. The law, Sir Matthew, always ſleeps when ſatisfaction is made.

Mite. Does it? Our practice is different in the Mayor's Court at Calcutta.—I ſhall now make my bow; and leave this family, whom I wiſhed to make happy in ſpite of themſelves, ſoon to regret the fatal loſs ſuſtained by their obſtinate folly.

Thomas. Nor can it be long before the wiſdom of their choice will appear; as by partaking of the ſpoil, they might have been involved in that vengeance, which ſoon or late can't fail to fall on the head of the author: And, Sir, notwithſtanding your ſeeming ſecurity, perhaps the hour of retribution is near!

Mite. You muſt, Maſter Oldham, give me leave to laugh at your prophetic effuſion. This is not Sparta, nor are theſe the chaſte times of the Roman republic: Now-a-days, riches poſſeſs at leaſt one magical power, that, being rightly diſpenſed, they cloſely conceal the ſource from whence they proceeded: That wiſdom, I hope never to want.—I am the obſequious ſervant of this reſpectable family! Adieu!—Come along, Rapine! [*Exit. with Rapine.*

L. Old. Brother, what words can I uſe, or how can we thank you as we ought? Sir John! Sophy!

Thomas. I am doubly paid, Lady Oldham, in ſupplying the wants of my friends, and defeating the deſigns of a villain. As to the mere money,

money, we citizens indeed are odd kind of folks, and always expect good ſecurity for what we advance.

L. Old. Sir John's perſon, his fortune, every—

Thomas. Nay, nay, nay, upon this occaſion we will not be troubled with land: If you, ſiſter, will place as a pledge my fair couſin in the hands of my ſon——

L. Old. I freely reſign her diſpoſal to you.

Sir John. And I.

Thomas. Then be happy, my children! And as to my young couſins within, I hope we ſhall be able to ſettle them without Sir Matthew's aſſiſtance: For, however praiſeworthy the ſpirit of adventure may be, whoever keeps his poſt, and does his duty at home, will be found to render his country beſt ſervice at laſt! [*Exeunt.*

Lately

THE

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.
1794.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME copies of ſpurious impreſſions of the Cozeners and the Maid of Bath, having been printed and circulated before the application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, it has been thought adviſable, in vindication of the property of the Editor, as well as in juſtice to the deceaſed Author, immediately to commit to the preſs genuine editions of the two dramatic pieces above-mentioned, together with this Comedy, which had been alſo without authority advertiſed for publication.

On inſpection of the ſpurious impreſſions, it appears, that all the errors of careleſs and ignorant tranſcribers are there religiouſly preſerved; and all the additions and improvements, made by the facetious Writer, are omitted. Many inſtances of this will occur on peruſal of thoſe Comedies, and particularly the Cozeners; in which, beſides the reſtoration of ſeveral paſſages always ſpoken on the ſtage, the Reader will find a whole ſcene, at the end of the Firſt Act, and another, ſtill more entertaining and popular, at the beginning of the Third; both which were wholly wanting in the ſpurious impreſſions.

Unauthorized publications are not only always detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the publick: for the copies, being obtained by clandeſtine and indirect means, are, for the moſt part, as has happened in the preſent inſtance, incorrect and imperfect.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEVIL,		*Mr. Foote.*
Sir THOMAS MAXWELL,		*Mr. Gardner.*
INVOICE,	Doctors.	*Mr. Du-Bellamy.*
SLIGO,		*Mr. Moody.*
BROADBRIM,		*Mr. Thompſon.*
OSASAFRAS,		*Mr. Egan.*
FINGERFEE,		*Mr. Hutton.*
CAMPHIRE,		*Mr. Fearon.*
CALOMEL,		*Mr. Lings.*
DIACHYLON,		*Mr. Lewis.*
HABAKKUK,		*Mr. Pierce.*
Dr. LAST,		*Mr. Weſton.*
JOHNNY MACPHERSON,		*Mr. Hamilton.*
JULEP,		*Mr. Palmer.*
APOZEM,		*Mr. Caſtle.*
FORCEPS,		*Mr. Stevens.*
SECRETARY,		*Mr. Loyd.*
PRINTERS'S DEVIL,		*Mr. Jacobs.*
MARGARET,		*Mrs. Gardner.*
HARRIET,		*Mrs. Jewell.*

Servants, &c.

THE

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

ACT I.

A ROOM.

Enter Sir Thomas Maxwell and Margaret.

Sir Thomas.

WHY, the woman is mad! theſe curſed news-paper patriots have ſhatter'd her brains! nothing leſs than a ſenator of ſeven years ſtanding can conceive what ſhe means.

Marg. Why, Sir Thomas, my converſation is neither deficient in order, preciſion, or dignity.

Sir Tho. Dignity! and what occaſion for dignity in the common concerns of my houſe? why the deuce can't you converſe like the reſt of the world? If you want money to pay off my bills, you move me for further ſupplies; if I turn away a ſervant, you condemn me for ſo often changing my miniſtry; and becauſe I lock up my daughter, to prevent her eloping with the paltry clerk of a pitiful trader, it is forſooth an invaſion of the Bill of Rights, and a mortal ſtap to the great Charter of Liberty.

Marg. As Serjeant Second'em ſaid in the debate on the corn bill, "Then why don't you chuſe "better ground, brother, and learn to enlarge "your bottom a little? Conſider, you muſt draw "the line of liberty ſomewhere; for if theſe rights "belong"——

Sir Tho. Mercy on us!

Marg.

Marg. But indeed, my dear brother, you are got quite out of your depth: Woman, I tell you, is a microcoſm, and rightly to rule her requires as great talents, as to govern a ſtate. And what ſays the Aphoriſm of Cardinal Polignac? "If "you would not have a perſon deceive you, be "careful not to let him know you miſtruſt him!" and ſo of your daughter.

Sir Tho. Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, beſtow your advice where it is wanted! Out of my depth! a likely ſtory indeed, that I, who am fixed here in a national truſt, appointed guardian of the Engliſh intereſt at the court of Madrid, ſhould not know how to manage a girl!

Marg. And pray, Mr. Conſul, what information will your ſtation afford you? I don't deny your knowledge in export and import, nor doubt your ſkill in the difference between wet and dry goods; you may weigh with exactneſs the ballance of trade, or explain the true ſpirit of a treaty of commerce; the ſurface, the mere ſkimmings of the political pot!

Sir Tho. Mighty well!

Marg. But had you, with me, traced things to their original ſource; had you diſcover'd all ſocial ſubordination to ariſe from original compact; had you read Machiavel, Monteſquieu, Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, Hume; had you ſtudied the political teſtaments of Alberoni and Cardinal Richlieu——

Sir Tho. Mercy on us!

Marg. Had you analized the Pragmatick Sanction, and the family-compact; had you toil'd thro' the laborious page of the Vinerian profeſſor, or eſtimated the prevailing manners with the Vicar of Newcaſtle; in a word, had you read

Amicus

Amicus upon Taxation, and Inimicus upon Repreſentation, you would have known——

Sir Tho. What?

Marg. That, in ſpite of the frippery French Salick laws, woman is a free agent, a noun ſubſtantive entity, and, when treated with confidence——

Sir Tho. Why, perhaps, ſhe may not abuſe it: But ſtill, my ſage ſiſter, it is but a *perhaps*; now my method is certain, infallible; by confining her, I can't be deceived.

Marg. And pray, Sir, what right have you to confine her? look in your Puffendorff! tho' born in Spain, ſhe is a native of England; her birth-right is liberty—a better patrimonial eſtate than any of your deſpotic countries could give her.

Sir Tho. Zooks, you would tire the patience of Job! Pray anſwer me this; is Harriet my daughter?

Marg. What then? for that ineſtimable bleſſing ſhe is not beholden to you; nor can you, tho' a father, with reaſon, juſtice, or law, take it from her.

Sir Tho. Why, Margaret, you forget where you are! This, child, is the town of Madrid; you are amongſt a ſage, ſteady people, who know and revere the natural rights of a parent.

Marg. Natural rights! Can a right to tyrannize be founded in nature?

Sir Tho. Look'ee, Margaret! you are but loſing your time; for unleſs you can prevail on Count Wall, or the preſident of Caſtille, to grant you a Habeas, why Harriet ſhall ſtay where ſhe is.

Marg. Ay, ay, you know where you are; but, if my niece will take my advice, the juſtice that is

is denied to her here, ſhe will inſtantly ſeek for elſewhere.

Sir Tho. Elſewhere? hark you, ſiſter! is it thus you anſwer my purpoſe in bringing you hither? I hoped to have my daughter's principles form'd by your prudence; her conduct directed by your experience and wiſdom.

Marg. The preliminary is categorically true.

Sir Tho. Then why don't you abide by the treaty?

Marg. Yes; you have given me powerful motives.

Sir Tho. But another word, madam: as I don't chuſe that Harriet ſhould imbibe any more of your romantic republican notions, I ſhall take it as a great favour if you would prepare to quit this country with the firſt opportunity.

Marg. You need not have remonſtrated; a petition would have anſwered your purpoſe: I did intend to withdraw, and without taking leave; nor will I reſide on a ſpot where the great charter of my ſex is hourly invaded! No, Sir Thomas; I ſhall return to the land of liberty! but there expect to have your deſpotic dealings properly and publicly handled.

Sir Tho. What, you deſign to turn author?

Marg. There's no occaſion for that; liberty has already a champion in one of my ſex: The ſame pen that has dared to ſcourge the arbitrary actions of ſome of our monarchs, ſhall do equal juſtice to the oppreſſive power of parents!

Sir Tho. With all my heart.

Marg. I may, perhaps, be too late to get you into the hiſtorical text; but, I promiſe you, you ſhall be ſoundly ſwinged in the marginal note.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. What! now?

Serv. This inſtant.

Sir

Sir Tho. How did he get in?

Serv. By a ladder of ropes, dropt, I ſuppoſe, by Miſs Harriet from the balcony.

Sir Tho. That way, I reckon, he thinks to retreat; but I ſhall prevent him? Here, Dick, do you and Ralph run into the ſtreet, and front the houſe with a couple of carbines; bid James bring my toledo; and let the reſt of the fellows follow my ſteps!

Marg. Hey-day! what can be the meaning of this civil commotion?

Sir Tho. Nothing extraordinary; only the natural conſequence of ſome of your ſalutary ſuggeſtions.

Marg. Mine, Sir Thomas?

Sir Tho. Yes, yours, ſiſter Margaret!

Marg. I don't underſtand you.

Sir Tho. Oh, nothing but Harriet making uſe of her great natural charter of liberty, by letting young Invoice, Abraham Indigo's clerk, by the means of a ladder of ropes, into her chamber.

Marg. I am not ſurprized.

Sir Tho. Nor I neither.

Marg. The inſtant your ſuſpicions gave her a guard, I told her the act was tantamount to an open declaration of war, and ſanctified every ſtratagem.

Sir Tho. You did? mighty well, madam! I hope then, for once, you will approve my proceedings; the law of nations ſhall be ſtrictly obſerved; you ſhall ſee how a ſpy ought to be treated, who is caught in the enemy's camp!

Enter Servant with the toledo.

Oh, here's my truſty toledo. Come, follow your leader! [*Exit with Servants.*

Marg. Oh, Sir, I ſhall purſue, and reconnoitre your motions; and tho' no cartel is ſettled between;

tween you, take care how you infringe the *jus gentium.* [*Exit Marg.*

Another chamber. Harriet and Invoice diſcovered.

Har. Are you ſure you were not obſerved?

Inv. I believe not.

Har. Well, Mr. Invoice, you can, I think, now no longer doubt of my kindneſs; tho', let me tell you, you are a good deal indebted for this early proof of it, to my father's ſeverity.

Inv. I am ſorry, madam, an event, ſo happy for me, ſhould proceed from ſo unlucky a cauſe: But are there no hopes that Sir Thomas may be ſoftened in time?

Har. None: He is, both from nature and habit, inflexibly obſtinate. This too is his favourite foible; no German baron was ever more attached to the genealogical laws of alliance than he: Marry his daughter to a perſon in trade? no! Put his preſent favourite out of the queſtion, he can never be brought to ſubmit to it.

Inv. Dear Miſs Harriet, then why will you heſitate? there can be no other alternative; you muſt either ſubmit to marry the count, or by flight eſcape from the——

Har. No, Mr. Invoice, not till the laſt neceſſity drives me. Beſides, where can we go? how ſubſiſt? who will receive us?

Inv. *The world is all before us where to chuſe*; and, as we fly from oppreſſion, *Providence our guide.*

Har. The world, Mr. Invoice, is but a cold kind of common; and, as to Providence, let us firſt be ſure we deſerve its protection.—— [*A noiſe without.*] Bleſs me! don't I hear ſome buſtle below?

Inv. Madam!

Har.

Har. Hush! my father, as I live! I fear, Mr. Invoice, you are discovered.

Inv. No, surely!

Sir Tho. [*without.*] Have you secured all the posts?

Serv. [*without.*] All, Sir.

Sir Tho. Both the front and the rear?

Serv. Both.

Har. Lost, past redemption!

Sir Tho. Then advance! now let us unharbour the rascal!

Har. What can we do?

Sir Tho. Come, madam, open your doors!

Har. The balcony, quick, Mr. Invoice, the balcony!

Sir Tho. Unlock, Mrs. Minx! your minion is discovered.

Inv. A couple of fellows stand below, with their pieces pointed directly against it.

Sir Tho. What, then, you will compel us to batter?

Har. The whole house is surrounded! how can you escape?

Inv. Where will this window conduct us?

Har. To the leads that join our house to the chymist's.

Inv. To the leads? it is but a step; there is no danger.

Har. Then instantly fly! you have every thing to fear from my father.

Sir Tho. John, fetch the mattock and crow!

Inv. And leave my Harriet behind me?

Har. Secure yourself, and abandon me to my fate.

Inv. No, madam, that I will never do; I'll dare your father's utmost resentment,

Sir

Sir Tho. Where is that raſcal loitering?

Har. Then you are loſt!

Inv. Would my Harriet accompany my flight—

Har Can you deſire it?

Inv. I do, I do; my deareſt angel, I do! By all that's ſacred, your honour ſhall be as ſecure with me as in the cell of a ſaint!

Har. But character, decency, prudence——

Inv. The occaſion, the danger, all juſtify—

Sir Tho. Oh, what, you are come at laſt.

Inv. Determine, my life! You have but a moment—

Har. Should you, Mr. Invoice, deceive me—

Inv. When I do, may my laſt hope deceive me!

Har. It is a bold, a dangerous ſtep!

Inv. Fear nothing, my love!

Advances to the window, and gets out.

Sir Tho. Drive at the pannel.

Marg. [*without.*] I enter my proteſt!

Sir Tho. And I will enter the room!

Inv. Now leap; all is ſafe.

Harriet gets out at the window.

Sir Thomas, adieu!

Sir Tho. Wrench open the lock!

Marg. Ay, do, at your peril!

Sir Tho. Down with the door!

Marg. Then you ſhall all be ſwingingly ſouſed. Produce your authority.

Sir Tho. Mine!

Marg. You have none; not ſo much as the ſanction of a general warrant.

Sir Tho. What, then, I ſee I muſt do it myſelf; There it goes! Pretty law indeed, to lock a man out of his own houſe!

Enter

Enter Sir Thomas, Margaret, and Servants.

Now, Mrs.—Heyday! what are become of the parties? vaniſhed?

Marg. Deceived by your ſpies! no uncommon thing, brother, for a blundering general.

Sir Tho. You are ſure you ſaw him come in?

Serv. Certain, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Then I warrant we will ferret them out. Come, lads! let not a corner eſcape you!

[*Exeunt Sir Tho. and Servants.*

Marg. I ſhall wait on your motions, and bring up the rear. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the Chymiſt's.

Enter Invoice and Harriet, through the ſaſh.

Inv. Safely landed, however.

Har. Are you ſure you are not purſued?

Inv. Not a ſoul: Never fear! they will hardly venture this road.

Har. What a ſtep have you induced me to take! to what diſtreſs and difficulties have I expoſed myſelf!

Inv. Baniſh your fears, and let us look forward, my love.

Har. Nay, I have gone too far to retreat. Well, Sir, what is next to be done?

Inv. The Spaniards are naturally generous; perhaps, upon hearing our ſtory, the owner of the houſe may lend his aſſiſtance. This, I ſuppoſe, is the Laboratory, and this door leads to the ſhop.

Devil [*in a bottle.*] Heigh-ho!

Har. Who is that?

Inv. That! where?

Har. Did not you hear a voice?

Inv.

Inv. None. Fancy, my love; only your fears.

Devil. Heigh ho!

Har. There again!

Inv. I hear it now.—Who is there?

Devil. Me.

Inv. Me? he ſpeaks Engliſh! Who and where are you?

Devil. Here in this bottle; where I have been cork'd up for theſe ſix months.

Inv. Cork'd up in a bottle! I never heard of ſuch a thing in my life, unleſs, indeed, in the Hay-market once.—Cork'd up in a bottle, d'ye ſay?

Devil. Ay; by the maſter of this houſe, a magician.

Inv. A magician! Why then you are a ſpirit, I ſuppoſe.

Devil. You are right; I am the Devil.

Har. Mercy on us!

Devil. Don't be terrified, Miſs: You remember the old proverb, "The Devil is not ſo black "as he is painted."

Inv. Well, but Sir—

Devil. A truce to your queſtions, my good Sir, for the preſent!—Conſider, ramm'd up in this narrow compaſs, I can't be much at my eaſe; now if you will but break the bottle before you on the floor——

Har. For heaven's ſake, Mr. Invoice, take care what you do.

Devil. Why, my pretty Miſs, what riſque do you run? your affairs can hardly be changed for the worſe.

Har. That's true, indeed!

Devil. Believe me, Miſs, as matters ſtand, we can be of mutual uſe: Your lover may deliver me from

from priſon, and I can prevent you both from going into confinement.

Inv. What ſays my Harriet? ſhall I rely on the gentleman's word?

Devil. Do, madam! I am a Devil of honour. Beſides, you have but a little time to conſider; in leſs than five minutes, you will have the Conſul and all his crew in the houſe.

Inv. Nay, then—Pray which is the bottle?

Devil. That in the middle, right before you.

Inv. There it goes!

[*He breaks the bottle, and Devil riſes out of it. Thunder.*

Har. Oh, what a——

Devil. I am not ſurprized, Miſs, that you are a little ſhocked at my figure: I could have aſſumed a much more agreeable form; but as we are to be a little better acquainted, I thought it beſt to quit all diſguiſe and pretence; therefore, madam, you ſee me juſt as I am.

Har. I am ſure, Sir, you are ve—ve—very agreeable.

Devil. Yo—yo—you are pleaſed to compliment, madam.—Come, anſwer me ſincerely; am I ſuch a being as you expected to ſee?

Har. Really, Sir, I can hardly ſay what I expected to ſee.

Devil. I own it is a puzzling queſtion; at leaſt, if the world does us juſtice in the contradictory qualities they are pleaſed to afford us.

Inv. You will forgive me, if I don't underſtand you.

Devil. Why, for all their ſuperlative epithets, you cannot but ſee how much men are beholden to us; by our means it is that you meaſure the extent both of your virtues and vices.

Inv.

Inv. As how?

Devil. As thus: In deſcribing your friends, or your foes, they are *deviliſh* rich, *deviliſh* poor, *deviliſh* ugly, *deviliſh* handſome; now and then, indeed, to vary the mode of converſing, you make a little free with our condition and country, as, *helliſh* dull, *damn'd* clever, *helliſh* cold; Pſha! how *damn'd* hot it is!

Inv. True, Sir, but I conſider this as a rhetorical figure, a manner of ſpeaking deviſed and practiſed by dulneſs, to conceal the lack of ideas, and the want of expreſſions.

Devil. Partly that, I confeſs: Not but there is ſome truth in the caſe; for at different times we have the power, and do aſſume the various forms, you aſſign us.

Inv. We? I obſerve you always make uſe of the plural; is that, Sir, by way of diſtinction, or, is your family pretty large and extenſive?

Devil. Multitudinous as the ſands on the beach, or the moats in a ſun beam: How the deuce elſe do you think we could do all the buſineſs below? Why, there's ſcarce an individual amongſt you, at leaſt of any rank or importance, but has five or ſix of us in his train.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. A little before I got rammed in that phial, I had been for ſome time on very hard duty in this part of the world.

Inv. Of what kind?

Devil. The Dæmon of Power and I had long laid ſiege to a ſubject, the man a grandee; I was then a popular ſpirit, and wore the maſk of a patriot; at different times, we poſſeſſed him by turns; but, in the midſt of a violent ſtruggle (by which means I got lame on this leg, and obtained

tained the nick-name of the Devil Upon Sticks), the Dæmon of Vanity, a low under-ſtrapper amongſt us, held over his head a circle of gold, with five knobs on the top, and, *whew!* flew away with our prize in an inſtant.

Inv. Under-ſtrapper! what, are there different ranks and orders amongſt you?

Devil. Without doubt.

Inv. And pray, Sir—I hope, no offence; but I would not be wanting in proper reſpect—are you, when at home, of condition? or how muſt I——

Devil. You mean, am I a Devil of faſhion, or one of the baſe born?

Inv. I do.

Devil. I have no reaſon to be aſhamed of my family.

Inv. I don't doubt it. You will forgive me, if I make a miſtake: Perhaps, my lord Lucifer.

Devil. Who?

Inv. Lord Lucifer.

Devil. Lord Lucifer? how little you know of our folks! Lucifer a *lord!* Why, that's the meaneſt raſcal amongſt us.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. Oh, a paltry mechanic! the very genius of jobbing! a mere Bull and Bear booby; the patron of lame ducks, brokers, and fraudulent bankrupts.

Inv. You amaze me! I vow I always thought him a principal agent.

Devil. He! Not at all. The fellow, indeed, gave himſelf ſome airs of importance, upon following the camp, and having the Contractors and Commiſſaries under his care; but that affair, you know, cloſed with the war.

Inv.

Inv. What, then, are they now entirely out of his hands?

Devil. Yes; quite out of his: He only ſuggeſted their *cent. per cent.* ſqueezings, and prompted the various modes of extortion and rapine: But, in his room, they have ſix or ſeven Dæmons a-piece, to direct the diſſipation of their ill-gotten wealth.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. Poor Lucifer, it is all over with him! if it were not for the fluctuation of India, an occaſional lottery, or a conteſted election, the Alley would be empty, and Lucifer have as little to do as a pickpocket when the playhouſes are ſhut.

Inv. Perhaps, Sir, then your name may be Belzebub?

Devil. He? worſe and worſe! Not a devil that has the leaſt regard to his character would chuſe to be ſeen in his company: Beſides, it is the moſt petulant, waſpiſh, quarrelſome cur—But no wonder; he is the imp of chicane, and protects the rotten part of the law.

Inv. Then he, at leaſt, has employment enough.

Devil. Yes, during the Term, he has a good deal to do: He is the parent of quibbles, the guardian of pettifoggers, bad bail, and of bailiffs: the ſupporter of *alibi's* the ſource of ſham pleas, the maker and finder of laws, the patron of perjury, and a ſworn foe to all trials by jury! Not long ago, though, my gentleman was put to his ſhifts.

Inv. How was that?

Devil. The law had laid hold of an old friend of his, for being too poſitive as to a matter of fact; evidence, evaſion, protraction, pleas, every art,

art, was employed to acquit him, that the moſt conſummate ſkill could ſuggeſt; but all to no purpoſe.

Inv. That was ſtrange.

Devil. Beyond all belief; he could have hang'd a dozen innocent people, with half the pains that this paltry perjury gave him.

Inv. How came that about?

Devil. Why—I don't know—he had unfortunately to do with an obſtinate magiſtrate, who bears a mortal hatred to rogues, and whoſe ſagacity could not be deceived. But, however, tho' he was not able to ſave his friend from the ſhame of conviction (a trifle, which he indeed but little regarded), yet he had the addreſs to evade, or at leaſt defer, the time of his puniſhment.

Inv. By what means?

Devil. By finding a flaw.

Inv. A flaw! what's a flaw?

Devil. A legal loop-hole, that the lawyers leave open for a rogue now and then to creep through, that the game mayn't be wholly deſtroy'd.

Inv. Provident ſportſmen! Would it not be too much trouble to favour me with this particular inſtance?

Devil. Not at all. Why, Sir, when matters grew deſperate, and the caſe was given over for loſt, little Belzy ſtarts up in the form of an able practitioner, and humbly conceived, that his client could not be convicted upon that indictment; foraſmuch as therein he was charged with forſwearing himſelf NOW; whereas it clearly appeared, by the evidence, that he had only forſworn himſelf THEN: If, indeed, he had been indicted

indicted generally, for committing perjury *now* AND *then*, proofs might be produced of any perjury that he may have committed; whereas, by limiting the point of time to the *now*, no proofs could be admitted as to the *then*: So that, with ſubmiſſion, he humbly conceived, his client was clearly abſolved, and his character as fair and as ſpotleſs as a babe that's juſt born, and immaculate as a ſheet of white paper.

Inv. And the objection was good?

Devil. Fatal; there was no getting rid of the flaw.

Inv. And the gentleman——

Devil. Walks about at his eaſe; not a public place, but he thruſts his perſon full in your face.

Inv. That ought not to be; the contempt of the Public, that neceſſary ſupplement to the beſt-digeſted body of laws, ſhould in theſe caſes be never diſpenſed with.

Devil. In days of yore, when the world was but young, that method had merit, and the ſenſe of ſhame was a kind of a curb; but knaves are now ſo numerous and wealthy, they can keep one another in countenance, and laugh at the reſt of the world.

Inv There may be ſomething in that.—Well, Sir, I have twice been out of my gueſs; will you give me leave to hazard a third? Perhaps you are Belphegor, or Uriel?

Devil. Neither. They too are but diminutive devils: The firſt favours the petty, pilfering frauds; he may be traced in the double ſcore and ſoap'd pot of the publican, the allum and chalk of the baker, in the ſophiſticated mixtures of the brewers of wine and of beer, and in the falſe meaſures and weights of them all.

Inv.

Inv. And Uriel?

Devil. He is the Dæmon of quacks and of mountebanks; a thriving race all over the world, but their true ſeat of empire is England: There, a ſhort ſword, a tye, and a noſtrum, a month's advertiſing, with a ſhower of handbills, never fail of creating a fortune. But of this tribe I foreſee I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak hereafter.

Inv. Well, but, Sir——

Devil. Come, Sir, I will put an end to your pain; for, from my appearance, it is impoſſible you ſhould ever gueſs at my perſon.—Now, Miſs, what think you of Cupid?

Har. You? you Cupid? you the gay god of love?

Devil. Yes; me, me, Miſs!—What, I ſuppoſe you expected the quiver at my back, and the bow in my hand; the purple pinions, and filletted forehead, with the blooming graces of youth and of beauty.

Har. Why, I can't but ſay the poets had taught me to expect charms——

Devil. That never exiſted but in the fire of their fancy; all fiction and phrenzy!

Inv. Then, perhaps, Sir, theſe creative gentlemen may err as much in your office, as it is clear they have miſtaken your perſon.

Devil. Why, their notions of me are but narrow. It is true, I do a little buſineſs in the amorous way; but my dealings are of a different kind to thoſe they deſcribe.—My province lies in forming conjunctions abſurd and prepoſterous: It is I that couple boys and beldames, girls and greybeards, together; and when you ſee a man of faſhion lock'd in legiti-

mate

mate wedlock with the ſtale leavings of half the fellows in town, or a lady of fortune ſetting out for Edinburgh in a poſt-chaiſe with her footman, you may always ſet it down as ſome of my handywork. But this is but an inconſiderable branch of my buſineſs.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. The ſeveral arts of, the drama, dancing, muſick, and painting, owe their exiſtence to me: I am the father of faſhions, the inventor of *quints*, *trente*, *quarante*, and hazard; the guardian of gameſters, the genius of gluttony, and the author, protector, and patron of licentiouſneſs, lewdneſs, and luxury.

Inv. Your department is large.

Devil. One time or other I may give you a more minute account of theſe matters; at preſent we have not a moment to loſe: Should my tyrant return, I muſt expect to be again cork'd up in a bottle. [*Knocking.*] And hark! it is the conſul that knocks at the door; therefore be quick! how can I ſerve you?

Inv. You are no ſtranger, Sir, to our diſtreſs: Here, we are unprotected and friendleſs; could your art convey us to the place of our birth—

Devil. To England?

Inv. If you pleaſe.

Devil. Without danger, and with great expedition. Come to this window, and lay hold of my cloak.—I have often reſided in England: At preſent, indeed, there are but few of our family there; every ſeventh year, we have a general diſpenſation for reſidence; for at that time the inhabitants themſelves can play *the devil* without our aid or aſſiſtance.—Off we go! ſtick faſt to your hold! [*Thunder, Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

A STREET IN LONDON.

Enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.

Devil.

WELL, my good friends, I hope you are not diſpleaſed with your journey.

Inv. We had no time to be tired.

Har. No vehicle was ever ſo eaſy.

Devil. Then, by you mortals what injuſtice is done us, when every crazy, creaking, jolting, jumbling coach, is called *the devil of a carriage.*

Inv. Very true.

Devil. Oh, amongſt you we are horridly uſed—Well, Sir, you now ſee I am a Devil of honour, and have punctually obeyed your commands: But I ſha'n't limit my gratitude to a literal compliance with our compact; is there any thing elſe for your ſervice?

Inv. Were I not afraid to treſpaſs too much on your time——

Devil. A truce to your compliments! Though they are the common change of the world, we know of what baſe metal the coin is compoſed, and have cried down the currency: Speak your wiſhes at once.

Inv. England, Sir, is our country, it is true; but Miſs Maxwell being born abroad, and my leaving it young, have made us both as much ſtrangers to it manners and cuſtoms, as if you had ſet us down at Iſaphan or Delhi: Give us, then, ſome little knowledge of the people with whom we are to live.

Devil. That taſk, young gentleman, is too much even for the Devil himſelf! Where liberty reigns, and

and property is pretty equally ſpread, independence and pride will give each individual a peculiar and ſeparate character: When claſſed in profeſſions, indeed, they then wear ſome ſingular marks that diſtinguſh them from the reſt of their race; theſe it may be neceſſary for you to know.

Inv. You will highly oblige me.

Devil. And at the ſame time that I am ſhewing you perſons, I will give you ſome little light into things. Health and property you know are the two important objects of human attention: You ſhall firſt ſee their ſtate and ſituation in London.

Inv. You mean the practice of phyſick and law?

Devil. I do. And as to the firſt, you will find it, in ſome of the profeſſors, a ſcience, noble, ſalutary and liberal; in others, a trade, as mean as it is mercenary; a contemptible combination of dunces, nurſes, and apothecaries: But you have now a lucky opportunity of knowing more in an hour of the great improvements in this branch of civil ſociety, than, by any other means, ſeven years could have taught you.

Inv. Explain, if you pleaſe.

Devil. The ſpirit of Diſcord prevails: The republic of tied periwigs, like the Romans of old, have turned their arms from the reſt of mankind, to draw their ſhort ſwords on themſelves.

Inv. But how came this about?

Devil. To carry on the metaphor, you muſt know, in this great town, there are two corps of theſe troops, equally numerous, and equally formidable: The firſt, it is true, are diſciplined, and fight under a general, whom they chriſten a Preſident: The ſecond contains the huſſars, and pandours of phyſick; they rarely attacks a patient together;

gether: not but the latter ſingle-handed can do good execution.

Inv. But their cauſe of contention?

Devil. Pride. The light troops are jealous of ſome honours the others poſſeſs by preſcription, and, though, but a militia, think they have right to an equal rank with the regulars.

Inv. Why, this in time may ruin their ſtate.

Devil. True; but that we muſt prevent; it is our intereſt to make up this breach: Already we feel the fatal effects of their feuds: By neglecting their patients, the weekly bills daily decline, and new ſubjects begin to grow ſcarce in our realms.

Inv. This does, indeed, claim your attention.

Devil. We purpoſe to call in the aid of the law; bleeding the purſe is as effectual for damping the ſpirit, as opening a vein for lowering the pulſe: The Dæmon of Litigation has already poſſeſſed the Licentiates; I muſt infuſe the ſame paſſion into the Preſident; and I warrant you, in two or three terms, with two or three trials, all ſides will be heartily tired. But, a-propos! I ſee a brace of apothecaries coming this way; they ſeem deep in debate: Let us liſten; we ſhall beſt learn from them the preſent poſture of—Huſh, hide!—You ſhall here too have a proof what a Proteus I am. [*They retire.*

Enter Julep and Apozem, with a letter.

Julep. I tell you, Apozem, you are but young in the buſineſs, and don't foreſee how much we ſhall be all hurt in the end.

Apozem. Well, but what can be done, Mr. Julep? Here Dr. Hellebore writes me word, that they threaten a ſiege, and are provided with fire-

fire-arms: Would you have them ſurrender the College at once?

Julep. Fire-arms? If they are mad enough not to know that the pen is the doctor's beſt piſtol, why, let them proceed!

Apozem. But are we to ſtand quietly by, and ſee the very ſeat of the ſcience demoliſhed and torn?

Julep. And with what arms are we to defend it? where are our cannon? We have mortars indeed, but then they are fit to hold nothing but peſtles; and, as to our ſmall arms, of what uſe can they be in a ſiege? they are made, you know, to attack only the rear.

Apozem. Come, come, Mr. Julep, you make too light of theſe matters: To have the lawful deſcendants from Galen, the throne of Eſculapius, overturned by a parcel of Goths!

Julep. Peace, Apozem, or treat your betters with proper reſpect! What, numſkull, do you think all phyſicians are blockheads, who have not waſhed their hands in the Cam or the Iſis?

Apozem. Well, but I hope you will allow that a univerſity-doctor——

Julep. May, for aught you know, be a dunce. Beſides, fool, what have we to do with degrees? The doctor that doſes beſt is the beſt doctor for us. You talk of the College; there are ſome of their names, I am ſure, that I never deſire to ſee on my file.

Apozem. Indeed!

Julep. Indeed? no, indeed. Why, there's Dr. Diet, that makes ſuch a duſt: He had a perſon of faſhion, a patient of mine, under his care t'other day; as fine a flow fever! I was in hopes of half making my fortune——

Apozem.

Apozem. Yes, I love a ſlow fever. Was it nervous?

Julep. Ay; with a lovely dejection of ſpirits.

Apozem. That was delightful, indeed! I look upon the nerves and the bile to be the two beſt friends we have to our back.—Well, pray, and how did it anſwer?

Julep. Not at all; the ſcoundrel let him ſlip through my hands for a ſong; only a paltry ſix pounds and a crown.

Apozem. Shameful!

Julep. Infamous! and yet, forſooth, he was one of your College. Well, now to ſhew you the difference in men; but the very week after, Dr Linctus, from Leyden, run me up a bill of thirty odd pounds, for only attending Alderman Soakpot ſix days in a ſurfeit.

Apozem. Ay, that was doing of buſineſs.

Julep. Ah! that's a ſweet pretty practitioner, Apozem: We muſt all do our utmoſt to puſh him.

Apozem. Without doubt. But, notwithſtanding all that you ſay, Mr. Julep, there are ſome of the gentlemen of the College, that I know——

Julep. Ah! as fine fellows as ever fingered a pulſe; not one of the trade will deny it.

Apozem. But, amongſt all now, old Nat Nightſhade is the man for my money.

Julep. Yes; Nat, Nat has merit, I own; but, pox take him! he is ſo deviliſh quick: To be ſure, he has a very pretty fluent pen whilſt it laſts; but then he makes ſuch diſpatch, that one has hardly time to ſend in two dozen of draughts.

Apozem. Yes; the doctor drives on, to be ſure.

Julep. Drives on! If I am at all free in the houſe when old Nightſhade is ſent for, as a preparatory doſe I always recommend an attorney.

Apozem.

Apozem. An attorney? for what?

Julep. To make the patient's will, before he ſwallows the doctor's preſcription.

Apozem. That is prudent.

Julep. Yes; I generally afterwards get the thanks of the family.

Apozem. What, Mr. Julep, for the attorney, or the phyſician? ha, ha!

Julep. Ha, ha! you are arch, little Apozem; quite a wag, I profeſs.

Apozem. Why, you know, brother Julep, theſe are ſubjects upon which one can hardly be ſerious.

Julep. True, true; but then you ſhould never laugh loud in the ſtreet: We may indulge, indeed, a kind of ſimpering ſmile to our patients, as we drive by in our chariots; but then there is a decency, not to ſay dignity, that becomes the publick demeanour of us, who belong to the faculty.

Apozem. True. And yet there are times when one can hardly forbear: Why, t'other day now I had like to have burſt: I was following a funeral into St. George's—a ſweet pretty burying; velvet pall, hatband and gloves; and, indeed, the widow was quite handſome in all things; paid my bill the next week, without ſconcing off ſixpence, though they were thought to have lived happily together—but, as I was ſaying, as we were entering the church, who ſhould ſtand in the porch but Kit Cabbage the taylor, with a new pair of breeches under his arm: The ſly rogue made me a bow, "Servant, maſter Apozem!" ſays he; "what you are carrying home your "work too, I ſee." Did your ever hear ſuch a dog?

Julep.

Julep. Ay, ay; let them, let them—But, is not that Dr. Squib that is croſſing the way?

Apozem. Yes; you may ſee it is Squib, by his ſhuffle. What, I ſuppoſe now he is ſcouring away for the College.

Julep. Who? Squib? how little you know of him! he did not care if all our tribe was tipped into the Thames.

Apozem. No!

Julep. No. Lord help you! he is too much taken up with the national illneſs, to attend to particular ails: Why, he would quit the beſt patient in town, to hunt after a political ſecret; and would rather have a whiſper from a great man in the Court of Requeſts, than five hundred pounds for attending him in a chronical caſe.

Apozem. Wonderful!—Who can that dirty boy be that he has in his hand?

Julep. One of his ſcouts, I ſuppoſe.—We ſhall ſee.

Re-enter Devil, as Dr. Squib, and Printer's Devil.

Squib. And you are ſure this was worked off one of the firſt?

Boy. Not a ſingle one, Sir, has been ſent out as yet.

Squib. That is daintily done, my dear devil! Here, child, here's ſixpence. When your maſter gives you the reſt, you need not be in haſte to deliver them, but ſtep into the firſt publick-houſe to refreſh you.

Boy. I ſhall, Sir.

Squib. By that means, I ſhall be earlieſt to treat two or three great men that I know with the ſight.

Boy. No further commands, Sir?

Squib.

Squib. None, child.—But, d'ye hear? if you can at any time get me the rough reading of any tart political manuſcript, before it goes to the preſs, you ſha'n't be a loſer.

Boy. I ſhall try, Sir.

Squib. That's well! Mind your buſineſs, and go on but as you begin, and I foreſee your fortune is made: Come, who knows but in a little time, if you are a good boy, you may get yourſelf committed to Newgate.

Boy. Ah, Sir, I am afraid I am too young.

Squib. Not at all: I have ſeen lads in limbo much younger than you. Come, don't be faint-hearted; there has many a printer been raiſed to the pillory from as ſlender beginnings.

Boy. That's great comfort however. Well, Sir, I'll do my endeavour. [*Exit.*

Squib. Do, do!—What, Apozem! Julep! well encountered, my lads! You are a couple of lucky rogues! Here, here's a treat for a prince; ſuch a print, boys! juſt freſh from the plate: Feel it; ſo wet you may ring it.

Julep. And pray, good doctor, what is the ſubject?

Squib. Subject? Gad take me, a trimmer! this will make ſome folks that we know look about them: Hey, Julep, don't you think this will ſting?

Julep. I profeſs I don't underſtand it.

Squib. No? Why, zounds, it is as plain as a pikeſtaff; in your own way too, you blockhead! Can't you ſee? Read, read the title, you rogue! But, perhaps you can't without ſpectacles. Let me ſee; ay, "The State-Quacks; or, Britannia "Dying:" You take it?

Julep. Very well.

Squib.

Squib. There you ſee her ſtretched along on a pallet; you may know ſhe is Britannia, by the ſhield and ſpear at the head of her bed.

Apozem. Very plain; for all the world like the wrong ſide of a halfpenny!

Squib. Well ſaid, little Apozem! you have diſcernment, I ſee. Her diſeaſe is a lethargy; you ſee how ſick ſhe is, by holding her hand to her head; don't you ſee that?

Julep. I do, I do.

Squib. Well then, look at that figure there upon her left-hand.

Julep. Which?

Squib. Why, he that holds a draught to her mouth.

Julep. What, the man with the phial?

Squib. Ay, he! he with the phial: That is ſuppoſed to be—[*whiſpers.*] offering her laudanum, to lull her faſter aſleep.

Julep. Laudanum! a noble medicine when adminiſtered properly: I remember once, in a locked jaw——

Squib. Damn your lock'd jaw! hold your prating, you puppy! I wiſh your jaws were lock'd! Pox take him, I have forgot what I was going to —Apozem, where did I leave off?

Apozem. You left off at faſter aſleep.

Squib. True; I was at faſter aſleep. Well then; you ſee that thin figure there, with the meagre chaps; he with the ſtraw in his hand.

Apozem. Very plain.

Squib. He is ſuppoſed to be——[*whiſpers*] You take me?

Julep. Ay, ay.

Squib. Who rouzes Britannia, by tickling her noſe with that ſtraw; ſhe ſtarts, and with a jerk—

[*ſtarting,*

[*ſtarting, ſtrikes Julep.*] I beg pardon!—and with a jerk knocks the bottle of laudanum out of his hand; and ſo, by that there means, you ſee, Britannia is delivered from death.

Julep. Ay, ay.

Squib. Hey! you ſwallow the ſatire; Pretty bitter, I think?

Julep. I can't ſay that I quite underſtand—that is—a—a—

Squib. Not underſtand? then what a fool am I to throw away my time on a dunce! I ſhall miſs too the reading a new pamphlet in Red-Lyon-Square; and at ſix I muſt be at Serjeant's-Inn, to juſtify bail for a couple of journeymen printers.

Apozem. But, Dr. Squib, you ſeem to have forgot the caſe of the College, your brethren.

Squib. I have no time to attend their trifling ſquabbles: The nation, the nation, Mr. Apozem, engroſſes my care. The College! could they but get me a ſtiptic to ſtop the bleeding wounds of my—it is there, there, that I feel! Oh, Julep, Apozem,

> Could they but caſt the water of this land,
> Purge her groſs humours, purify her blood,
> And give her back her priſtine health again,
> I would applaud them to the very echo
> That ſhould applaud again!

Julep. Indeed, Dr. Squib, that I believe is out of the way of the College.

Squib. Throw phyſic to the dogs then! I'll have none of't.
But tell me, Apozem, inform me, Julep,
What ſenna, rhubarb, or what purgative drug,
Can ſcour theſe——hence?

You underſtand me, lads!

Julep. In good truth, not I, Sir.

Squib.

Squib. No! then ſo much the better! I warrant little Pozy does.—Well, adieu, my brave boys! for I have not an inſtant to loſe. Not underſtand me, hey? Apozem, you do, you rogue?—

What ſenna, rhubarb, or—hey—can ſcour theſe Sc—

Egad, I had like to have gone too far!—Well, bye, bye! [*Exit Squib.*

Julep. Why, the poor man ſeems out of his ſenſes.

Apozem. When he talked of throwing phyſic to the dogs, I confeſs I began to ſuſpect him. But we ſhall be late; we muſt attend our ſummons, you know.

Julep. Throw phyſic to the dogs! I can tell thee, Apozem, if he does not get cured of theſe fancies and freaks, he is more likely to go to the kennel by half. Throw phyſic to the dogs! an impertinent ignorant puppy! [*Exeunt.*

Re enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.

Devil. Well, I think chance has thrown a pretty good ſample into your way. Now, if I could but get one to conduct you—But ſtay! who have we here?

Enter Laſt, with a pair of ſhoes.

Laſt. Pray, good gentleman, can you tell a body which is the ready road to find Warwick-lane?

Devil. Warwick-lane, friend? and prithee what can thy errand be there?

Laſt. I am going there to take out a licence to make me a doctor, an like your worſhip.

Devil. Where do you live?

Laſt. A little way off, in the country.

Devil.

Devil. Your name, honeſt friend, and your buſineſs?

Laſt. My name, maſter, is Laſt; by trade I am a doctor, and by profeſſion a maker of ſhoes: I was born to the one, and bred up to the other.

Devil. Born? I don't underſtand you.

Laſt. Why, I am a ſeventh ſon, and ſo were my father.

Devil. Oh! a very clear title. And pray, now, in what branch does your ſkill chiefly lie?

Laſt. By caſting a water, I cures the jaundarſe; I taps folks for a tenpenny; and have a choice charm for the agar; and, over and above that, maſter, I bleeds.

Devil. Bleeds? and are your neighbours ſo bold as to truſt you?

Laſt. Truſt me? ay, maſter, that they will, ſooner than narra a man in the country. Mayhap you may know Dr. Tyth'em, our rector at home.

Devil. I can't ſay that I do.

Laſt. He's the flower of a man in the pulpit. Why, t'other day, you muſt know, taking a turn in his garden, and thinking of nothing at all, down falls the doctor flat in a fit of perplexity; Madam Tyth'em, believing her huſband was dead, directly ſent the ſexton for I.

Devil. An affectionate wife!

Laſt. Yes; they are a main happy couple. Sure as a gun, maſter, when I comed, his face was as black as his caſſock: But, howſomdever, I took out my launcelot, and forthwith opened a large artifice here in one of the juglers: The doctor bled like a pig.

Devil. I dare ſay.

Laſt.

Laſt. But it did the buſineſs, howſomdever; I compaſſed the job.

Devil. What, he recovered?

Laſt. Recovered? Lord help you! why, but laſt Sunday was ſe'nnight—to be ſure, the doctor is given to weeze a little—becauſe why, he is main opulent, and apt to be tiſicky—but he compoſed as ſweet a diſcourſe—I ſlept from beginning to end.

Devil. That was compoſing, indeed.

Laſt. Ay, warn't it, maſter, for a man that is ſtrucken in years?

Devil. Oh, a wonderful effort!

Laſt. Well, like your worſhip, and, beſides all this I have been telling you, I have a pretty tight hand at a tooth.

Devil. Indeed!

Laſt. Ay, and I'll ſay a bold word, that, in drawing a thouſand, I never ſtumpt a man in my life: Now, let your Raſperini's, and all your foreign mounſeers, with their fine dainty freeches, ſay the like if they can.

Devil. I defy them.

Laſt. So you may. Then, about a dozen years ago, before theſe here Suttons made ſuch a noiſe, I had ſome thoughts of occupying for the ſmall-pox.

Devil. Ay; that would have wound up your bottom at once. And, why did not you?

Laſt. Why, I don't know, maſter; the neighbours were frightful, and would not conſent; otherwiſe, by this time, 'tis my belief, men, women, and children, I might have occupied twenty thouſand at leaſt.

Devil. Upon my word!—But, you ſay a dozen years, maſter Laſt: As you have practiſed phyſic

without permiſſion ſo long, what makes you now think of getting a licence?

Laſt. Why, it is all along with one Lotion, a pottercarrier, that lives in a little town hard by we; he is grown old and laſcivious, I think, and threatens to preſent me at ſize, if ſo be I practize any longer.

Devil. What, I ſuppoſe you run away with the buſineſs?

Laſt. Right, maſter, you have gueſſed the matter at once. So I was telling my tale to Sawney M'Gregor, who comes now and then to our town with his pack; God, he adviſed me to get made a doctor at once, and ſend for a diplummy from Scotland.

Devil. Why, that was the right road, maſter Laſt.

Laſt. True. But my maſter Tyth'em tells me, that I can get it done for pretty near the ſame price here in London: ſo, I had rather, d'ye ſee, lay out my money at home, than tranſport it to foreign parts, as we ſay; becauſe why, maſter, I thinks there has too much already gone that road.

Devil. Spoke like an Engliſhman!

Laſt. I have a pair of ſhoes here, to carry home to farmer Fallow's ſon, that lives with maſter Grogram the mercer, hard by here in Cheapſide; ſo I thought I might as well do both buſineſſes under one.

Devil. True. Your way, maſter Laſt, lies before you; the ſecond ſtreet, you muſt turn to the left; then enter the firſt great gates that you ſee.

Laſt. And who muſt I aks for?

Devil. Oh, pull out your purſe; you will find that hint ſufficient: It is a part of the world where a fee is never refuſed.

Laſt.

Laſt. Thank you, maſter! You are main kind; very civil indeed! [*Going, returns.*] I wiſh, maſter, you had now either the agar or jaundarſe; I would ſet you right in a trice.

Devil. Thank you, maſter Laſt; but I am as well as I am.

Laſt. Or, if ſo be you likes to open a vein, or would have a tooth or two knocked out of your head, I'll do it for nothing.

Devil. Not at preſent, I thank you! when I want, I'll call at your houſe in the country.

[*Exit Laſt.*

Well, my young couple, and what ſay you now?

Inv. Say, Sir? that I am more afraid of being ſick than ever I was in my life.

Devil. Pho! you know nothing as yet. But, my time draws nigh for poſſeſſing the Preſident: If I could but get but ſome intelligent perſon, to conduct you to the place where the Licentiates aſſemble—There ſeems a ſober, ſedate looking lad; perhaps he may anſwer our purpoſe. Hark'e, young man!

Enter Johnny Macpherſon.

Macp. What's your wul, Sir? would you ſpear aught wi me?

Devil. Though I think I can give a good gueſs, pray from what part of the world may you come?

Macp. My name is Johnny Macpherſon, and I came out of the North.

Devil. Are you in buſineſs at preſent?

Macp. I conna ſay that, Sir, nor that I am interely daſtitute neither; but I ſal be unco glad to get a mair ſolid eſtaabliſhment.

Devil. Have you been long in this town?

Macp.

Macp. Aboot a month awa, Sir: I launded fra Leith, in the gude ſhip the Traquair, Davy Donaldſon maiſter, and am lodged wi Sawney Sinclair, at the ſign o' the Ceety of Glaſcow, not far fra the Monument.

Devil. But you are in employment?

Macp. Ay, for ſome paart of the day.

Devil. And to what may your profits amount?

Macp. Ah! for the mater of that, it is a praty ſmart little income.

Devil. Is it a ſecret how much?

Macp. Not at aw: I get three-pence an hour for larning Latin to a phyſician in the ceety.

Devil. The very man that we want.—Latin! and, what, are you capable?

Macp. Cappable! Hut awa, mon! Ken ye, that I was heed of the humanity-claſs for mair than a twalvemonth? and was offered the chair of the gramatical profeſſorſhip in the College, which amunts to a mater of ſux pounds Britiſh a-year.

Devil. That's more than I knew. Can you gueſs, Sir, where your ſcholar is now?

Macp. It is na long, Sir, that I laft him conning his *As in præſenti*; after which, he talked of ganging to meet ſome freends o' the faculty, aboot a ſort of a ſquabble, that he ſays is ſprang up among them; he wanted me to gang along wi him, as I had gi'n myſel to ſtudy madicine a little, before I quitted the North.

Devil. Do you know the publick-houſe where they meet?

Macp. Yes, yes, unco weel, Sir; it is at the tavern the South ſide of Paul's Kirk.

Devil. Will you take the trouble to conduct this young couple thither? they will amply reward you.

you.—You and your partner will follow this lad. Fear nothing! by my art, you are inviſible to all but thoſe that you deſire ſhould ſee you. At the College we ſhall rejoin one another; for thither the Licentiates will lead you.

Inv. But how ſhall we be able to diſtinguiſh you from the reſt of the Fellows?

Devil. By my large wig, and ſuperior importance; in a word, you muſt look for me in the PRESIDENT.

Inv. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE A STREET.

Fingerfee, Sligo, Oſaſafras, Broadbrim, other Doctors, and Macpherſon, diſcovered.

Fingerfee.

NO; I can't help thinking this was by much the beſt method. If, indeed, they refuſe us an amicable entrance, we are then juſtified in the uſe of corroſives.

Sligo. I tell you, Dr. Fingerfee—I am ſorry, d'ye ſee, to differ from ſo old a practitioner; but I don't like your preſcription at all, at all: For what ſignifies a palliative regiment, with ſuch a rotten conſtitution? May I never finger a pulſe as long as I live, if you get their voluntary conſent to go in, unleſs indeed it be by compulſion.

Oſaſ. I entirely coincide with my very capable countryman, Dr. Sligo, d'ye ſee; and do give my advice, in this conſultation, for putting the whole College under a courſe of ſteel, without further delay.

Sligo.

Sligo. I am much obligated to you for your kind compliment, doctor. But, pray, what may your name be?

Oſaf. Dr. Oſaſafras, at your humble ſervice.

Sligo. I am your very obadient alſho! I have hard tell of your name. But what did you mane by my countryman? Pray, doctor, of what nation are you?

Oſaf. Sir, I have the honour to be a native of Ireland.

Sligo. Oſaſafras? that's a name of no note; he is not a Mileſian, I am ſure. The family, I ſuppoſe, came over t'other day with Strongbow, not above ſeven or eight hundred years ago; or perhaps a deſcendant from one of Oliver's drummers.—'Pon my conſcience, doctor, I ſhould hardly belave you were Iriſh.

Oſaf. What, Sir, d'ye doubt my veracity?

Sligo. Not at all, my dear doctor; it is not for that: But, between me and yourſelf, you have lived a long time in this town.

Oſaf. Like enough.

Sligo. Ay; and was here a great while before ever I ſaw it.

Oſaf. What of that?

Sligo. Very well, my dear doctor: Then, putting that and t'other together, my notion of the upſhot is, that if ſo be you are a native of Ireland, upon my conſcience, you muſt have been born there very young.

Oſaf. Young? ay, to be ſure: Why, my ſoul, I was chriſtened there.

Sligo. Ay!

Oſaf. Ay, was I, in the county of Meath.

Sligo. Oh, that alters the property; that makes it as clear as Fleet-Ditch. I ſhould be glad, countryman,

countryman, of your nearer acquaintance.—But what little ſlim doctor is that, in his own head of hair? I don't recollect to have ſeen his features before.

Oſaſ. Nor I, to my knowledge.

Sligo Perhaps he may be able to tell me, if I aks him himſelf.—I am proud to ſee you, doctor, on this occoaſion; becaaſe why, it becomes every jontleman that is of the faculty—that is, that is not of their faculty; you underſtand me—to look about him and ſtir.

Macp. Oh, by my troth, you are right, Sir; The leemiting of phyſic aw to ain hooſe, caw it a College, or by what denomination you wul, it is at beſt but eſtaabliſhing a ſort of monopoly.

Sligo. 'Pon my conſcience, that is a fine obſervation. By the twiſt of your tongue, doctor, (no offence) I ſhould be apt to gueſs that you might be a foreigner born?

Macp. Sir!

Sligo. From Ruſſia, perhaps, or Muſcovy?

Macp. Hut awa, mon! not at aw: Zounds, I am a Breeton.

Sligo. Then, I ſhould ſuppoſe, doctor, pretty far to the northward.

Macp. Ay; your are right, Sir.

Sligo. And pray, doctor, what particular branch of our buſineſs may have taken up the moſt of your time?

Macp. Botany.

Sligo. Botany! in what college?

Macp. The univerſity of St. Andrews.

Oſaſ. Pray, doctor, is not botany a very dry ſort of a ſtudy?

Sligo. Moſt damnably ſo in thoſe parts, my dear doctor; for all the knowledge they have they

they muſt get from dried herbs, becaaſe the devil of any green that will grow there.

Macp. Sir, your information is wrong.

Sligo. Come, my dear doctor, hold your palaver, and don't be after puffing on us, becaaſe why, you know in your conſcience that in your part of the world you get no cabbage but thiſtles; and thoſe you are obliged to raiſe upon hot-beds.

Macp. Thiſtles! zounds, Sir, d'ye mean to affront me?

Sligo. That, doctor, is as you plaaſes to taake it.

Macp. God's life, Sir, I would ha' you to ken, that there is narra a mon wi his heed upon his ſhoulders that dare——

Fing. Peace, peace, gentlemen! let us have no civil diſcord. Doctor Sligo is a lover of pleaſantry; but, I am ſure, had no deſign to affront you: A joke, nothing elſe.

Macp. A joke! ah; I like a joke weel enough; but I did na underſtond the doctor's gibing and geering: Perhaps my wut may not be aw together as ſharp as the doctor's, but I have a ſword, Sir——

Sligo. A ſword, Sir!

Fing. A ſword! ay, ay; there is no doubt but you have both very good ones; but reſerve them for—Oh! here comes our ambaſſador.

Enter Diachylon.

Well, Dr. Diachylon, what news from the College? will they allow us free ingreſs and egreſs?

Diac. I could not get them to ſwallow a ſingle demand.

All. No?

Sligo.

Sligo. Then let us drive there, and drench them.

Diac. I was heard with diſdain, and refuſed with an air of defiance.

Sligo. There, gentlemen! I foretold you what would happen at firſt.

All. He did, he did.

Sligo. Then we have nothing for it, but to force our paſſage at once.

All. By all means; let us march!

Broad. Friend Fingerfee, would our brethren but incline their ears to me for a minute—

Fing. Gentlemen, Dr. Broadbrim deſires to be heard.

All. Hear him, hear him!

Sligo. Paw, honey, what ſignifies hearing? I long to be doing, my jewel!

Fing. But hear Dr. Melchiſedech Broadbrim, however.

All. Ay, ay; hear Dr. Broadbrim!

Broad. Fellow-labourers in the ſame vineyard! ye know well how much I ſtand inclined to our cauſe; foraſmuch as not one of my brethren can be more zealous than I——

All. True, true.

Broad. But ye wot alſo, that I hold it not meet or wholſome to uſe a carnal weapon, even for the defence of myſelf; much more unſeemly then muſt I deem it to draw the ſword for the offending of others.

Sligo. Paw! brother doctors, don't let him bother us, with his *yea* and *nay* nonſenſe!

Broad. Friend Sligo, do not be cholerick; and know, that I am as free to draw my purſe in this cauſe, as thou art thy ſword: And thou wilt

wilt find, at the length, notwithſtanding thy ſwaggering, that the firſt will do us beſt ſervice.

Sligo. Well, but—

All. Hear him, hear him!

Broad. It is my notion, then, brethren, that we do forthwith ſend for a ſinful man in the fleſh, called an attorney.

Sligo. An attorney!

Broad. Ay, an attorney; and that we do direct him to take out a parchment inſtrument, with a ſeal fixed thereto.

Sligo. Paw, pox! what good can that do?

Broad. Don't be too haſty, friend Sligo.—And therewith, I ſay, let him poſſeſs the outward tabernacle of the vain man, who delighteth to call himſelf Preſident, and carry him before the men cloathed in lambſkin, who at Weſtminſter are now ſitting in judgment.

Sligo. Paw! a law-ſuit! that won't end with our lives.—Let us march!

All. Ay, ay.

Sligo. Come, Dr. Habakkuk, will you march in the front or the rear?

Hab. Pardon me, doctor! I cannot attend you.

Sligo. What, d'ye draw back, when it comes to the puſh?

Hab. Not at all; I would gladly join in putting theſe Philiſtines to flight! for I abhor them worſe than hogs' puddings, in which the unclean beaſt and the blood are all jumbled together.

Sligo. Pretty food, for all that.

Hab. But this is Saturday; and I dare not draw my ſword on the Sabbath.

Sligo.

Sligo. Then ſtay with your brother Melchiſedech; for, though of different religions, you are both of a kidney. Come, doctors; out with your ſwords! Huzza! and now for the Lane! Huzza! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Broadbrim and Habakkuk.

Broad. Friend Habakkuk, thou ſeeſt how headſtrong and wilful theſe men are: but let us uſe diſcretion, however. Wilt thou ſtep to the Inn that taketh its name from the city of Lincoln? enquire there for a man, with a red rag at his back, a ſmall black cap on his pate, and a buſhel of hair on his breaſt? I think they call him a ſerjeant.

Hab. They do.

Broad. Then, without let or delay, bring him hither, I pray thee.

Hab. I will about it this inſtant.

Broad. His admonition, perhaps, may prevail. Uſe diſpatch, I beſeech thee, friend Habakkuk.

Hab. As much as if I was poſting to the Treaſury, to obtain a large ſubſcription in a new loan, or a lottery.

Broad. Nay, then, friend, I have no reaſon to fear thee. [*Exeunt.*

THE COLLEGE.

Devil (as Hellebore, the Preſident) Camphire, Calomel Secretary, and Pupils, diſcovered.

Sec. The Licentiates, Sir, will ſoon be at hand.

Hel. Let them!

Cal. We will do our duty, however; and, like the patricians of old, receive with ſilence theſe Viſigoths in the ſenate.

Hel.

Hel. I am not, Dr. Calomel, of ſo pacific a turn: Let us keep the evil out of doors, if we can; if not, *vim vi*, repel force by force.—Barricado the gates!

Sec. It is done.

Hel. Are the buckets and fire-engine fetched from St. Dunſtan's?

Sec. They have been here, Sir, this half-hour.

Hel. Let twelve apothecaries be placed at the pump, and their apprentices ſupply 'em with water!

Sec. Yes, Sir.

Hel. But let the engine be play'd by old Jollup, from James-ſtreet! Not one of the trade has a better hand at directing a pipe.

Sec. Mighty well, Sir.

Hel. In the time of ſiege, every citizen ought in duty to ſerve.—Having thus, brothers, provided a proper defence, let us coolly proceed to our buſineſs. Is there any body here, to demand a licence to-day?

Sec. A practitioner, Mr. Preſident, out of the country.

Hel. Are the cuſtomary fees all diſcharged?

Sec. All, Sir.

Hel. Then let our cenſors, Dr. Chriſtopher Camphire, and Dr. Cornelius Calomel, introduce the petitioner for examination.

[*Exeunt Camphire and Calomel.*

After this duty is diſpatch'd, we will then read the College and Students a lecture.

Enter Camphire and Calomel, with Laſt.

Laſt. Firſt, let me lay down my ſhoes.

[*They advance, with three bows, to the table.*

Hel.

Hel. Let the candidate be placed on a ſtool. What's the doctor's name?

Sec. Emanuel Laſt, Mr. Preſident.

Hel. Dr. Laſt, you have petitioned the College, to obtain a licence for the practice of phyſic; and though we have no doubt of your great ſkill and abilities, yet our duty compels us previouſly to aſk a few queſtions: What academy had the honour to form you?

Laſt. Anan!

Hel. We want to know the name of the place, where you have ſtudied the ſcience of phyſic.

Laſt. Dunſtable.

Hel. That's ſome German univerſity; ſo he can never belong to the College.

All. Never; oh, no

Hel. Now, Sir, with regard to your phyſiological knowledge. By what means, Dr. Laſt, do you diſcover that a man is not well?

Laſt. By his complaint that he is ill.

Hel. Well replied! no ſurer prognoſtic.

All. None ſurer.

Hel. Then, as to recovering a ſubject that is ill—Can you venture to undertake the cure of an ague?

Laſt. With arra a man in the country.

Hel. By what means?

Laſt. By a charm.

Hel. And pray of what materials may that charm be compoſed?

Laſt. I won't tell; 'tis a ſecret.

Hel. Well replied! the College has no right to pry into ſecrets.

All. Oh, no; by no means.

Hel. But now, Dr. Laſt, to proceed in due form; are you qualified to adminiſter remedies to ſuch diſeaſes as belong to the head?

Laſt.

Laſt. I believe I may.

Hel. Name ſome to the College.

Laſt. The tooth-ache.

Hel. What do you hold the beſt method to treat it?

Laſt. I pulls 'em up by the roots.

Hel. Well replied, brothers! that, without doubt, is a radical cure.

All. Without doubt.

Hel. Thus far as to the head: Proceed we next to the middle! When, Dr. Laſt, you are called in to a patient with a pain in his bowels, what then is your method of practice?

Laſt. I claps a trencher hot to the part.

Hel. Embrocation; very well! But if this application ſhould fail, what is the next ſtep that you take?

Laſt. I gi's a vomit and a purge.

Hel. Well replied! for it is plain there is a diſagreeable gueſt in the houſe; he has opened both doors; if he will go out at neither, it is none of his fault.

All. Oh, no; by no means.

Hel. We have now diſpatched the middle and head: Come we finally to the other extremity, the feet! Are you equally ſkilful in the diſorders incidental to them?

Laſt. I believe I may.

Hel. Name ſome.

Laſt. I have a great vogue all our way for curing of corns.

Hel. What are the means that you uſe?

Laſt. I cuts them out.

Hel. Well replied! extirpation: No better method of curing can be. Well, brethren, I think we may now, after this ſtrict and impartial

tial enquiry, ſafely certify, that Dr. Laſt, from top to toe, is an able phyſician.

All. Very able, very able, indeed.

Hel. And every way qualified to proceed in his practice.

All. Every way qualified.

Hel. You may deſcend, Dr. Laſt. [*Laſt takes his ſeat among them.*] Secretary, firſt read, and then give the doctor his licence.

Sec. [*Reads.*] "To all whom theſe preſents may come greeting. Know, ye, that, after a moſt ſtrict and ſevere inquiſition, not only into the great ſkill and erudition, but the morals of Dr. Emanual Laſt, We are authorized to grant unto the ſaid doctor full power, permiſſion, and licence, to pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, doſe, drench, purge, bleed, bliſter, cliſter, cup, ſcarify, ſyringe, ſalivate, couch, flux, ſweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaiſter, and poultice, all perſons, in all diſeaſes, of all ages, conditions, and ſexes. And we do ſtrictly command and enjoin all ſurgeons, apothecaries, with their apprentices, all midwives, male, female, and nurſes, at all times, to be aiding and aſſiſting to the ſaid Dr. Emanuel Laſt. And we do further charge all mayors, juſtices, aldermen, ſheriffs, bailiffs, headboroughs, conſtables, and coroners, not to moleſt or intermeddle with the ſaid doctor, if any party whom he ſhall ſo pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, doſe, drench, purge, bleed, bliſter, cliſter, cup, ſcarify, ſyringe, ſalivate, couch, flux, ſweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaiſter, and poultice, ſhould happen to die, but to deem that the ſaid party died a natural death, any thing appearing to the contrary notwithſtanding. Given under

under our hands, *&c.* Hercules Helleborc, Cornelius Calomel, Chriſtopher Camphire.

Laſt. Then, if a patient die, they muſt not ſay that I kill'd him?

Hel. They ſay! Why, how ſhould they know, when it is not one time in twenty that we know it ourſelves?—Proceed we now to the lecture! [*They all riſe and come forward to the table.*] Brethren, and ſtudents, I am going to open to you ſome notable diſcoveries that I have made, reſpecting the ſource, or primary cauſe, of all diſtempers incidental to the human machine: And theſe, brethren, I attribute to certain animalculæ, or piſcatory entities, that inſinuate themſelves thro' the pores into the blood, and in that fluid ſport, toſs, and tumble about, like mackrel or cod-fiſh in the great deep: And to convince you that this is not a mere *gratis dictum*, an hypotheſis only, I will give you demonſtrative proof. Bring hither the microſcope!

Enter a Servant with a microſcope.

Doctor Laſt, regard this receiver. Take a peep.

Laſt. Where?

Hel. There. Thoſe two yellow drops there were drawn from a ſubject afflicted with the jaundice.—Well, what d'ye ſee?

Laſt. Some little creatures like yellow flies, that are hopping and ſkipping about.

Hel. Right. Thoſe yellow flies give the tinge to the ſkin, and undoubtedly cauſe the diſeaſe: And, now, for the cure! I adminiſter to every patient the two-and-fiftieth part of a ſcruple of the ovaria or eggs of the ſpider; theſe are thrown by the digeſtive powers into the ſecretory, there ſeparated

ſeparated from the alimentory, and then precipitated into the circulatory; where finding a proper nidus, or neſt, they quit their torpid ſtate, and vivify, and, upon vivification, diſcerning the flies, their natural food, they immediately fall foul of them, extirpate the race out of the blood, and reſtore the patient to health.

Laſt. And what becomes of the ſpiders?

Hel. Oh, they die, you know, for want of nutrition. Then I ſend the patient down to Brighthelmſtone; and a couple of dips in the ſalt-water waſhes the cobwebs entirely out of the blood. Now, gentlemen, with reſpect to the——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Forceps, from the Hoſpital.

Hel. The Hoſpital! is this a time to——

Enter Forceps.

Well, Forceps, what's your will?

For. To know, Sir, what you would have done with the Hoſpital patients to-day?

Hel. To-day! why, what was done yeſterday?

For. Sir, we bled the Weſt ward, and jalloped the North.

Hel. Did ye? why then, bleed the North ward, and jallop the Weſt to-day. [*Exit For.*
Now, I ſay, brethren——

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Licentiates are drawn up at the gate.

Hel. Who leads 'em?

Serv.

Serv. They are led on by Sligo: They demand inſtant entrance, and threaten to ſtorm.

Hel. Doctors Calomel and Camphire, our two aid-de-camps, ſurvey their preſent poſture, and report it to us.

Without. Huzza!

Hel. Bid old Jollup be ready to unmaſk the engine at the word of command.

Enter Camphire.

Hel. Now, Dr. Camphire?

Camp. The ſledge-hammers are come, and they prepare to batter in breach.

Hel. Let the engine be play'd off at the very firſt blow! [*Exit Camp.*

Without. Huzza!

Enter Calomel.

Hel. Now, doctor?

Cal. The firſt fire has demoliſhed Dr. Fingerfee's foretop.

Hel. That's well. [*Exit Cal.*

Enter Camphire.

Now, doctor?

Camp. The ſecond fire has dropped the ſtiff buckles of Dr. Oſaſafras.

Hel. Better and better! [*Exit Camp.*

Enter Calomel.

Now, doctor?

Cal. Both the knots of Dr. Anodyne's tye are diſſolved.

Hel. Beſt of all! [*Exit Cal.*

Enter

Enter Camphire.

Now, doctor?

Camp. As Dr. Sligo, with open mouth, drove furiouſly on, he received a full ſtream in his teeth, and is retired from the field, dropping wet.

Hel. Then the day's our own! [*Exit Camp.*

Enter Calomel.

Now, doctor?

Cal. All is loſt! Dr. Sligo, recruited by a bumper of Drogheda, is returned with freſh vigour.

Hel. Let our force be pointed at him.

[*Exit Cal.*

Enter Camphire.

Now, doctor?

Camp. The ſiege ſlackens; Dr. Broadbrim, with ſerjeant Demur, are arrived in the camp.

[*Exit.*

Hel. What can that mean?

Enter Calomel.

Now, doctor?

Cal. Serjeant Demur has thrown this manifeſto over the gate. [*Exit.*

Hel. [*looking at the parchment.*] Ha! "Middle-"ſex to wit. John Doe and Richard Roe." It is a challenge to meet 'em at Weſtminſter-Hall; then we have breathing-time till the term.

Enter Laſt.

Now, doctor?

Laſt.

Laſt. I have forgot my ſhoes.

[*Takes them up, and exit.*

Hel. Oh!

Enter Camphire.

Camp. The Licentiates file off towards Fleet Street.

Hel Follow all, and harraſs the rear! leave not a dry thread among them! Huzza! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.

Devil. Well, my young friends, you will now be naturally led to Weſtm—Oh!

Inv. Bleſs me, Sir, what's the matter? You change colour, and falter.

Devil. The magician at Madrid has diſcovered my flight, and recalls me by an irreſiſtible ſpell: I muſt leave you, my friends!

Inv. Forbid it, Fortune! it is now, Sir, that we moſt want your aid.

Devil. He muſt, he will be obeyed. Hereafter, perhaps, I may rejoin you again.

Inv. But, Sir, what can we do? how live? what plan can we fix on for our future ſupport?

Devil. You are in a country where your talents, with a little application, will procure you a proviſion.

Inv. But which way to direct them?

Devil. There are profitable profeſſions, that require but little ability.

Inv. Name us one.

Devil. What think you of the trade with whoſe badge I am at preſent inveſted?

Inv. Can you ſuppoſe, Sir, after what I have ſeen——

Devil.

Devil. Oh, Sir, I don't deſign to engage you in any perſonal ſervice; I would only recommend it to you to be the vender of ſome of thoſe infallible remedies, with which our newſpapers are conſtantly crouded?

Inv. You know, Sir, I am poſſeſſed of no ſecret.

Devil. Nor they either: A few ſimple waters, dignified with titles that catch, no matter how wild and abſurd, will effectually anſwer your purpoſe: As, let me ſee now! Tincture of Tinder, Eſſence of Eggſhell, or Balſam of Broomſtick.

Inv. You muſt excuſe me, Sir; I can never ſubmit.

Devil. I think you are rather too ſqueamiſh. What ſay you, then, to a little ſpiritual quackery?

Inv. Spiritual?

Devil. Oh, Sir, there are in this town mountebanks for the mind, as well as the body. How ſhould you like mounting a cart on a common, and becoming a Methodiſt Preacher?

Inv. Can that ſcheme turn to account?

Devil. Nothing better: Believe me, the abſolute direction of the perſons and purſes of a large congregation, however low their conditions and callings, is by no means a contemptible object. I, for my own part, can ſay, what the Conqueror of Perſia ſaid to the Cynic; "If "I was not Alexander, I would be Diogenes:" So, if I was not the Devil, I would chuſe to be a Methodiſt Preacher.

Inv. But then the reſtraint, the forms, I ſhall be obliged to obſerve.

Devil. None at all: There is, in the whole catalogue, but one ſin you need be at all ſhy of committing.

Inv.

Inv. What's that?

Devil. Simony.

Inv. Simony! I don't comprehend you.

Devil. Simony, Sir, is a new kind of canon, deviſed by theſe upſtart fanatics, that makes it ſinful not to abuſe the confidence, and piouſly plunder the little property, of an indigent man, and his family.

Inv. A moſt noble piece of caſuiſtical cookery, and exceeds even the ſons of Ignatius! But this honour I muſt beg to decline.

Devil. What think you then of trying the ſtage? You are a couple of good theatrical figures; but how are your talents? can you ſing?

Inv. I can't boaſt of much ſkill, Sir; but Miſs Harriet got great reputation in Spain.

Har. Oh, Mr. Invoice! My father, Sir, as we ſeldom went out, eſtabliſhed a domeſtic kind of drama, and made us perform ſome little muſical pieces, that were occaſionally ſent us from England.

Devil. Come, Sir, will you give us a taſte of your—juſt a ſhort—*te ti te tor.*

[*Sings a ſhort preludio.*

Inv. I muſt beg to be excuſed, Sir; I have not a muſical note in my voice, that can pleaſe you.

Devil. No? Why then, I believe we muſt trouble the lady: Come, Miſs, I'll charm a band to accompany you. [*Waves his ſtick.*

[*Harriet ſings.*]

Devil. Exceedingly well! You have nothing to do now, but to offer yourſelves to one of the houſes.

Inv.

Inv. And which, Sir, would you recommend?

Devil. Take you choice; for I can ſerve you in neither.

Inv. No? I thought, Sir, you told me juſt now, that the ſeveral arts of the drama were under your direction.

Devil. So they were formerly; but now they are directed by the Genius of Inſipidity: He has entered into partnerſhip with the managers of both houſes, and they have ſet up a kind of circulating library, for the vending of dialogue novels. I dare not go near the new houſe, for the Dæmon of Power, who gave me this lameneſs, has poſſeſſed the pates, and ſown diſcord among the mock monarchs there; and what one receives, the other rejects. And as to the other houſe, the manager has great merit himſelf, with ſkill to diſcern, and candor to allow it in others; but I can be of no uſe in making your bargain, for in that he would be too many for the cunningeſt Devil amongſt us.

Inv. I have heard of a new playhouſe in the Haymarket.

Devil. What, Foote's? Oh, that's an eccentric, narrow eſtabliſhment; a mere ſummer fly! He! But, however, it may do for a *coup d'eſſai*, and prove no bad foundation for a future engagement.

Inv. Then we will try him, if you pleaſe.

Devil. By all means: And you may do it this inſtant; he opens to-night, and will be glad of your aſſiſtance. I'll drop you down at the door; and muſt then take my leave for ſome time. *Allons!* but don't tremble; you have nothing to fear:

fear: The public will treat you with kindneſs; at leaſt, if they ſhew but half the indulgence to you, that they have upon all occaſions ſhewn to that Manager. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

A

TRIP TO CALAIS;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN,

AND INTENDED FOR REPRESENTATION.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

THE CAPUCHIN;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

ALTERED FROM THE

TRIP TO CALAIS,

BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.

1795.

Price Half-a-Crown.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the Publick may not be deceived, and the Reputation of the Author injured, by the publication of Pieces, fabricated in order to take an undue advantage of the general curioſity, the Comedy of A TRIP TO CALAIS is here printed, as originally written, and intended for repreſentation; together with all the Alterations and Additions which the Writer thought neceſſary, when he afterwards produced it on the ſtage, under the title of THE CAPUCHIN.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Colonel Crosby.
O'Donnovan.
Minnikin.
Kit Codling.
Dick Drugget.
Luke Lapelle.
Gregory Gingham.
Tromfort.
Kit Cable.
La Jeunesse.
Servant.

Soldiers, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, &c.

Lady Kitty Crocodile.
Miſs Lydell.
Mrs. Minnikin.
Mrs. Clack.
Jenny Minnikin.
Hetty.
Abbess.
Nun.

A TRIP

A TRIP TO CALAIS.

ACT I

Scene, Hotel d'Angleterre.

Enter Kit Cable, Dick Drugget, and Jenny Minnikin.

Cable.

HARK'EE, meſſmate! look about! you had better bring-to in this creek: here you will find the beſt moorings. The *Hotel d'Angleterre* they calls it in French; but you'll find the names of things plaguily tranſmogrified all along the coaſt.

Dick. They be civil people, no doubt.

Cable. Civil? ay, ay; if you will bring a good cargo of caſh, you are welcome to anchor here as long as you liſt: But you will find the duties high at out-clearance; therefore take care, d'ye ſee, and don't run aground. I muſt take t'other trip to the port, for your ſtowage. [*Exit.*

Dick. I hope by this time your ſea-ſickneſs is pretty well gone?

Jenny.

Jenny. Much mended, dear Dicky, I thank you.

Dick. Well, my dear Jenny, here we are, ſafely landed in the French country, however. And now, what's next to be done? Conſider, my love, we have not a moment to loſe; your father will not be long behind us, I am ſure.

Jenny. No queſtion of that; therefore our beſt way will be to get out of his power as ſoon as we can.

Dick. By what means?

Jenny. By the means which we came hither in ſearch of; by being married, you know.

Dick. True: But how the deuce ſhall we procure a parſon? Perhaps the man of the houſe may aſſiſt us: But, plague on't! I can't *parley Francee*; though I underſtand a few words here and there.

Jenny. But I can, Dicky, you know. What, do you think I was five years at madam Vanſlopping's, the Swiſs French boarding-ſchool at Edmonton, for nothing at all?

Dick. True, true; I had forgot.—But I don't think it any mark of their manners, to let us wait here ſo long without aſking us in. Here, houſe, houſe!

Jenny. Peace, Dicky! how is it poſſible they ſhould know what you want?—*Maiſon! ſeignior de Terre!*

Dick. Who? what?

Jenny. Seignior de Terre is as much as to ſay Landlord in Engliſh.

Dick. True, true. Oh! here the man comes.

Enter Monſieur Tromfort.

Tromf. Monſieur! Mademoiſelle!

Dick.

Dick. To him, Jenny!

Jenny. Monſieur, nos ſommes Anglois, & nous avons grand occaſion d'un pretre!

Tromf. A quoi faire?

Jenny. Faire? pour nous joindre lui & moi enſemble, I think.

Dick. That is marriage, ſhe and me: You underſtand me, Mounſeer?

Tromf. Ah-ha! *pour le mariage! tres bien*; perfectly vell, Sir.

Dick. Gad's my life, he ſpeaks Engliſh! how lucky we were in the choice of a houſe!—And what may your name be, Mounſeer?

Tromf. Tromfort, at your ver good ſervice.

Dick. Why, look'ee! Mounſeer Tromfort; in a word, our buſineſs is this: This here young gentlewoman and I——

Jenny. Stop, Dicky, and let me explain matters to Monſieur Tromfort; becauſe why, I ſpeak the language, you know.

Dick. But, Miſs, our landlord underſtands Engliſh.

Jenny. No matter; don't contradict me, Dicky; you know I could not never bear that from a child. You muſt know then, Monſieur, that Mr. Matthew Minnikin, my father, is one of the moſt reſpectable pin-makers in the whole city of London; and that I am his daughter.

Tromf. Ah-ha! I underſtand; maiſter Minicky, *gros marchand d'epingle? c'eſt tout ſimple.*

Jenny. And this here young man that you ſee, is Dicky Drugget, father's 'prentice at home.

Tromf. Fort bien; ver vell!

Jenny. Now, father being minded to provide me a huſband, for fear I ſhould otherwiſe provide one for myſelf——

Tromf.

Tromf. Fort bien! dat vas ver vell fancy: Pardie, monſieur Minicky has great deal of wit!

Jenny. Yes, well enough; if ſo be that he had got me a man to my mind; but he was ſo undutiful as never to think of conſulting of me.

Tromf. Oh, fy, fy, Monſieur Minicky! dat vas terrible ting.

Jenny. Ay, was it not, Monſieur? quite monſtrous, as a body may ſay; and ſo you would own, if you was to ſee the creature he fixed on; Kit Codling, a fat fiſhmonger, hard by the 'Change. They ſay the man is well enough to paſs in the world; one of the livery, a pretty good ſpeechefyer, minds his ſhop, and is careful and ſober; but, Lord, what ſignifies that? he has no more idera of dreſs than a Dutchman; and as to cotillions, I ſuppoſe he knows as much about them as a cow.

Tromf. Oh, fy, fy! *Mauvaiſe partie*, bad partie!

Jenny. And ſo, Dicky and I being bred up together, as it were, and being a genteeliſh virtuous young man——

Tromf. Ah, vas *tres gentile.*

Jenny. Yes; for except lying out all night now and then, hating to be ſo vulgar as to ſtay in the ſhop, frequenting the tavern in ſearch of good company, running his father in debt for his credit, and gracing his converſation with the oaths moſt in faſhion, I don't believe the lad has a ſingle vice in the world.

Tromf. Dat is ver extraordinary!

Jenny. And yet you can't think what an orationing father uſed to make every day: But, between you and I, Monſieur, father and mother are but a couple of fogrum old fools; ben't they, Dicky?

Dick.

Dick. To ſay truth, little better, my dear.

Jenny. Why, what a noiſe they made about my only running from ſchool for three or four days with Monſieur Chaſſon, our *maître de dance*, juſt as if they thought I would never come back again; ha, ha!

Dick. To ſay truth, Mounſeer, Miſs Jenny amongſt them had but a very bad time; for this I muſt confeſs to her face, ſhe is the moſt beſt-temperedeſt girl in the world; for let her but ſay and do what ſhe pleaſes, and you will ſcarcely hear a croſs word come out of her mouth in a month.

Tromf. Vraiment?

Dick. Then, to prove what a dutiful daughter ſhe always has been, ſhe conſtantly uſed to ſteal out to ſee Breſlaw, the plays, and hear Signiora Gamberbelly at the opera, on purpoſe to prevent their being tired with her company at home.

Tromf. Ver conſiderate!

Dick. And whenever the old folks charged her with doing any thing wrong, ſhe never told them a word of truth in her life.

Tromf. No?

Dick. No; for fear of making her parents uneaſy.

Tromf. Ver *aimable* indeed!

Jenny. Nay, Monſieur, Dicky was always very partial to me.—And ſo, we taking a fancy to one another, and to prevent father from expoſing himſelf by ſuch a ridiculous choice as Kit Codling, we agreed to give the old ones the ſlip, and take a little tour to the kingdom of France.

Tromf. Bien imaginée! dat vas vell imagin!

Dick.

Dick. And ſo, Mounſeer——

Jenny. Nay, Dicky, don't interrupt me, my dear!—And ſo, as I was a-ſaying, if you can contrive to procure us a marrying doctor, for I am told there are one or two who have ſet up in that way in this town, we ſhall take it, Monſieur, as a very particular favour.

Tromf. I ſhall be ver happy, *tres charmée!* to be capable to ſerve-a you.

Jenny. Vaſt polite! and indeed, as I have often told Dicky, the French always are ſo.

Tromf. Indeed, I have great regard for de Englis; and ven dey come over, I never refuſe my protection.

Jenny. Mighty civil, indeed!

Tromf. Why, every ſummer dere come here to my houſe a great many my lórs; and I let 'em ſtay two, tree months, juſt as long as dey pleaſe.

Dick. What, for nothing, Mounſeer?

Tromf. Preſque la meme choſe! almoſt de very ſame ting; dey never pay noding at all, only juſt for dere eating, drinking, and ſleeping.

Jenny. How generous and noble!

Tromf. Yes; I alvays have great *penchant*, great partiality, for doſe of your country. Vy, dere vas ſome time ago, ven my houſe and my good vas burn down by de fire, I never vas take noding at all from de French.

Dick. No?

Tromf. Pas une ſous; but ſuffer my lors Anglois to build-a my hotel up again to dere own taſte, vidout de leaſt interruption.

Dick. How kind, to give that preference to us!

Jenny. That indeed was the very exceſs of good breeding!

Tromf.

Tromf. And ven dey bring over good many guinea, lumb'ring heavy great ting, I make de change vid de louis, dat vas ſo pretty, and as light as de cork.

Jenny. How diſintereſted!

Tromf. And as I know Meſſieurs les Anglois come here to improve demſelves by travel in France, I adviſe dem always to ſtay here as long as dey can, and never to tink of going home, till all dere monies be gone.

Dick. What a fine thing it is to get ſuch a friend in foreign parts!

Jenny. True, Dicky. Well, but, Monſieur, do you think you can provide us with the party we want?

Tromf. Pour la mariage? for marry you? dere is no doubt.

Dick. But there is no time, Mounſeer, to be loſt, for we expect Miſs's father and mother to follow us in the very firſt ſhip.

Tromf. Dere is de Doctor Coupler live juſt-a by, in de very next ſtreet.

Jenny. Then ſend for him directly.

Tromf. Very probable he is not at home at dis time.

Dick. No?

Tromf. He commonly take de opportunity of deſe dark night, to ſtep croſs de Shannel, and ſupply his friend on t'oder ſide vid de brandy and tea.

Dick. Oh, what, I reckon, the Doctor ſmuggles a little?

Tromf. Yes, for little amuſement, juſt *pour paſſer le temps*; for he is ver fond of de ſea.

Dick. Will you enquire, Mounſeer, if we cannot meet with the Doctor?

Tromf.

Tromf. *A l'inſtant*; dis very moment.

Enter a very old Waiter.

Eh bien? La Jeuneſſe! vat is de matter?

La Jeu. Dere is anoder veſſel from Dover, juſt-a put into de port.

Dick. Is there? Then ten to one your father is in her!

Tromf. Dat vill be ver *mal-à-propos!*

Dick. Hadn't I better run down to the key, and take a peep at who lands?

Tromf. By all mean; de very beſt dought in de vorld.

Dick. Stay you here, Miſs; I will be back in a trice. [*Exit.*

Tromf. A ver pretty gentleman, dat Maiſter Druggy!

Jenny. Yes, Dicky is thought very well on.

Tromf. He has ver great head; *beaucoup de politique!*

Jenny. Yes, yes; he has wit enough when he will.

Tromf. *Ma foi,* Maiſter Dicky be *fort!* a ver happy man, to be ſure!

Jenny. How ſo, Monſieur Tromfort?

Tromf. How ſo? *pardie,* to have engage de affection of ſo *aimable* a Mademoiſelle.

Jenny. Dear me, Monſieur, and d'ye think ſo?

Tromf. *Aſſurement.*

Jenny. Really? But you French are ſo given to flattery!

Tromf. *Point de tout,* not at all! Vill you permit-a me, Mademoiſelle, juſt to have de honour to kiſs-a your hand?

Jenny. My hand, Monſieur! what good can that do you?

Tromf. Ah! my God! how fine! vite as ſnow, and

and ſoft as de ſilk! Vat vould I give to be dat dere Monſieur Dicky!

Jenny. Why, is it poſſible, Monſieur, that you can think me equal to your own country ladies?

Tromf. Ah, Mademoiſelle, dere is no compariſon at all in de vorld: Vat havock your charm vould make in dis contry!

Jenny. I am not quite ſo certain of that.

Tromf. Dere is no doubt at all: *Pour la preuve*; De very firſt-a Frenchmans you vas ſee, is proud to drow himſelf at your feet.

Jenny. At mine? who can that be, Monſieur?

Tromf. *Votre tres humble*, Mademoiſelle; it is *moi*, me myſelf.

Jenny. You?

Tromf. *Moi.* Permit-a me, Mademoiſelle, to declare de force of my paſſion, dat burn my ver—

Jenny. For me? why, I have ſcarce been in your company a couple of minutes.

Tromf. Von inſtant is enough for your charm to make-a de conqueſt; de very firſt glance, your bright eyes ſhoot me quite to de heart. Ah! how it make-a me pat, pat, pat, pat! *Fait moi l'honneur* to place-a your hand juſt here a my ſide.

Jenny. Here is an audacious old fop! I'll try how far the impudent puppy will go.—Why, really, Monſieur, you're ſo amiable, and your manners ſo very polite, and ſo civil, that if it had not been for a prior engagement, I don't know but I might be tempted to liſten.

Tromf. Courage, Monſieur Tromfort! Stay but littel time, Maiſter Dicky, begar I make you a cocu before you vas marry. [*aſide.*]—Engagement! vat is dat?

Jenny. The young man you ſaw here but now.

Tromf. Maiſter Dicky; ver vell?

Jenny.

Jenny. We are come over hither to marry, you know.

Tromf. Vy not?

Jenny. What, and at the ſame time encourage another's addreſſes?

Tromf. To be ſure. *En France*, de lady alvays take de huſband to make ſure of de lover; de one *pour la politique*, de oder for de paſſion.

Jenny. Ay; but what would my countrywomen ſay at ſo very quick a——

Tromf. Say? ah-ha! ſhe begin to capitulate. [*aſide.*]—Say? dat you take de ver viſe ſtep. Oh, Mademoiſelle, dere be many pretty my lady who vait at my hotel for de vind, that can tell many comic ſtorie of Monſieur Tromfort.

Jenny. Oh, I don't doubt it at all!—Was there ever ſuch an impudent coxcomb!—If one did but know, indeed, the name of ſome of the ladies, it would be a kind of excuſe.

Tromf. Pardonnez moi! jamais de man of honour; never tell de name of de lady. *La voies!* looky here! look at dis *plumet*; dis pretty white fedder [*ſhews a ſhabby white feather*]; dis trophy of my victory I receive from de hand of de pretty my lady.

Jenny. That indeed is a proof; and yet, Monſieur, it is a ſort of wonder too, for you are not over young, nor, between ourſelves, remarkably handſome; and beſides all that, you have but one eye.

Tromf. Dat is true; but den conſider, Mademoiſelle, dat the little god Cupid has got never a vone.

Jenny. Right; and I believe the lady muſt have been near as blind as the god.

Tromf. Not at all. But, *ma chere* Mademoiſelle,

ſelle, we loſe time; and Maiſter Dicky may come back from de port. Dere is, in dis littel room, de ver pritt picter, which permit-a me to have de honour to ſhew you.

Jenny. Nay, but, Monſieur——

Tromf. Dere muſt be a littel compulſion to make de lady do vat ſhe like [*pulls her.*] *Venez ma!*

Jenny. Hands off, you inſolent ruffian!

[*Strikes him.*

Tromf. Diable!

Jenny. The vanity and impudence of this fellow exceeds all the accounts I have heard of his country.

Tromf. By gar, for de ſoft hand, it is de moſt hard I ever vas feel!

Jenny. Not half ſo much as you merit. A pretty account you give of the Engliſh; and a fine return for all the favours you have received at their hands!

Tromf. Pardie, c'eſt une eſpèce de virago.—Mais, Mademoiſelle!

Jenny. However, the gentleman will ſoon be back, and return you thanks for this piece of civility.

Tromf. Mais, Mademoiſelle, you vas know de mode of dis country, de littel gallantry to de pretty fine vomans.

Jenny. Gallantry! what, from a fellow like you, a pitiful publican?

Tromf. Diable! publican? dat be good enough for de maker of pin.

Jenny. Here he comes.

Enter Dick Drugget.

Dick. Zounds, Miſs, here they all be!

Jenny. All! who?

Dick.

Dick. Father, mother, and your aunt Clack, the milliner from out of Pall-Mall.—But, you ſeem flurried; there has nothing happened, I hope?

Jenny. Happened? that ſaucy Frenchman has taken ſuch liberties!

Dick. How!—Zounds, Sir, how dare you—

Tromf. Monſieur Dicky——

Jenny. Nay, the fellow is only fit to be laughed at: Beſides, at preſent we want him.—Hark'ee, Monſieur, if you wiſh to have your folly forgot, and not be expoſed, as you richly deſerve, you muſt immediately lend your aſſiſtance.

Tromf. Vid *plaiſir.*

Jenny. Where can I conceal myſelf from my angry relations?

Tromf. Dere is but littel time for to tink. Ah-ha! I have it. I vill dis inſtant put you into de *couvent*, vere my ſiſter is nun.

Jenny. But they will ſoon find me out, and force me from them.

Tromf. You muſt pretend to have de grand inclination to become de bon catolick.

Jenny. And will that do?

Tromf. Never fear! Mademoiſelle *eſt bien riche*; and de French prieſt never give up de convert ven ſhe have got great deal of guinée, *jamais.*

Jenny. In the mean time, what is to become of my friend?

Tromf. De beſt vay for Maiſter Dicky is to take de littel trip to Dunkirk or Boulogne, till matters be ſettle.

Jenny. May I venture, Monſieur, to truſt myſelf in your hands?

Tromf. By gar, Mademoiſelle, dere is more danger from your hand dan from mine!

Jenny.

Jenny. We Engliſh, Monſieur, are an odd ſort of people; it is near as dangerous to provoke our women as men.

Tromf. By gar, I believe ſo. No, no; *l'affair eſt faite*; I have done.—*Ma femme*, my littel vife, ſhall conduct Mademoiſelle—La Jeuneſſe! [*Calls.*

Enter La Jeuneſſe.

La Jeu. Monſieur?

Tromf Go to my vife; tell her to take Mademoiſelle to de *couvent*, and leave her dere vid my ſiſter. After dinner, I vill bring you de news to de grate.

Jenny. Well, Dicky, adieu! expect to hear from me ſoon.

Dick. Be as quick as you will, I ſhall think it an age. Deareſt Jenny, farewell! [*Exit.*

Tromf. Juſque à revoir, Mademoiſelle!

Jenny. Servant, Monſieur Tromfort!

Tromf. Ma foi, Mademoiſelle be a great littel fool, to prefer Monſieur Dicky to ſuch anoder as me. By gar, de Englis voman have no judgment at all! ſhe vill repent by-and-by; more pity for ſhe!—La Jeuneſſe!

Enter La Jeuneſſe.

Have you ſent doſe bag of guinea to Dunkirk, to be melt?

La Jeu. Oui, Monſieur.

Tromf. Ver vell. [*Exit La Jeuneſſe.*]—*Apres tout* Meſſieurs *l'Anglois*, all de Englis people be ver great fool, to come here, ſpend dere money, in ſearch after vat dey never will find! to ſhange dere roaſt-a beef and pudding, for our rotten ragout; ſee de comedy, de play, dey don't comprehend; talk vid de people dey don't underſtand;

derſtand; *tant mieux!* ſo much de better! In ver few year, I ſhut up my hotel, ſet up my coach, my caroſſe, and call myſelf monſieur le marquis de Guinea, in compliment to Meſſieurs *l'Anglois*; ver pritt titel, by gar! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Enter La Jeuneſſe, Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Kit Codling.

Mrs. Min. This unnatural huſſy, to run thus away from her parents! and into foreign parts, as they ſay, amongſt Pagans and Papiſts, and a parcel of—And here we have been toſſed and tumbled about, that I don't know whether I ſtand upon my head or my heels.

Min. And then that lanthorn-jaw'd hound at the gate, to ſeize my tobacco-box! and I'll be ſworn there was not a couple of pipe-fulls.

Mrs. Min. Ay, ay, poor toads, they are glad to get hold of any thing they can get. Well, if I once more ſet ſight of old Powl's, if ever they get me below Bridge again, unleſs a pleaſuring, perhaps, during the ſummer, in a hoy to Margate—Pray, ſon Codling, how long were we in ſailing over the ſea?

Codl I can tell you, madam Minnikin exact to a minute; becauſe why, I have promiſed neighbour Index, the printer, to make obſervations on all the ſtrange things that I ſee, that he may print them next time, 'long with his Six Weeks' Tour to the Continent. Let's ſee; here is my Journal: [*reads*] "June the 10th, em-
"barked at ſeven in the morning, at Dover,
"aboard the Mercury, vind South and by Eaſt;
"nine o'clock, vind weer a little to the Veſt!
"ſhelled half a buſhel of peas; eleven o'clock,
"vind ditto, eat ditto; twelve and half, plucked

"a

" a couple of fowls; very odd to ſee how the vind " blew the feathers about; *nota bene*, feathers will " ſwim in the ſalt ſea."

Min. Vaſt curus obſervations, indeed!

Mrs. Min. Nay, I always ſaid, ſon Codling had a good head of his own. Why, Matthew Minnikin, if he goes on but as he begun, I don't know but his'n may be as uſeful as many of the Voyages that have been printed of late.

Min. Ay, Margery, if he could but get ſome ſtrange beaſteſſes, or carry home a foreign ſavage or two, for a ſhow.

Mrs. Min. But go on, ſon Codling, I beg!

Codl. " Two o'clock, road beginning to be " conſumedly rough, was ſo much jolted, that " I could not write any more."

Mrs. Min. Write? I'm ſure I was not able to ſtand; ſo they popped me into a hole in the wall, I think they called it a *cabin*; Lord bleſs us, 'twas more liker a coffin!

Clack. The ſea has been rather rumbuſtious, I own; but then, ſiſter, the land makes us ample amends.

Mrs. Min. Amends! in what way?

Clack. Bleſs me, ſiſter, how can you aſk? I profeſs I feel myſelf quite a different perſon: The people here are all ſo gay, and well bred! Did not you obſerve, when I accidentally ſneezed, now politely all the people pull'd off their hats?

Mrs. Min. Pſhaw! what ſignifies their grins and grimaces, their ſcrapes and congees; do you, ſiſter, ſeriouſly think, that the French folks are more cleverer than we?

Clack. Ridiculous! is there a mortal can doubt it? Why, without their aſſiſtance, how ſhould we be able to dreſs ourſelves, or our victuals?

And

And then, as to cleverneſs, did you obſerve thoſe little children, as we came up from the key?

Mrs Min. Yes; and, to my thinking, I never ſaw ſuch a parcel of brown brats in my life.

Clack. I declare I was aſhamed, quite bluſhed for my country, to hear mere infants, quite babies, as I may ſay, ſputter French, more freer and glibber than your daughter Jane, who has had a French maſter theſe five years.

Mrs. Min. That's true, I muſt own; but then I don't find that they be more cuter to get our lingo, than we to learn theirs.

Clack. Becauſe why, they think it beneath them.

Mrs. Min. Who the deuce be all theſe?

Enter ſeveral Porters with ſmall parcels.

La Jeu. De porter from de cuſtom-houſe, along vid your baggage.

Codl. Baggage? zooks, any one of theſe might have carried it all.

Clack. Ay! there, there, brother, you have another proof of their breeding; all of them eager to be uſeful to ſtrangers.

Min. Yes, pox take them, in hopes, I ſuppoſe, of being handſomely paid.—Well, Monſieur, how much are you to have?

Clack. Fy, Mr. Minnikin! don't expoſe your meanneſs the moment you are landed.—Monſieur, you will ſatisfy theſe gentlemen for the trouble they have taken. And, Mr. Codling, do try and get us a good room, if you can.

La Jeu. Venez ici!

[*Exeunt Porters, bowing and ſcraping.*

Min.

Min. Hey-day! who the deuce have we here?

Mrs. Min. As I live, a couple of ſhoe-blacks, with muffs and bag-wigs!

Enter Shoe-blacks, who bow with great ceremony, and take ſnuff.

Min. There, there, Margery! doſt thou ſee? mark their ſmirking, bowing and ſneezing!

Clack. Ay, ſiſter Minnikin, there! you ſee how courteous and civil the very loweſt people are here: Shew me a ſhopkeeper, in your whole ward, that can do his honours ſo well! See how politely they offer their ſnuff to each other; and look! if the ſweet little creatures are not ſet down to cards on their ſtools!

Min. Yes, yes; I ſee well enough.

Clack. Not like our vulgar fellows, at Putt or All-fours, but a party at Piquet, I'll be ſworn!

Enter La Jeuneſſe, Luke Lapelle, and Gregory Gingham.

La Jeu. Dis vay, my lor! one, two, dree ſtep; take care-a, my lor!

Mrs. Min. Bleſs me, my dear, if here a'n't Mr. Lappelle, from Bond-Street! and neighbour Gingham, as ſure as a gun! freſh from Pariſh I warrant.

Min. Well met neighbour Gingham! What, you've been fetching home faſhions, I reckon?

Ging. Huſh, Maſter Minnikin! there is no need to make proclamation in foreign parts of what buſineſs we be.

Clack.

Clack. Brother Minnikin's tongue will now and-then run too faſt for his wit.

Min. Nay, I ſaid nothing, I am ſure.

Lap. Excuſé moi, Monſieur Minnikin! you mentioned fetching of faſhions; and that, as the French ſay, was *tantaramount* to calling us tailors.

Clack. The very ſame thing.

Min. Why, ſure, Gregory Gingham, thee be'ſt not aſhamed of thy calling, be'ſt?

Ging. That is another man's matter, you knows: How is it our fault, (d'ye mind me?) if the French folks will take us for lords? They ſaw ſomething in us that was above the vulgar, I reckon.

Mrs. Min. Nay, for the matter of that, Matthew, it is at worſt but being quit with Mounſeer; for I'll be ſworn, there are many of their Counts and Marquiſſes that comes over to us, (aye, and are received by the beſt quality too, at their tables) who, if the truth was known, are little better than tailors at home.

Codl. Right! well ſaid, Madam Minnikin! With this odds in their favour, (plague take 'em!) that them there fellows make a good hand and profit by their pride and preſumption; whilſt our fooliſh folks are forced to pay pretty high fees for their titles. I reckon, your *lordſhips* were ſwingingly ſouſed on the road?

Ging. To ſay truth, the bills did mount pretty high, and we did not chuſe to chaffer with them, becauſe why, we wa'n't willing to bring a diſgrace on our dignity.

Clack. Wiſely done, for the honour of England!

Codl. Honour? I can't ſay that ever I heard that

that Old England received much honour from tailors; unleſs, indeed, when they lifted in Elliot's Light-horſe.

Lap. That may be the caſe, Maſter Minnikin, with thoſe of the trade who live in the city; but I would have you to know, that the knights of the needle are another ſort of people at our end of the town.

Clack. Doubtleſs.

Lap. It is not in the faſhions only that we take the lead; we rule likewiſe over the *Belles Lettres*, as the French call them.

Min. How?

Lap. Give laws to the drama; damn a play when we pleaſe; or hiſs an actor off the ſtage, when we take a diſlike to the raſcal.

Codl. Ay? it is the firſt I ever heard of a tailor's gooſe hiſſing!

Lap. Yes, yes; why, I myſelf, at the head of my journeymen, have more than once played the part of the THE PUBLIC.

Min. You ſurprize me!

Lap. And am known, at all our houſes of call, by the name of *Tom Town*.

Clack. Mr. Lapelle, you are but loſing your labour: Honeſt good ſort of people enough; but mere cits, quite ignorant of what is going on in the world!

Lap. Yes, yes, they look of that cut; not of the right ſtuff, as the French ſay, to make *bucks deſprits* on.

Clack. And pray what news is ſtirring in Paris?

Lap. *Tojours* gay, as the French ſay, Mrs. Clack.

Mrs. Min. I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

Lap.

Lap. I ſuppoſe ſo; for I ſaw a good many awkward people, as they ſay, *à la comedy*, and at the *Coloſſus*; but I choſe to avoid them.

Mrs. Min. And why ſo?

Codl. I reckon there were ſome of his maſters amongſt them; and it would not have been decent to be too forward, for a tradeſman, like he.

Lap. Pardonnez moi! that was not it; it is always the rule with me, when I travels, to avoid *les Anglois*, as the French ſay, the Engliſh, as much as I can.

Codl. I reckon the French, as they don't know taſte; his trade, are more politer and civil.

Lap. No; there's a roughneſs, a *bourgoiſy*, about our barbarians, that is not at all to my taſte; not a bit, as the French ſay, to my *gout*.

Clack. I don't wonder at it. I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

Lap. Yes; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French ſay, looked pretty jolly; and I was at his grand *couvert*, and *cowſhee* a-Sunday: His majeſty looked at me very hard.

Clack. Indeed?

Mrs. Min. Ay; wondering, I ſuppoſe, how ſuch a one as he could contrive to get in.

Lap. This relation of yours, Mrs. Clack, is but a low kind of a body.—No, no, Mrs. Minnikin; his majeſty and I have been acquainted; many a time and oft have I been at court, when he was only the *Dolphin*.

Clack. Pray, how long, Mr. Lapelle, was you coming from Paris?

Lap. Two days and a night.

Clack. Are the accommodations good upon the road?

Lap.

Lap. Their horſes, their *chevauxes*, as the French call them, are not quite ſo nimble as our'n; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *courier* the poſt, without ſtopping; unleſs, perhaps, to take a ſlight *repas* of a bit of *jambun*, or a *hamlet*.

Min. But how do you like your jaunt, neighbour Gingham? You are rather ſilent, I think.

Lap. This, you know, is only Gingham's firſt trip: Beſides, to like Paris, a man muſt *parle vous* in perfection; ſpeak their lingor perfectly well.

Ging. For the matter of that, maſter Lapelle, the poſtilions did not ſeem to take very readily all that you ſaid on the road.

Lap. Them there fellows! how ſhould they? mere country bumpkins! little better, as we ſay in French, than a parcel of *pheaſants!*

Clack. Ay, hogs, I ſuppoſe, like our own.

Lap. True, Mrs. Clack; quite *cowchans*, as we ſay.

Mrs. Min. Have they pretty good victuals in theſe parts, neighbour Gingham?

Ging. Victuals? ſoup, that taſted as if wrung from a diſh-clout, and rags ſtewed in vinegar, are all the victuals I have ſeen.

Lap. Ah! poor Gingham has a true Engliſh ſtomach; nothing will do but ſubſtantials; he has no taſte for *ragoutes*, *intermeats*, and *rottis*.

Ging. Nay, you know, at the laſt town, my wife fiſhed out a large piece of blue apron, upon the top of her fork.

Mrs. Min. What! did Mrs. Gingham come with you?

Ging. Yes; and is about as well pleaſed as myſelf.

Mrs.

Mrs. Min. Where is ſhe?

Ging. In a room hard-by, with Mrs. Lapelle.

Lap. How often have I cautioned you not to give her that name here in France? ſuppoſe any of the people ſhould hear you?

Clack. What, then, I ſuppoſe it is not Mrs. Lapelle, that is, your real wife, that is with you?

Lap. Yes, yes; but you know nothing can be ſo vulgar in France, as voyaging about with one's wife; ſo I make her paſs for my miſtreſs, and always calls her *Mademoiſelle.*

Clack. And ſhe fares never the worſe, I'll be ſworn.

Lap. Au contraire, as they ſay; beſides, it is the onlieſt method to keep her to one's ſelf.

Mrs. Min. How ſo?

Lap. No Frenchman ſcruples to make love to a wife; becauſe why, 'tis not the faſhion for the huſband to care a farthing about her; but to ſeduce a man's miſtreſs, that he is imagined to love, is a crime that is never forgiven.

Clack. Lord, Mr. Lapelle, we are like the French in a great many things.

Lap. Yes, we endeavour; and, to ſay truth, improve every day in our morals.

Clack. But mayn't we join the ladies within?

Lap. By all means—but mind the caution I gave!—Yes; Mademoiſelle and I by accident picked up Gingham and wife. We met them in the *Fauxbourg* of *St. German*; and as we were to ſet out about the ſame time, we thought it would be, as the French ſay, for us four to come to Calais together, an agreeable *tête-à-tête* on the road.

Clack. Well, I ſhould like vaſtly to ſee Paris before

before my return; but the journey is ſo very expenſive! Coſt a world of money no doubt?

Lap. Why, as I know how to manage, not altogether ſo much: It is true, we paid our bills like lords, on the road; but it ſhall go hard, Mrs. Clack, if I don't make the real lords refund, when I ſend in their bills.

Clack. All the reaſon in life.

Lap. This, with a good cargo of lace conveyed by Mademoiſelle, and ſome rich ſuits that I know how to ſmuggle ſafely to Dover, will, I ſhould thing, carry me ſcot-free to Bond-Street. —But, pray, what brings all your family?

Clack. We will inform you within.

Lap. Gingham, you will eſcort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, as the French ſay, will you accept of my *braſs?* [*Exeunt, with ceremony.*

A C T II.

A French Apartment.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.

Mrs. Minnikin.

I TELL you, Matthew, it is all a purtence, merely to keep out of our hands! Why, what ſhould ſhe do in a convent?

Min. Mayhap, Margery, ſhe may take it in her head to turn nun.

Mrs. Min. Lord, Matthew, how can'ſt think of any ſuch a thing? She nun! no, no; ſhe's more likely by half to bring people into the world,

world, than to take any one out on't. What ſay you, ſiſter Clack?

Clack. I am pretty much of your mind, I muſt confeſs; but we ſhall know more of the matter when Kit Codling comes back.

Min. D'ye think they'll permit'n to ſee her?

Mrs. Min. That, I ſuppoſe, will depend on herſelf. Oh, here comes Mr. Codling.

Enter Codling.

Well, ſon, what news from the runagate? have you ſeen her?

Codl. Not I: They firſt ſhew'd me up to a room with iron rails at one end, like a begging-grate; and, upon ringing the bell, there popped out of t'other ſide the bars an old gentlewoman, dreſt in a blanket, with a black handkerchief over her head.

Mrs. Min. Yes; I have heard the Papiſhes have ſuch dreſſes among them: who was ſhe?

Codl. I took her to be one of the clargywomen that belong to the place. I aſked, if they had veigled one Miſs Minnikin into their clutches, in hopes to make her a Papiſh: At the word *veigled*, the old woman turned up the whites of her eyes, and with her hands croſs her ſtomach, like a child that is ſaying her catechiſe, made a jaculation; I fancy, in the outlandiſh tongue; upon which I told her to let me have none on her hypocriſy canting, but to anſwer direct to my queſtions.

Clack. How rude! it was lucky ſhe did not underſtand you.

Codl. Underſtand me! yes, as well as you do: Pho, mun, they be all Engliſhwomen that be

be locked up in that church. She owned that Miſs Jenny was there.

Mrs. Min. She did?

Codl. Then I aſked if I could not change a few words with her, by way of a little diſcourſe; they ſaid no; becauſe why, Miſs was out of order at preſent.

Min. A pretence; nothing elſe.

Codl So I reckon. Then I deſired the gentlewoman to open the hatch, and let me in doors to ſee her, for I had a word or two for her private ear from her parents; upon that, the old goſſop ſet up ſuch a grumbling, called me profligate harrytick, and wondered I could be ſo empiety to think they ever ſuffered a man to enter their doors; 'pon that, I told her, that if none of her compliſhes were more handſome than ſhe, ecod they might open their doors without any great danger; ha, ha! this made the old one as mad as the deuce!

Clack. I told you what would happen, if you ſent ſuch a rough creature as he.

Codl. No; we grew more milder at laſt; and ſhe offered to ſhew her, if her father and mother would come.

Mrs. Min. Then, Matthew, let us go to her this inſtant! Son Codling will ſhew us the way.

Codl. For the matter of that, I don't believe you will ſpeed much better than me.

Clack. And why not?

Codl. When I aſk'd her, if as how ſhe thought Jenny had ſeruſly a mind to turn to their way, ſhe ſaid ſhe didn't make the leaſt doubt on't; for that Miſs had all the true outward and viſible ſigns of an inward vacation.

Mrs. Min. Who have we here?

Enter

Enter Father O'Donnovan, a Capuchin.

Codl. I don't know; a mountebank, I reckon; or mayhap a man that ſhews ſleight of hand.

O'Don. Save you, good jontlemen!

Mrs. Min. No, no; it is an Engliſhman, I know by his tongue.—Well, friend, who and what are you?

O'Don. Plaiſe you, I am a poor Capuchin, that belongs to this convent here in the town.

Codl. Capuchin? and pray, honeſt friend, what trade is that in the French?

O'Don. Trade! the devil a bit of trade that it is: By my ſhoul, if I had a mind to be of a trade, do you think I would have quitted my haymaking in England?

Mrs. Min. What is it, then, that you follow?

O'Don. It is a kind of profeſſion, my dear.

Mrs. Min. A profeſſion!

O'Don. Ay; we make profeſſions of poverty, that we may be ſure to want for nothing as long as we live.

Codl. And how do you get what you want?

O'Don. By aſking it from thoſe that can give it.

Codl. Godſo! then you are a beggar, I fancy.

O'Don. Who? a beggar? what the devil put that in your head?

Mrs. Min. What d'ye call yourſelf elſe?

O'Don. I am only a mendicant, honey.

Codl. I wonder you prefer ſo idle a life.

O'Don. And why ſo? d'ye think that I would not rather that other people ſhould work for me, than work for myſelf? not that I ſhould mind working neither, but only becauſe it is ſo very laborious.

Mrs.

Mrs. Min. And are folks now very charitable in this here part of the world?

O'Don. Charitable! the devil of any charity's in it: It is, honey, a Chriſtian kind of a bargain, ſtruck up among us, I think.

Clack. A bargain?

O'Don. Ay; whilſt they work for us, we pray for them; they take care of our bodies, and, in return, my dear, we take care of their ſhouls.

Codl. Souls! never ſtir, father, if this ben't one of their friars!

Mrs. Min. Sure as can be, ſon Codling has hit it. Who can tell, huſband, as he is our countryman, and one of the gang, but, for a little ſpill of money, he may put us in a way to get our daughter out of their clutches?

Min. It is but trying, however.

Mrs. Min. And pray, good Sir, by what name may we call you?

O'Don. Father O'Donnovan, at your humble ſervice.

Mrs. Min. Will you do us the favour to ſtep a little this way?—Son Codling, have a look-out, that we ben't interrupted.—Why, you muſt know, that a daughter of ours has run away from her friends, and *voluns*, *noluns*, taken ſhelter here in a cloiſter.

O'Don. Run away from her friends? by my ſhoul, that was very fooliſhly done!

Mrs. Min. Now if you could put us in a way, by hook or by crook, to get her out of the convent——

O'Don. Me? what, me? to get a parſon out of a convent?

Mrs. Min. If you could be ſo kind to aſſiſt—

O'Don.

O'Don. Fy! conſider, woman, what you are aſking.

Min. Nay, Sir!

O'Don. Upon my conſcience, here is one of the moſt blackeſt conſpiracies broke out againſt Popery, ſince gunpowder-treaſon.

Mrs. Min. Patience, ſweet Sir!

O'Don. To tempt one of my order to be guilty of ſacredneſs!

Mrs. Min. Indeed, good Sir, I had no ſuch thing in my head.

O'Don. Pace, woman! What is it better than ſacredneſs, to break into a convent, and take any cratur out by compulſion?

Mrs. Min. But, Sir——

O'Don. I tell you, even to force a young woman from thence, that is willing to lave it, is one of the biggeſt robberies that can be committed.

Mrs. Min. My dear——

O'Don. And, to extenuate the matter, here is a dutiful poor young body, that flies from her parents, and takes refuge in the arms of the church——

Mrs. Min. Hear me a word, reverend Sir!

O'Don. We ſhall ſee what the Commandant will ſay to this buſineſs! Take my word for it, my friends, you will be all ſaaz'd in an inſtant, and locked up in a priſon aboard the gallies for the reſt of your lives.

Mrs. Min. Mercy on us!—Sifter Clack, try if you can't mollify his choler a little, or we ſhall be clapped up in the quiſition directly.

Clack. Can you, reverend Sir, be ſo cruel to your country-folks here——

O'Don. Pace, woman!

Clack.

Clack. Indeed they had no bad intentions; they only wanted to aſk your reverence's advice, and meant to leave a ſmall ſum in your hands——

O'Don. Sum? do you main to inſult me? Don't you know, woman, that we muſt never touch money?

Clack. To beſtow upon poor objects that want it; but, if ſo be your reverence is forbidden to to touch it, why, to be ſure, we won't dare to—

O'Don. Why, look'ee, miſtreſs; to handle money is againſt the rules of our order, which we dare not break through: If, indeed, it was put into a purſe, why, there would be no occaſion, d'ye ſee, for me to touch it.

Clack. Brother Minnikin, have you ever a purſe?

Mrs. Min. Here, here is mine, ſiſter Clack.

O'Don. Why, as you ſaam to be well-diſpoſed people, and only want a little wholeſome advice; why, that, d'ye ſee, may alter the caſe.

Mrs. Min. Nothing elſe, indeed, reverend Sir.

O'Don. Why, d'ye mind me, it would not be dacent for me to ſtir in this matter; becaaſe why, as we are monks, you know, it is our duty to bring over and pervert as many ſhouls as we can.

Mrs. Min. True, reverend Sir; but there is nothing of that in the matter; the girl, Heaven knows, has no more mind to be preverted than any of us.

O'Don. How! more ſhame for her! but may I belave you?

Mrs. Min. All a pretence, nothing elſe; ſhe

is run away with an idle 'prentice of ours, to avoid that young man there before you.

O'Don. Have you brought with you no letters of recommendation to any ſtrangers of your acquaintance, that live in this town?

Mrs. Min. We know no mortal; we have not been landed an hour.

O'Don. Becaaſe a little intereſt in this caſe would go a great way; not but there are ſome of our own country folks that live here in great credit: Perhaps you may have known them at home.

Mrs. Min. Does your reverence remember their names?

O'Don. There is Mr. Mac-Rappum, that lives in the Square, one of the beſt-natured craturs alive: He got the jail-diſtemper, by attending his own trial at the Old-Bailey.

Mrs. Min. Poor gentleman!

O'Don. So the judge adviſed him to try for ſeven years the air of America.

Mrs. Min. And did he reap any benefit?

O'Don. He has put off the jaunt for a while.

Mrs. Min. Why ſo?

O'Don. I don't know; they talk that that place is all in combuſtion at preſent; ſo being a paceable man, he choſe to be ſet down here in his way.

Mrs. Min. Doſt know him, Matthew?

Min. Not I.

O'Don. Then there is one 'Squire Copywell, that is but lately come over; a very faſatious, humourſome man: He laid a bet with a friend of his, out of fun, that he would draw a bill in the hand-writing of Sir Timothy Tradewell, ſo like,

like, that the banker ſhould pay it without heſitation.

Mrs. Min. And did he?

O'Don. You may ſay that: But, when they come to find out the miſtake, the banker, being a cruſty dull fellow, and not underſtanding a joke, talked of going to law with the 'ſquire.

Mrs. Min. Lord bleſs us! how could they—

O'Don. Nay, I don't know, my ſhoul; them there Engliſh have ſome ſtrange maxims amongſt them; ſo the 'ſquire, not caring to throw away his money to lawyers, choſe to come and live here, rather than make any more words of the matter.

Clack. I'd have done the very ſame thing, had I been the 'ſquire.

O'Don. Nay, for the matter of that, you have no more manners than morality among you in England.

Mrs. Min. How, reverend Sir! I thought we was remarkable for——

O'Don. Pace, woman, and hold your pallaver! Was there ever ſuch ill breeding as Lord Conſtant's to Sir Henry Hornbeam, that lives hard by here at Ardres.

Clack. Indeed, I never heard nothing about it.

O'Don. My lord was obligated to go about his affairs into the North for a month, and left his diſconſolate lady behind him in London.

Mrs. Min. Poor gentlewoman!

O'Don. Upon which, his friend Sir Henry uſed to go and ſtay there all the day, to amuſe and divert her.

Mrs. Min. How good-natured that was in Sir Henry!

O'Don.

O'Don. Nay, he carried his friendſhip much further than that; for my lady, as there was many highwaymen and footpads about, was afraid that ſome of them would break into the houſe, and ſo deſired Sir Henry to lie there every night.

Mrs. Min. Good ſoul! and he did, I dare ſay?

O'Don. To be ſure: There is not a more politer man in the world. So, hearing in the middle of the night a little noiſe below ſtairs, he runn'd down to ſee what was the matter; finding all ſafe, in coming up again, he chanced to make a little miſtake.

Mrs. Min. How ſo?

O'Don. Inſtead of going to his own bed, he ſtepped into my lady's.

Clack. That might happen very well, in the dark.

O'Don. And there falling aſleep, never once found out his miſtake till the maid came up in the morning.

Clack. He muſt have been vaſtly ſurprized, to be ſure.

Mrs. Min. And, I warrant me, ſo was my lady.

O'Don. Without doubt. But now comes the upſhot of all: I reckon, you ſuppoſe my lord thought himſelf much obliged to Sir Henry?

Clack. To be ſure.

O'Don. Not he, by my ſhoul! Nay, more worſer than that, he had the ill manners to bring an action againſt him.

Clack. What, after Sir Harry had told him the ſtory?

O'Don. Ay, and my lady likewiſe; ſo it muſt be

be true, as you know, becaaſe why, they could not both be miſtaken.

Clack. There was no danger of that.

O'Don. So, Sir Harry, not chuſing to live any longer amongſt ſuch under-bred people, has ſettled here for his life.

Clack. Why, as there is ſo much good company, it muſt be vaſt agreeable living here, I ſhould think.

O'Don. You may ſay that; and indeed this place is ſo pleaſant, that every day one ingenus parſon or other comes over to live. Upon my ſhoul, among ourſelves, I belave the folks on your ſide the water begin to grow a little jealous.

Clack. No wonder.

O'Don. Inſomuch, that they have made application to the magiſtrates here to ſend ſome of them forcibly back.

Mrs. Min. But I dare ſay the French were more politer than that.

O'Don. To be ſure. Indeed, out of compaſſion, they have compelled three or four that were poor to return; becaaſe why, it cou'dn't be very agreeable to them, you know, to live here without money.

Mrs. Min. To be ſure.

O'Don. And then, the Engliſh are indulged in the free exerciſe of their religion.

Mrs. Min. Oh, then they go to church!

O'Don. No, no; if they find 'em preaching or praying, they hang up the miniſter, and ſend the congregation all to the gallies.

Mrs. Min. Doſt hear that, Matthew Minnikin?

O'Don. So, now, as I was a-telling, if you can get

get any friend to ſpeak to the——Boo-boo-boo! upon my ſhoul, I had like to have forgot the moſt materialiſt parſon of all: Does any of you know Lady Kitty Crocodile?

Clack. Lady Kitty! nobody better; I have had the honour of working for her ladyſhip this many years.

O'Don. Then your buſineſs will be done in a trice. Between ourſelves, the ladies always rule the roaſt in this part of the world.

Clack. I dare believe her ladyſhip will be very willing to ſerve us.

O'Don. I don't doubt it at all; ſhe is one of the moſt worthieſt women alive: She cou'dn't bear to ſtay in England after the death of her huſband; every thing there put her ſo much in mind of her loſs. Why, if ſhe met by accident with one of his boots, it always ſet her a-crying; indeed, the poor gentlewoman was a perfect Niobe.

Clack. Indeed, I found her ladyſhip in a very incontionable way, when I waited on her upon the mournful occaſion. Indeed, ſhe was rather more chearful when ſhe tried on her weeds; and no wonder, for it is a dreſs vaſtly becoming, eſpecially to people inclined to be fat. But I was in hopes, by this time, ſhe had got over her griefs.

O'Don. Not at all, indeed. Indeed, with the French ſhe is faſatious and pleaſant enough; but ſhe no ſooner ſets ſight on any thing Engliſh, than the tears burſt out like a whirlwind.

Clack. Then, if we can do without it, we won't trouble her ladyſhip.

Mrs. Min. True; we will firſt try, ſiſter, what we can do at the convent.

O'Don.

O'Don. By all mains: And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purſe; you underſtand me?

Clack. Oh, father, you need not fear us.

O'Don. Nay, it is not for that; but becaaſe one's charity, you know, ſhould be private; and, therefore, to divulge it would take away moſt of the merit. [*Exit.*

Clack. True, true. What's next to be done?

Mrs. Min. Why, we had beſt go after the wench to the convent.

Clack. But take care what you ſay! you ſee what a hobble we had like to have got into.

Mrs. Min. Never you fear; I warrant, I knows how to behave myſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, a Convent.

Enter Abbeſs and Jenny.

Abbeſs. Only, daughter, conſider to what temptation you are expoſed in the world.

Jenny. The more merit, mother, then in me, to reſiſt them.

Abbeſs. Attacked by enemies from every quarter.

Jenny. I am a girl of ſpirit, mother, and am determined to face them.

Abbeſs. But they will be too powerful, child, for you to reſiſt.

Jenny. Then, like abler officers, I muſt ſurrender. I ſuppoſe there will be no danger of their refuſing me quarter.

Abbeſs. Daughter, daughter, I am afraid your affections are carnal.

Jenny.

Jenny. Mother, mother, they are like other girls of my age.

Abbeſs. Why won't you accept a ſpiritual ſpouſe?

Jenny. Becauſe I have found one of fleſh and blood much more to my mind.

Abbeſs. Conſider, that is a union that will continue for ever.

Jenny. And do you call that a recommendation, good mother?

Abbeſs. The other, child, muſt be finally diſſolved by death.

Jenny. Like many of my countrywomen, perhaps, I mayn't have patience to tarry altogether ſo long. But come, mother, I can, I believe, give a good gueſs at your meaning: You have a notion that I ſhould bring a pretty good fortune to this ſpouſe of your recommendation?

Abbeſs. True, daughter.

Jenny. To which, as I never heard of any children produced by this unaccountable union, you will ſucceed? Now, I muſt tell you, I ha'n't a farthing of fortune.

Abbeſs. Daughter!

Jenny. I am entirely dependant upon father, who, I am poſitively ſure, won't part with a farthing to you. He give any thing to your church, as you call it? why, he's never ſo happy as when he can rob our own vicar at home of his dues.

Abbeſs. What, daughter, have you no ſeparate portion?

Jenny. Not a doit.

Abbeſs. And your father ſo fixed an heretic as you have deſcribed him?

Jenny. Hates a Papiſh worſer than poiſon.

Abbeſs.

Abbeſs. Well, child, as I find you have no immediate call to the veil, I ſhall at this time preſs it no further: Your beſt way will, I think, be to return to your father.

Jenny. Not quite ſo ſoon, if you pleaſe. I have told you what induced me to leave him; now, if you will ſcreen me from his purſuit, till I can otherwiſe diſpoſe of myſelf, tho' I am not rich, I have a few guineas here that will thank you.

Abbeſs. Why, as the compelling a daughter to marry is a profanation of one of our ſacraments, I am bound in duty, if I can, to prevent it.

Jenny. Is it? gad, I like that part of your creed well enough.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. The father and mother of that amiable child are now at the grate.

Jenny. Lord, good mother, what ſhall I do?

Abbeſs. Let them know, ſhe ſhall attend them directly. [*Exit Nun.*

Jenny. How, mother!

Abbeſs. Fear nothing! if they inſiſt on the taking you hence, urge an affection you feel for our faith, and that you wiſh to wait here for our ghoſtly inſtructions; in ſuch a caſe, this is a ſecure ſanctuary from the ſecular arm.

Jenny. I underſtand you, good mother. [*Exe.*

Scene, a Grate.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Codling.

Min. This jade is the plague of our lives!

Mrs. Min. Peace, Matthew! by rough means

we ſhall gain nothing, I am ſure; let us try what a little mollification will do. Son Codling, keep out of ſight, if you pleaſe.

Enter the Abbeſs and Jenny.

Abbeſs. This, I preſume, is the perſon you want.

Mrs. Min. Yes, miſtreſs, this is the party, indeed.—So, Jenny, how could you be ſo naughty, child, to run away from your father and me?

Min. Yes, and to conſort with a parcel of Pap——

Mrs. Min. Peace, Matthew! there be good and bad of all ſorts, as they ſay.

Min. True; and I warrant her ſhe'll make choice of the worſt.

Mrs. Min. Well, but, come, Matthew, it is never too late to repent.

Clack. True, ſiſter; and I dare ſay my niece is ready to return back with us, and will do every thing we can deſire her.

Jenny. I am ſenſible of the reſpect and duty I owe to my parents——

Mrs. Min. Very well ſaid, child! it is a long lane that has no turning.

Jenny. And ſhall always be ready to obey their commands.

Min. Do you hear, miſtreſs? then open the doors, and let her come out.

Jenny. Pardon me, Sir; that cannot be.

Min. Why not?

Jenny. Becauſe a much more important duty detains me.

Min. And pray what pretty duty may that be?

Jenny.

Jenny. This pious and reverend lady will tell you.

Min. Come, miſtreſs, let us have it then.

Abbeſs. Your daughter, ſon, by a miraculous operation, has had her eyes opened to the perilous paths in which ſhe was ſtraying.

Min. Yes, yes, ſhe has wandered long enough, to be ſure.

Abbeſs. And has begged our advice to direct her in the right road.

Min. And if ſhe takes it, it will be the firſt time in her life.

Abbeſs. Say not ſo, ſon; you are too raſh in your judgment.

Min. To come to the proof, will ſhe marry the young man we have provided?

Abbeſs. She has provided a better match for herſelf.

Min. The devil ſhe has! what, a 'prentice-boy that wants two years to be out of his time?

Abbeſs. Son, I don't comprehend you.

Min. Dick Drugget, I mean; as arrant a ſcape-grace——

Abbeſs. Son, I know no ſuch perſon as Drugget.

Min. What, he has changed his name, I ſuppoſe, ſince he came over! Like enough.

Abbeſs. Son, we err, I believe, as to the perſon; the ſpouſe your daughter wiſhes to wed, is Saint Francis.

Min. Saint Francis! who the devil is he? what, has ſhe picked up a Frenchman already? like enough: But if that be the caſe, miſtreſs, you may give my ſervice to Mr. Saint Francis, and tell him he ſhall never touch a ſingle penny of mine as long as he lives.

Abbeſs.

Abbeſs. Saint Francis ſtands in need of no fortune.

Min. He is ſo rich? ſo much the better for he. And you may over and above tell him, notwithſtanding ſhe looks ſo demure, that he could not have met with ſuch a headſtrong, obſtinate, peremptory vixen, if he had ſearched all the country round.

Abbeſs. Saint Francis will, notwithſtanding, cheriſh the dear child in his boſom.

Min. Will he? then, if the dear child don't kick his guts out in leſs than a month, ſhe is confoundedly altered! But come, miſtreſs; mayhap, we may find friends here, although we be ſtrangers: We'll ſee if there be no laws againſt kidnapping other folks' children away!

Abbeſs. You grow indecent, ſon; we muſt leave you.

Min. In England now I would have horpurs'd-corpus'd her out of your hands in an hour!

Abbeſs. Daughter, pay your reverence to your relations! [*Jenny curtſies, and retires from the grate with the Abbeſs.*

Min. An hypocritical ſlut! And hark'ee, miſtreſs! before I goes, I will tell you a bit of my mind: Notwithſtanding your whining and canting, and ſanctified looks, I don't think you are a bit better than you ſhould be, d'ye ſee me; and, if the truth was known, you are little better, I believe, than an old matchmaking bawd!

Mrs. Min. Matthew, conſider where you are! have a care what you ſay!

Min. Pr'ythee, woman, be quiet! Loſers have leave to ſpeak in all countries, I hope.

Mrs. Min. And of what uſe is your ſpeaking?

Clack. True, ſiſter. But come; let us go to Lady

Lady Kitty, as the friar adviſed us; perhaps ſhe may put us in a way.

Mrs. Min. Right, ſiſter. Come, Matthew, there is no time to be loſt.

Min. Loſt! we had better leave her to her own wicked ways: She will find that puniſhment enough, in the end.

Mrs. Min. But ſhe is our daughter, Matthew, you know; let us do our duty, however.

Min. Well, well! Come, ſon Codling!

Codl. I'll follow you, father, when I have made an obſervation or two, to put into neighbour Index's Tower.—" The clargywomen in theſe " parts don't uſe any linen; and inſtead of doing " like our'n, they wear their woollen ſmocks " over the reſt of their cloaths. *Nota bene*, if " they can catch any young women into their " clutches, they locks them up in dens like wild " beaſteſes, that are kept in the Tower." [*Exe.*

Scene, a Hotel.

Enter Miſs Lydell and Hetty.

Miſs L. Sure never was ſo capricious a being!

Hetty. Not of the ſame mind two minutes together! I am aſtoniſhed, Miſs, how you are able to bear it.

Miſs L. I only wait for a fair occaſion to quit her ladyſhip; ſuch a one, I mean, as would juſtify me to my friends.

Hetty. For that, Miſs, you can't be long at a loſs.

Miſs L. Ah, Hetty, it is impoſſible for you to gueſs at the half of her art: My relations, ſeduced

duced by her frequent profeſſions, truſted me to her care, expecting, what I am ſatisfied never will happen, a permanent eſtabliſhment for me by means of her favour.

Hetty. Why, ſure, Miſs, ſhe can't for ſhame but do ſomething handſome for you, after having dragged you in her train, as I may ſay, almoſt over the world.

Miſs L. There, Hetty, is the ſource of her preſent behaviour: She knows what ſhe has promiſed, and wants to force me to ſome indiſcreet act of impatience, as an apology for the breach of her faith.

Hetty. Ay? is ſhe ſo cunning as that?

Miſs L. For at the ſame time that ſhe is teazing, torturing, and loading me with every mortification in private, you ſee with what particular regard and attention ſhe affects to treat me in public.

Hetty. True enough, I muſt own, Miſs; exactly like her pretended grief for Sir John: She howls and cries over the poor boot, for all the world like the ſtrange creature I have read of.

Miſs L. Huſh, Hetty! ſhe is here.

Enter Lady Kitty Crocodile.

L. Kitty. In cloſe committee, I ſee! What miſchief are you two brewing together?—I am aſtoniſhed, Miſs Lydell, at your ſeducing my ſervants; is this a proper return, Miſs, for all the obligations you owe me?

Miſs L. I am ſorry your ladyſhip ſhould think me capable——

L. Kitty. Capable!—Leave the room, with your inquiſitive impertinent face! You want ſome

ſome tale to run tattling with to the reſt of the crew. [*To Hetty.*

Hetty. Crew? I don't underſtand what your ladyſhip means by the *crew*; tho' we are ſervants, we may be as good Chriſtians as other people, I hope; and tho', to be ſure——

L. Kitty. Hold your inſolent tongue, and quit the room, when I bid you!

Hetty. Crew?—With all my heart; I have no objection to quitting the room, nor the houſe neither, for the matter of that. *Crew*, indeed; marry come up! [*Exit.*

L. Kitty. So, Miſs! theſe are the fruits of your little hypocritical plots; theſe leſſons have been taught them by you.

Miſs L. Me, Madam? Can your ladyſhip ſuppoſe that I would deſcend ſo low as to——

L. Kitty. Deſcend, Miſs? I dont underſtand you: Pray, in what reſpect are you ſo much better than they? Is it becauſe I have permitted you to ſit at my table, that you give yourſelf theſe airs of importance? Though your father was parſon of the pariſh, yet I hope I was not obliged at his death to provide for all his beggarly tribe.

Miſs L. Madam, I never preſumed——

L. Kitty. And yet, has not my genoroſity been extended to every branch? There was your mother; did not I, by my own ſingle intereſt, get her into the Alms-Houſe at Bromley; where, except meat, drink, and cloaths, ſhe is amply provided with every thing a woman of her condition can want?

Miſs L. I never denied——

L. Kitty. Was not your brother Tom, Miſs, made a guinea pig upon my recommendation?

Miſs.

Miſs L. Granted, Madam.

L. Kitty. And as to you, did not I, for no reaſon that I know, unleſs indeed that you are a diſtant relation, take you into my houſe, put you above my own woman, and make you one of my maids of honour at once?

Miſs L. I hope, Madam, I have not proved ungrateful.

L. Kitty. No, Miſs? How often have I caught you ogling and throwing out lures to Sir John in his life-time?

Miſs L. I hope, Madam, Sir John never charged me with any deſigns of that nature.

L. Kitty. No; there was your ſecurity, Miſs; you knew he was too generous and good to expoſe your infamous arts; but you could not conceal them from me!

Miſs L. Nay, for Heaven's ſake, Madam—

L. Kitty. In Italy too, there was Prince Pincoffi and Cardinal Grimſky; you could not help throwing out your traps to enſnare them.

Miſs L. Me, Madam?

L. Kitty. Yes, you; what elſe, at my aſſemblies, could make them prefer your converſation to mine? I hope you have not the impudence to ſuppoſe that your perſon and figure would bear any compariſon.

Miſs L. Madam, I never preſumed——

L. Kitty. Beſides, Miſs, you know I never durſt carry you with me to any conference I had with the pope, for fear you ſhould be trying ſome of your coquetiſh airs upon him.

Miſs L. Mercy upon me!

L. Kitty. And here too, Colonel Croſby, the only decent man in the town, when I was in Calais before, never miſſed my toilet a morning;

ing; but now, when he comes, won't tarry a moment, unleſs indeed when you are in waiting.

Miſs L. I am ſo confuſed at the ſtrange charges your ladyſhip brings, that I proteſt I don't know what anſwer to make!

L. Kitty. I do really believe you. But you ſee, Miſs, all your little contrivances are fully diſcovered; and I ſhould tell you, Miſs Lydell, that you are the moſt artificial, cunning, hypocritical, miſchievous minx, that ever I met with, but my humanity and my good breeding prevents me: A woman of quality ſhould never loſe ſight of her ſtation.

Miſs L. Was I capable of but half the crimes your ladyſhip lays to my charge, I ſhould deteſt myſelf full as much as your ladyſhip hates me. But I can't wiſh, Madam, that your ladyſhip ſhould keep about your perſon a young creature to whom you have been pleaſed to take ſuch an averſion: Send me, therefore, Madam, to my poor mother; her age and infirmities muſt want my aſſiſtance.

L. Kitty. Who hinders you, Miſs? You may go when you pleaſe.

Miſs L. Your ladyſhip will ſend with me ſome perſon of confidence? or, at leaſt, a line to my mother, intimating, that I have neither diſhonoured myſelf, or deſerted your ladyſhip?

L. Kitty. So! here is another ſtroke of your art! You want to perſuade people, that, through caprice, grown tired of your company, I have the cruelty to throw you at once upon the wide world: No, Miſs! that won't do; you ſhould be a little more careful to cover the hook.

Enter

Enter a Servant and Colonel Croſby.

Serv. Colonel Croſby. [*Exit.*

Colonel. I hope I am not an intruder.—Bleſs me, what has happened? Miſs Lydell in tears!

L Kitty. Yes; the poor child has juſt received a letter from her mother, one of the beſt kind of women that ever was: Dry up your tears, Lydia, my love!—You ſullen, ſulking, ſtomachful ſlut!—Poor Mrs. Lydell has but very bad health, Colonel Croſby; and the dear girl, who is indeed a moſt affectionate dutiful daughter—Go up to your room, you pouting, perverſe, little vixen—You ſee, Colonel! but be comforted, Lydy, my dear! though you ſhould loſe your mother, you may be certain of finding a mother in me.

Colonel. I hope, Miſs, there is no immediate imminent danger.

L. Kitty. The poor child's tender nature, and amiable heart, makes her dread the worſt that can happen.—What, is the wench petrified? move off, and don't ſtand ſniveling here!—She wiſhes, Colonel, to withdraw to her chamber: But don't brood over your ſorrows, my love! order my coach, and take a little airing, my dear!—I hope it will overturn, and break every bone in your ſkin. [*Exit Lydia.*

Colonel. How amiable in your ladyſhip is this attention for ſo deſerving an object!

L. Kitty. I am afraid, Colonel, you will think it a weakneſs: Exceſs of humanity is my foible, I know; but a generous mind, ſuch as your's, Colonel, will pardon the error.

Colonel. Error! it is the glory, the pride of your

your ſex; it is the invincible Ægis of Pallas, that muſt ſubdue every heart it attacks!

L. Kitty. Sorrows naturally ſoften the mind; and, Heaven knows, I have had a plentiful portion. The dear man, whoſe reſemblance I wear on my wriſt——

Colonel. For Heaven's ſake, madam——

L. Kitty. And for ever will wear—But what neceſſity for this idle deluſion? is not thy ſweet image deeply graved in my heart?

Colonel. Indeed your ladyſhip ſhould not give way to theſe tranſports; they may endanger your health.

L Kitty. Look here! Can I then lament him too much?—But thou art but gone before me, my love!

Colonel. Let me reſpect the ſacred hour of ſorrow, nor interrupt it by uſeleſs conſolation, and impertinent form! [*Exit.*

L. Kitty. A ſhort ſpace will unite us, never to bear the torture of the ſeparation again! Oh, that it was permitted me, with my own hand to ſhorten the time! this night, the arched vault ſhould incloſe us! to the cold chamber of death I would with rapture deſcend——

Enter Hetty.

How came that ill-bred puppy let in, without announcing his name?

Hetty. I fancy, Madam, the ſervants were out of the way.

L. Kitty. That is always the caſe! Sure never was poor lady peſtered by ſuch an infamous ſet! But you all know and take advantage of my patient and mild diſpoſion!

Hetty. To be ſure, poor dove!—There are ſome

ſome Engliſh people below, beg to have the honour of ſeeing your ladyſhip.

L. Kitty. Do I know them?

Hetty. Mrs. Clack of Pall-Mall, with two or three more.

L. Kitty. Let Mrs. Clack firſt be admitted. Is the room fit to receive them?

Hetty. Would your ladyſhip ſee her in the Chamber of Tears?

L. Kitty. Where elſe? Light the candle, and ſhut out the ſun! [*Exit Hetty.*

This part that I play begins to grow horribly tedious. In my huſband's lifetime, indeed, I had one conſolation at leaſt, that I could always make him pay me in private for the good humour and fondneſs that I laviſhed on him in public: But now, I have no other reſource but in ſervants; and they too at times are rebellious. Theſe Engliſh creatures get ſuch odd notions about liberty into their heads! I fancy the Turks would make good domeſtics enough; but then the brutes are ſo tame and ſubmiſſive, that it is ſcarce poſſible to teaze and torment them: Now the great pleaſure of power, is in ruling over ſenſible ſubjects, who wince and feel the yoke when it galls them—Bleſs me! who is this?—Yes, my lord, in thy tomb all my wiſhes lie bur——

Enter Hetty.

Hetty. The room is ready, my lady.

L. Kitty. I wiſh the room was on fire, and you in the middle on't! plague on you! I was afraid it was the Colonel come back.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Colonel Croſby.

Colonel.

THERE is a peculiarity in Miſs Lydell's diſtreſs that I don't quite comprehend; it appears to ariſe from a deeper ſource than Lady Kitty derives it. I wiſh I could ſee her ladyſhip's woman! The girl ſeems to have caught a good deal of the manners of her claſs in this country; curious, arch, and corrupt: With a proper application, there will be no difficulty, I fancy, to get at the family-ſecrets.—Here ſhe comes.

Enter Hetty.

You are in a prodigious hurry, Mrs. Hetty! Nothing uncommon has happened, I hope?

Hetty. Uncommon? no, no, Colonel; our affairs generally keep pretty much the ſame train: Hurry-ſcurry—ſending—recalling—commanding—forbidding—Lord have mercy upon me! To live here, one ſhould have the art of the Holloway-cheeſecake-man, and be in a hundred places at the very ſame time.

Colonel. She ſeems in a right cue for my purpoſe.—You are upon no commiſſion at preſent?

Hetty. Not immediately; but I muſt not be out of the way; for as my lady is decked out in her diſmals, perhaps ſhe may take a fancy to faint.

Colonel. Poor lady! Lady Kitty is, indeed, a moſt

moſt extraordinary inſtance of the ſincerity and fervor of conjugal love.

Hetty. Yes; I believe there are very few women can match her.

Colonel. And Miſs Lydell ſeems to have caught the infection. How long, pray, has her mother been ſo exceedingly ill?

Hetty. Whoſe mother?

Colonel. Miſs Lydell's.

Hetty. I never heard a word of her ſickneſs.

Colonel. No! becauſe, my lady was——

Hetty. Yes; as I gueſſed: This is one of her tricks; ſome ſtory ſhe has trump'd up.

Colonel. Indeed!—Oh, Mrs. Hetty; though it is not uſual in this country to give vails, I ſuppoſe you know it is the practice to pay ſome little occaſional compliment, for the good offices of thoſe whom the injuſtice of Fortune has placed in a ſtation below us.

Hetty. I have always ſaid, for politeneſs no nation could equal the French.

Colonel. You will permit me to diſcharge this duty in part. [*Gives her money.*

Hetty. One may ſee by your manner, Colonel, where you have paſſed the greateſt part of your time.

Colonel. I don't know any body's approbation I am more ambitious to have.—But, Mrs. Hetty; as to Miſs Lydell; there ſeems to be a fixed melancholy hang on her brow.

Hetty. I don't wonder at it.

Colonel. But even now I ſurprized her in tears.

Hetty. Like enough. I ſuppoſe ſhe has been under the laſh; my lady has been, as uſual, employing her talents in teazing.

Colonel.

Colonel. Talents in teazing?

Hetty. Yes; it is a little amuſement her ladyſhip takes every morning, juſt by way of exerciſe, between breakfaſt and dinner.

Colonel. Oh, you wrong her ladyſhip: Indeed, I never ſaw ſtronger proofs of delicate and tender affection.

Hetty. Ha, ha! how eaſily you men are impoſed on!

Colonel. Nay, but, my dear girl, prithee don't be ſo giddy. To deal ſeriouſly with you, I can't help taking a warm intereſt in what relates to Miſs Lydell.

Hetty. Upon my word, ſhe richly deſerves it.

Colonel. And ſhould be ſorry to find her preſent very alarming diſtreſs owing to any indiſcretion of her's.

Hetty. On that head, you may make yourſelf perfectly eaſy.

Colonel. But how ſhall we be able to account for——

Hetty. In the moſt natural way in the world.

Colonel. Will you be kind enough to lend your aſſiſtance?

Hetty. With all the pleaſure in life. You can be ſecret, I hope.

Colonel. You will find me a man of honour in every reſpect.

Hetty. In one inſtance, you have juſt given me a convincing proof, I confeſs. Why then, as to this lady of ours; in hypocriſy, ſhe would be an over-match for a methodiſt.

Colonel. Really?

Hetty. And as to cruelty, there never was ſo ingenious, ſo refined a tormenter: The Fathers of the Inquiſition themſelves, would be proud to receive

receive inſtructions from her. I could give you ſuch a hiſtory——

Colonel. Is it poſſibe?

Hetty. This room is too public; beſides, perhaps her ladyſhip may pop in and ſurprize us, for ſhe is as ſuſpicious and prying as a cuſtom-houſe officer. Dare you venture yourſelf in my room for a moment?

Colonel. If you are not apprehenſive of danger, I muſt, Miſs Hetty, be a coward indeed, if I——

Hetty. Oh, as to my own part, I know I am ſecure; you are engaged too deeply elſewhere.

Colonel. Me, child?

Hetty. Ha, ha, ha! Lord have mercy! how oddly you look! What, d'ye think I have not found you out before this? Nay, for the matter of that, my lady knows as much as myſelf; and, to tell you the truth, I believe that was the cauſe of the ſcene to which you were partly a witneſs.

Colonel. Nay, but, child——

Hetty. Huſh! ſtep into that room: I muſt introduce Mrs. Clack, the mantua-maker, to an audience; after which, I'll be with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Lady Kitty diſcovered in deep mourning; the room hung with black; a lamp on the table.

L. Kitty. What the deuce keeps this woman ſo long? I grow moſt terribly tired of my attitude; but to this creature I muſt keep my character up: She is an abſolute Gazette, and at her return will publiſh me in every part of the town.

Enter

Enter Hetty and Mrs. Clack.

Hetty. There you ſee her ladyſhip ſits; abſorbed in grief, quite abſent; ſhe knows nothing of us.

Clack. Poor dear lady!

Hetty. I will endeavour to rouze her attention.

L. Kitty. Gone, loſt, for ever loſt!

Hetty. Pleaſe your ladyſhip! madam!

L. Kitty. Why will you teaze me to ſuſtain a tedious life? I have no reliſh for rich wines, or delicate viands; the bread of affliction is the beſt banquet for me.

Clack. And that is but coarſe food, Heaven knows.

L. Kitty. Don't I hear ſome other voice in the room? my eyes are grown ſo miſty and dim——

Hetty. With crying!—Mrs. Clack, your ladyſhip's mantua-maker, from England, to pay her duty; and deſires your ladyſhip's commands for that country.

L. Kitty. Let her approach.—How d'ye do, Mrs. Clack?—Hetty, child, you may go to your dinner.—A good creature; an humble kind of friend, Mrs. Clack: To her care and attention I think myſelf deeply indebted; as ſhe will find when they open my will.

Hetty. For Heaven's ſake! your ladyſhip makes my blood run cold in my veins.

L. Kitty. D'ye think, Hetty, you ſhall lament me?

Hetty. Can your ladyſhip doubt it? I ſhould almoſt break my heart, if your ladyſhip was not to leave me a farthing.

L. Kitty.

L. Kitty. Should you? Kind ſoul!—I ſhall try the experiment, you hypocritical ſlut!

Hetty. But when our ſuperiors are ſo conſiderate as to think of their menials in their laſt moments, to be ſure it gives poor ſervants greater ſpirits to cry for their loſs.

L. Kitty. Doubtleſs. You may go. [*Exit Hetty.* Well, Mrs. Clack, you find me vaſtly altered ſince the death of Sir John.

Clack. To be ſure, your ladyſhip is ſomething changed ſince the day I had the honour to try on your ladyſhip's cloaths for your ladyſhip's wedding.

L. Kitty. True. You, I think, Mrs. Clack, decked me out like another Iphigenia, to be ſacrificed at the temple of Hymen. Don't you recollect the tremors, the terrors, that invaded each nerve, on that ſolemn, that awful occaſion? You muſt remember, with what reluctance I was dragged by Sir John to the altar.

Clack. To be ſure, your ladyſhip ſhewed a becoming coyneſs upon the occaſion. I remember, about the hour of bedding, you hid yourſelf behind the bottle-rack in the beer cellar, to avoid Sir John; if your ladyſhip had not happened to have coughed, we ſhould not have found you.

L. Kitty. The conflict was great: But, dear Mrs. Clack, what could I do? Troy ſtood a ſiege for only ten years; now ſixteen were fully accompliſhed before I was compelled to ſurrender.

Clack. That was ſtanding out a vaſt while, to be ſure. I recollects, what added to your ladyſhip's grief was, that the nuptials ſhould happen to fall out in the middle of Lent.

L. Kitty. Dear Clack, you renew my confuſion:

ſion: Little did I think ever to ſully that ſacred ſeaſon by the celebration of ſuch a feſtivity.

Clack. But there could not be ſo much harm in the matter neither; as marriages, your ladyſhip knows, are all ſettled above.

L. Kitty. By that argument I was induced to ſurrender; with, however, an expreſs ſtipulation, that all connubial intercourſe ſhould be ſuſpended Wedneſdays and Fridays.

Clack. That muſt have been a vaſt denial to both parties, no doubt.

L. Kitty. How, Mrs. Clack! you wou'dn't inſinuate that I was prompted to the connection by any——

Clack. Far from it, my lady! I only meant, that it muſt give your ladyſhip pain to refuſe Sir John any favour; for, to be ſure, never was any lady half ſo happy in a partner as you.

L. Kitty. How irreparable muſt then be my loſs! Yes, Clack, he poſſeſſed my whole heart, and poſſeſſes it ſtill: My waking thoughts are all devoted to him; in ſleep his loved image is ever before me—ſtarting from my couch,

"I cry aloud; he hears not what I ſay:
"I ſtretch my empty arms; he glides away!"

Clack. Vaſt mournful, indeed! But I ſhould think your ladyſhip might find out a cure.

L. Kitty. Which way?

Clack. Fill your empty arms with ſomething ſubſtantial, and I warrant 'twill frighten the phantom.

L. Kitty. Clack, I don't comprehend——

Clack. I only recommends to your ladyſhip the proſcription I made uſe on myſelf: There was my firſt huſband, ſweet Mr. Snip, though a ſtaymaker,

ſtaymaker, as portly a perſon—I really believes, I ſhould have followed the dear ſoul to his grave, hadn't our foreman, Tom Clack, ſtepped in to conſole me; indeed, the match was very convenient, as he had done all my huſband's buſineſs during the time of his ſickneſs.

L. Kitty. I am aſtoniſhed, woman, at your preſumption. Do you recollect to whom you are addreſſing this language?

Clack. I beg pardon! But I thought in theſe matters your ladyſhip was like the reſt of our ſex; and though Sir John——

L. Kitty. Peace! nor let your unhallowed lips profane the dear name! even now, his ſacred ſhade ſeems to upbraid me: See, there!

Clack. There? where? I ſees nothing, I'm ſure.

L. Kitty. How awful, how tremendous, he looks! his front furrowed, for the firſt time, with a frown!

Clack. Lord bleſs me! I wiſh I was well out of the houſe!

L. Kitty. But, be pacified, dear lord of my life; no ſecond to thee ſhall ſucceed:

" Firſt let the opening earth a paſſage rend,
" And let me thro' the dark abyſs deſcend,
" Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
" Thou hadſt my vows, and ſhalt for ever have;
" For whom I lov'd on earth, I'll worſhip in the grave!"

Clack. Never ſtir, if ſhe ben't talking of poetry! her brain's turned, to be ſure.

L. Kitty. He beckons! lead on, my loved lord! thy ſummons I with rapture obey. His arms encircle me round; and now together we plunge into the gulph! the raging billows ſurround us! now they riſe over our heads! now we

we ſink, we ſink, in ſilence together! and, oh —[*falling.*] Curſe the chair! how came I to miſs it?

Clack. Mercy upon us! help, for Heaven's ſake, help! What, is there nobody left in the houſe?

Enter Hetty.

Lord, Mrs. Hetty, I am glad you are come! My poor lady! ſhe is quite gone, I am afraid.

Hetty. On the ground! in one of her fits, I ſuppoſe.—No doubt, it is dreadful to you; but we are uſed to 'em every day. Step and call ſome more of the—[*Exit Clack.*] How came your ladyſhip to fall on the ground?

L. Kitty. Where the deuce have you been? that old fool was ſo frighted, ſhe never thought of bringing the chair. She has pinched me as black as a coal.

Hitty. Would your ladyſhip pleaſe to recover now, or ſhall I fetch in the hartſhorn?

L. Kitty. This woman is an ideot; ſo there is no occaſion at preſent.

Hetty. Come back, Mrs. Clack; my lady begins to revive,

Re-enter Mrs. Clack.

and upon theſe occaſions ſhe wiſhes to have but few people by. T'other ſide, Mrs. Clack. So, ſo, ſo!

L. Kitty. Am I recalled to hated life again?

Hetty. Your ladyſhip has had a violent ſtruggle. Nothing more than uſual, I hope, has happened.

Clack. I believes, indeed, it was partly my fault: In

In order to comfort my lady, I was raſh enough to recommend another huſ——

L. Kitty. Recal not the deteſted idea, unleſs you wiſh to ſee me ſink again at your feet!

Clack. I beg your ladyſhip's pardon! I can't think what in the world could poſſeſs me! Indeed, Lord Harry Huntwidow, hearing that I was going over, did deſire me to deliver a letter.

L. Kitty. To me? preſumptuous man! how dared he encourage a hope—Had not he heard that Don Juan de Muſtachio, a Spaniſh grandee of the very firſt claſs, had laid his Golden Fleece at my feet?

Hetty. True enough.

L. Kitty. Didn't the Palſgrave of Saltſplaſh, a ſovereign Prince on the banks of the Rhine, offer to ſhare his power with me? and, after all, to ſubmit to a ſubject!—This Lord Harry, Hetty, is an abſolute beggar: Red-faced, rabbet-backed, with a pair of legs like a couple of drumſticks.

Hetty. Marry come up, my ſcurvy companion!

Clack. As ſoon as ever I return, I ſhall deliver his lordſhip his letter.

L. Kitty. Hold, Clack; let it lie on the table.

Clack. Will your ladyſhip deign then to give it a reading?

L. Kitty. By no means, Mrs. Clack. Put it amongſt the other papers, Hetty, which in a few days are to expire in the flames.

Hetty. It ſhall, madam.

L. Kitty. A monthly ſacrifice I offer up, Mrs. Clack, before the dear image of him I adore.

Hetty. We ſhall have a fine blaze; for this month has been very prolific.—My lady's illneſs had

had made me like to forget; your relations, Mrs. Clack, grow impatient without.

L. Kitty. Who are they?

Clack. A ſiſter of mine, and her huſband, to beg your ladyſhip's intereſt to get their daughter out of a convent.

L. Kitty. A convent! how got ſhe there?

Clack. Run away from her parents with a paltry 'prentice, to avoid the man of their chuſing; and purtends, on purpoſe to plague 'em, that ſhe wants to be a nun; and, what is worſer, threatens to turn Papiſh, if they torment her.

L. Kitty. Of what uſe can I be?

Clack. If your ladyſhip could order the child to be delivered back to her parents——

L. Kitty. This is a matter of weight, Mrs. Clack, and muſt be conſidered maturely: I am too ill, at preſent, to admit an audience. I ſhall deſire the governor to direct a guard to eſcort your niece to my preſence; we ſhall then ſee what is beſt to be done. Hetty, let the governor know my deſire. But this, Mrs. Clack, I muſt tell you; if the girl's converſion is the matter in queſtion, I can on no account interpoſe; the friendſhip I have with the Pope ties my hands where the Holy See is concerned.

Clack. Nothing of that, believe me, my lady.

L. Kitty. But don't indulge a ſurmiſe, which was circulated, even at Rome itſelf, with too much ſucceſs, that any thing ſenſual tainted the intercourſe between the reverend Pontiff and me.

Clack. Heaven forbid that I ſhould think of any ſuch thing!

L. Kitty. Malice, joined with credulity, gave riſe to the fable: Sacred ſentiments, that ſpring in kindred minds, firſt began and cemented the union.

union. Every avenue, but what friendſhip permits, is guarded by thy loved image, my lord! thou, who art the alphabet, the beginning, the ending, the very Great A and Z, of all my tender affections. [*Exit.*

Clack. Poor lady! ſhe is in a piteous plight; for all the world like Mrs. Andromedy, that one ſees at the theatre.

Hetty. Ay, Mrs. Clack; to all widows ſhe is, indeed, a ſhining example.

Clack. True. Why, I myſelf, if my huſband had left me in circumſtances accordingly, ſhould have taken on a great deal more than I did; but folks who have their living to get, can't afford to cry, you know, as much as your people of faſhion; beſides, every body has not the gift of incontinence, like to my lady.

Hetty. True, true. But you had better ſtep out to your friends, and let them know what meaſures my lady has taken.

Clack. I will, I will; they will be impatient, no doubt. [*Exit.*

Hetty. Colonel, you may appear.

Enter Colonel.

Well, Sir, after what you have ſeen and heard, I ſuppoſe all your doubts are removed.

Colonel. Perfectly ſatisfied; a new edition of the Epheſian Matron, with amazing improvements. But, poor Miſs Lydell! I own her ſituation diſtreſſes me greatly.

Hetty. The damſel, it is true, is in terrible durance: Do you feel yourſelf knight-errant enough to fly to her reſcue?

Colonel. Would the lady, d'ye think, accept of my ſervice?

Hetty.

Hetty. It is but a poor compliment to ſuppoſe that ſhe wou'dn't prefer the ſoft bondage of love, to the galling fetters ſhe wears.

Colonel. Can I then, Mrs. Hetty, hope for nothing more than a preference?

Hetty. I don't think myſelf at liberty, Colonel, to tell you all that I know. In the drawing-room, you will find the young lady alone: As you gave me a handſome retainer, I have been in court, and opened the cauſe; do you ſpeak to the merits; you are a good pleader, and, I make no doubt, will ſucceed.

Colonel. I will go and labour hard for a verdict.

Hetty. You will find the court inclined to your ſuit. But, Colonel, you have no objections, when you have delivered the damſel, to break the chains of her confidante too?

Colonel. The romance would be irregular elſe. [*Exit.*

Hetty. So! her ladyſhip's power draws towards a period; ſhe muſt provide new ſubjects, at leaſt. She ſuppoſed the hopes from her Will would ſecure me; but the day is too diſtant; beſides, I know her too well to have any reliance——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Bleſs me, Mrs. Hetty, what can be the matter? Here is a file of muſqueteers coming into the houſe.

Hetty. The girl, I ſuppoſe, from the convent. A new whim of my lady's: I will go to them; you have nothing to fear. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, and Codling.

Mrs. Min. Now, ſon Codling, boldly put in your claim. We will ſupport you, I warrant.

Enter Mrs. Clack.

Well, ſiſter, what news from my lady?

Clack. Small hopes, I am afraid: The gentlewoman herſelf is in a deſperate taking; but Jenny will be forth-coming, however. I fancy here ſhe is, by the noiſe on the ſtairs.

Enter Lapelle.

Lap. Serviture, Monſieurs and *Meſdames!*—Why, what the deuce is the matter? There is your daughter below, ſurrounded by a troop of *ſoldas*, as the French call them.—Here ſhe is.

Enter Jenny and ſoldiers.

Mrs. Min. So, Jenny! You ſee what you have brought yourſelf to, to be made a ſhow on in the ſtreets, guarded like a——

Jenny. I am not the firſt, madam, who has ſuffered for the ſake of Religion.

Mrs. Min. Religion! Rebellion, you hypocritical ſlut!

Jenny. Can I give a ſtronger proof of my ſincerity, than in quitting a life of affluence and eaſe, to embrace poverty, faſting, and penance?

Min. Not one of the three but thee wouldſt run twenty miles to avoid! No, no, Jenny, that's all a pretence; it is not poverty, but ſomething elſe, you want to embrace.

Lap. Hold, Monſieur Minnikin! You are a little

little too haſty; *Jeunes filles*, as the French ſay, are not to be treated ſo roughly; ſuffer me to *parle un pew*. Is it true, *Madamoiſelle, mon amy* Codling, becauſe you are *amorew* of ſomebody elſe——

Jenny. My duty, Sir, directs me not to contradict what a father affirms.

Min. Yes, yes, you are plaguy dutiful all of a ſudden!

Clack. Huſh! Here comes my lady; leave the matter to her.

Enter Lady Kitty and Hetty.

L. Kitty. Hetty, order the guards to withdraw. [*Exe. Sold.*]—Which are the parties? and what their cauſe of complaint?

Min. Why, pleaſe your ladyſhip, our buſineſs is this: That young ſlut that ſtands there, who, between ourſelves, for all her ſanctified looks—

L. Kitty. Honeſt friend, you are too familiar and loud.

Lap. Huſh, Matt! and let me open the matter.—Matt Minnikin, my lady, an honeſt *burgoiſe*, that lives *dans* the *citè*, won't ſet fire to the Thames, though he lives near the Bridge; a nameſake, but no relation to Mr. *Mat-Chavel*—

L. Kitty. You too are pretty forward, I think! And, pray, Sir, who and what may you be?

Lap. Per vous ſervice, as the French ſay, my name is Lapelle; by diſtraction, a Frenchman, though a native of *Londre*; my purdeceſſors were mefugees, and came over after the revolution of the edict of Nantz. Dont you think, my lady, there is a *quelque choſe* in my manner, a ſomething, that ſpeaks me ſprung from the French?

L. Kitty.

L. Kitty. Rather more relative in your modeſty, Mr. Lapelle.

Lap. Powteter, my lady.

L. Kitty. But let this honeſt man tell his own ſtory; he ſeems very able.

Lap. With all my heart; *de tout mon cur*, as the French ſay.—Come, Matthew! *alons!*

Min. Why, I ſay, my lady, as I was ſaying, that girl there——

Lap. Pardy aſſes ſhenteel; and, for an Engliſh face, a pretty jolly viſage enough.

L. Kitty. Peace, Sir!

Lap. My lady, *pardunn!*

Min. Rather, I ſay, than marry this honeſt neighbour of our's, as reputable a tradeſ——

Lap. Caſt vrais; Monſieur Codling lives in *beaucope de credit.*

L. Kitty. Nobody called on you as a voucher.

Lap. Aſſurement, my lady.

Min. She has run away along with our 'prentice; but as we followed pretty cloſe at their heels, not having time to complete their project, ſhe has taken refuge here in a convent; and ſays, moreover, if ſhe perſiſts, we will promiſculouſly turn Papiſh and Nun.

Lap. Pour a Papiſh, *powteter*; but *pour la* nun, *pardonnez moi!* my lady, *que dities vous?*

L. Kitty. Will nobody ſilence this impertinent jackanapes?—Well, child, you hear what your father alledges.

Jenny. May I crave your ladyſhip's private ear for a moment?

L. Kitty. Withdraw; not out of the room.—Well, child; what are the objections to the man your parents have choſen?

Jenny,

Jenny. Two, as ſtrong ones as any mortal can have: I hate him, and I love another.

L. Kitty. Pretty frank, I muſt own.—And as to the change of religion——

Jenny. A mere fetch, to keep out of their hands.

L. Kitty. You have no hopes that your parents will yield?

Jenny. Mother, perhaps, might comply; but no mule is ſo headſtrong as father.

L. Kitty. And you, I ſuppoſe, are as determined as he?

Jenny. Never once gave up a point in my life.

L. Kitty. I dare ſay. But, if they were to deſire you to marry the 'prentice——

Jenny. They would find me a dutiful daughter.

L. Kitty. Then you have no objection to obey their commands, when they happen to contain the very things that you wiſh?

Jenny. Not in the leaſt.

L. Kitty. And after having produced, and at their own expence trained and ſuſtained you, you would ſtill ſuffer them, I dare ſay, to ſupport and protect you?

Jenny. As in duty they are bound.

L. Kitty. And they might direct you, provided you governed them?

Jenny. In every reſpect.

L. Kitty. Well ſaid, my little American! you would be an heroine, child, on the other ſide the Atlantic. Why, in your caſe, Miſs Jenny, I don't ſee what we can do. There is, indeed, one expedient, if you find you have courage enough to perform it.

Jenny. I ſhall not flinch, my lady, when it comes to the puſh.

L. Kitty.

L. Kitty. There are, my dear, two men who ſolicit your hand; one favoured by you, the other your father approves.

Jenny. My ſituation exactly.

L. Kitty. Suppoſe then, by way of reconciling all parties, you were to marry 'em both?

Jenny. The happieſt thought in the wor'd! I wonder it never came into my head.—But, I am afraid, my lady, we have not dignity enough to do ſuch a thing as this without danger.

L. Kitty. We will conſider of this at our leiſure.—How ſhould you like living with me in this town?

Jenny. Of all things upon earth.

L. Kitty. We will ſee what can be done.—Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, I have been ſounding your daughter; a little time, and ſome proper perſuaſions, may induce her to comply with your wiſhes.

Mrs Min. We are highly indebted to your ladyſhip's goodneſs!

L. Kitty. One of my maids of honour is returning to England; I ſhall have no objection to promoting Mrs. Clack's niece to the place.

Clack. Brother Minnikin!—We ſhall be bound to pray for your ladyſhip.

L. Kitty. Here Lydia comes, and the Colonel cloſe with her!

Enter Colonel and Lydia.

Lydia, my dear, though with the greateſt regret, yet the deſign is ſo laudable, I conſent that you may return to your mother; theſe honeſt people, my love, will conduct you with care.

Colonel.

Colonel. My Lydia, Madam, will not want their aſſiſtance.

L. Kitty. Colonel? I don't underſtand you.

Colonel. That honour I propoſe having myſelf.

L. Kitty. How, Colonel!—Shall I crave a word? I hope you have no bad deſigns on the girl.

Colonel. None but ſuch as I hope her friends will approve?

L. Kitty. Is it poſſible you can be in earneſt?

Colonel. What ſhould make your ladyſhip doubt it?

L. Kitty. Indeed! Nay, if that be the caſe, it would be criminal in me to conceal a ſecret in which your honour is concerned: Thoſe tears, which my humanity made me attribute to her filial fears for her mother, flowed from a more ignoble ſource.

Colonel. How, Madam!

L. Kitty. A love, perhaps, for one of my menials. How far it proceeded, I ſha'n't take upon me to ſay; but to avoid ſcandal, I found myſelf obliged to diſcard him.

Colonel. Ha, ha! what a happy invention.

L. Kitty. I don't underſtand you.

Colonel. Why, to deal with your ladyſhip plainly, your addreſs is ill employed upon me: I own it conſummate; but I have been a concealed witneſs to ſome of your arts, and ſhall hardly be impoſed on again. Come, Miſs Lydia; you will take leave of her ladyſhip: Her paſt favours may ſoon be acknowledged.

L. Kitty. Is this true, Lydia?

Miſs L. Your ladyſhip's approbation, on an event

event ſo honourable and advantageous for me, I make no doubt of obtaining.

L. Kitty. Is it poſſible that you can quit my protection, and throw yourſelf into the arms of a renegade?

Colonel. How, Madam!

L. Kitty. Was not your father a rebel!

Colonel. True, Madam.

L. Kitty. And a'n't you an officer in the ſervice of France?

Colonel. I was, Madam; but my preſent royal maſter, who is above the narrow prejudice of puniſhing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offſpring, has accepted my ſervice, and reſtored my family to the rights of their country. For that ſpot I ſhall embark in the morning; leaving your ladyſhip to lament the loſs of a ſubject to exerciſe your miſchief and malice upon; which I fancy you will more heavily miſs, notwithſtanding your weeds, than the poor knight who was happy, though even by death, to eſcape from ſo unfeeling a tyrant!

L. Kitty. Barbarous, inhuman monſter! how dare you recal the memory of the dear—had he lived, thus to ſee me inſulted—but that could not have been: Thou wouldſt never have borne it, my love!—but I am rightly puniſhed, for ſuffering even a thought to be diverted from thee!—Hetty, lead to my cloſet, there to compoſe my ruffled——

Hetty. Pleaſe your ladyſhip, I muſt beg to be excuſed; I am engaged to take on with Miſs Lydy.

L. Kitty. Is it ſo? well, well! You will follow me with your niece. You ſee in me, Mrs. Clack,

Clack, another Darius, deſerted, at my utmoſt need, by thoſe my former bounty fed. But, what have I to do with mankind? all my wiſhes and wants lie beyond them! I deſire no companion but thee:

"Whilſt on thy form I fix my eager eyes,
"The world I laugh at, and its threats deſpiſe." [*Exit.*

Colonel. The world will be even with your ladyſhip, or I am greatly miſtaken.—Come, my love, it is time to prepare for our voyage.

Lap. You are bound, Colonel, for *Angleterre*, as the French call it?

Colonel. By the very firſt ſhip.

Lap. I wonder that you, who have reſided ſo long in France, can bear the thoughts of living at London.

Colonel. It is that very circumſtance that will give it an additional reliſh: And believe this, Maſter Lapelle, as a truth; no man ever yet deſerted his country, unleſs he had previouſly been by that country deſerted.

Lap. Commong can that be? *permitte moi* to laugh, as they ſay: You ſee how this town is crouded with *Anglois*.

Colonel. Too true, I confeſs; and particularly, Maſter Lapelle, by thoſe of your buſineſs; who, at the ſame time that they are exclaiming in every paper againſt the importation of French manufactures, have engroſſed almoſt the whole of that part of the ſmuggling trade to themſelves. I dare ſay, you are at preſent furniſhed with a pretty good cargo.

Lap. To oblige ſome *my lors*, who are my particular friends, I can't ſay——

Colonel.

Colonel. Nay, be cautious how you truſt me with your ſecrets! there may be ſome danger.—Come, Miſs; in this houſe we have nothing further to do.

Miſs L. I can't ſay, but I feel ſome concern for the young victim Lady Kitty has juſt got into her power.

Hetty. You may diſcard your fears about her! unleſs I am miſtaken, they are very properly matched, and will prove a mutual plague to each other. But, ſhould it be otherwiſe, there ſeems to be a kind of dramatic juſtice in the change of your two ſituations: You, Miſs, are rewarded for your patient ſufferings, by the protection of a man of honour and virtue; whilſt ſhe, rebellious to the mild dictates of parental ſway, is ſubjected to the galling yoke of a capricious and whimſical tyrant!

END OF THE TRIP TO CALAIS.

THE

CAPUCHIN;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

ALTERED FROM THE

TRIP TO CALAIS,

BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in every ſcene
Diſcover meanings that I never mean:
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But every babe his chriſt'ning owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye," with humorous air,
Glancing from Watling-Street to Groſvenor-Square,
He bodies forth a light ideal train,
And turns to ſhape the phantoms of his brain;
Meanwhile, your fancy takes more partial aim,
"And gives to airy nothing place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town;
The waggon, loaded with his goods, conveyd
To the ſame ſpot his whole dead ſtock in trade;
Originals, and copies—ready made.
To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, ſquire, and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All aſk a likeneſs—taken from the life.
Behold the canvas on the eaſel ſtand!
A pallet graced his thumb, and bruſhes filled his hand;
But, ah! the painter's ſkill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon-load unpacked, his ancient ſtore
Furniſhed for each a face drawn long before;
God, dame, or hero of the days of yore.
The Cæſars, with a little alteration,
Were turned into the mayor and corporation;
To repreſent the rector and the dean,
He added wigs and bands to prince Eugene;
The ladies, blooming all, derived their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.
Thus done, and circled in a ſplendid frame,
His works adorned each room, and ſpread his fame.
The country Men of Taſte admire and ſtare,
"My lady's leer! Sir John's majeſtic air!
"Miſs Dimple's languiſh too! extremely like!
"And in the ſtile and manner of Vandyke!—
"Oh! this new limner's pictures always ſtrike.
"Old, young, fat, lean, dark, fair, or big or little,
"The very man or woman to a tittle!"
Foote and this limner in ſome points agree;
And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by Me.
When, by the royal licence and protection,
I ſhew my ſmall academy's collection,
The connoiſſeur takes out his glaſs, to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topſy-turvy my whole compoſition,
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.
From various forms Apelles Venus drew;
So from the million do I copy you.

" But ſtill the copy's ſo exact," you ſay:
Alas! the ſame thing happens every day!
How many a modiſh, well-dreſſed fop you meet,
Exactly ſuits his ſhape in Monmouth-Street.
In Yorkſhire warehouſes and Cranbourn-Alley,
'Tis wonderful how ſhoes and feet will tally;
As honeſt Criſpin underſtands his trade,
On the true human ſcale his laſts are made;
The meaſure of each ſex and age to hit,
And every ſhoe, as if beſpoke, will fit.
My warehouſe, thus, for nature's walks, ſupplies
Shoes for all ranks, and laſts of every ſize.
Sit ſtill and try 'em, Sirs; I long to pleaſe you:
How well they fit! I hope you find 'em eaſy!
If the ſhoe pinches, ſwear you cannot bear it;
But, if well made, I wiſh you health to wear it!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir HARRY HAMPER,	*Mr. Parſons.*
Doctor VIPER,	*Mr. Palmer.*
O'DONNOVAN,	*Mr. Foote.*
COLONEL,	*Mr. L'Eſtrange.*
Mr. MINNIKIN,	*Mr. Edwin.*
KIT CODLING,	*Mr. Banniſter.*
DICK DRUGGET,	*Mr. R. Palmer.*
TROMFORT,	*Mr. Baddeley.*
LA JEUNESSE.	
PETER PACKTHREAD,	
KIT CABLE.	

Poſtillions, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, *&c.*

Mrs. MINNIKIN,	*Miſs Sherry.*
Mrs. CLACK,	*Miſs Platt.*
JENNY MINNIKIN,	*Mrs. Jewell.*
ABBESS,	*Mrs. Love.*
NUN.	

THE CAPUCHIN.

[*In order to avoid ſwelling the bulk, and encreaſing the Price of theſe Pieces, ſuch Paſſages in* the Capuchin *as are exactly ſimilar to thoſe in* The Trip to Calais, *are not reprinted; but the Reader is referred to the Pages in which the Dialogue and Fable connect the two Dramas.*]

ACT I.

[*The firſt variation from* The Trip to Calais *is by the following inſertion, after Tromfort's ſpeech ending,* " for he is ver fond of de ſea," *p.* 11.]

Tromfort.

SOME littel time paſt, ve vas have anoder gentleman of de ſame kind in dis town: He vas a *grand* autere; *diable*, a man of great deal of vit, *beaucoup d'eſprit.*

Jenny. Ay!

Tromf. Oh, *oui!* he vas write de pretty paragraph in de Gazette, vat you call your newspaper? by gar, he lay about him like *le diable!* Poff, poff, poff! he make all de my lors, ay, and my ladies too, ſhake in dere two ſhoe.

Dick.

Dick. What brought him here?

Tromf. He vas come over here vid my lady Deborah Dripping.

Jenny. Is her ladyſhip here?

Tromf. No; ſhe vas go to Italy to viſit de Pope.

Dick. And leave the Doctor behind?

Tromf. You know he vas Proteſtant *Pretre:* Not but he vas ver polite, and offered to turn Papiſt to vait on de lady.

Dick. That was very complaiſant of the Doctor. Where is he now?

Tromf. He is gone governeur to ſhew dis country to a chevalier *Anglois*, an Engliſh knight, I dink dey call, Sir Harry de Hamper.

[*The Dialogue then proceeds without any variation to p.* 21; *where, inſtead of the entrance of Lapelle, Gingham, and La Jeuneſſe, the Act was continued, and concluded, as follows.*]

Mrs. Min. Bleſs me, what a rumbling is that!

Re-enter Codling.

Codl. I fancy, an old neighbour of your's, that has juſt drove into the yard.

Min. Who can it be?

Codl. Maſter Hamper, that kept the great tea-ſhop at the corner of Cornhill; you remember him?

Min. What ſhould ail me: many a tiff have we taken at Mother Red-Cap's, in our Sunday-nights' walks up to Hampſtead.

Mrs. Min. Ay, but, Matt, times are altered with him now: Since the death of his brother, he is become a knight banneret, and perhaps may chuſe to forget his old friends.

Min.

Min. Ay, ay, like enough. Upon his coming to his means, he grew too proud to live in the city; ſo ſhut up ſhop, and I ha'n't got ſight of him ſince. Son Codling, doſt know what brought him here?

Clack. Sir Harry Hamper! is he here? I ſhall be happy to ſee him; I had the honour to furniſh him with ſome tom-bore waiſtcoats when he ſet out on his tower.

Min. Tower! what a deuce could provoke him to leave home?

Clack. Wanted to ſee the world, I ſuppoſe.

Min. See the world! what, juſt as he is going out on't?

Clack. And to qualify him for the honour of a young lady of quality's hand, that lives in our Square, to whom he paid his addreſſes; but ſhe inſiſts upon his poliſhing a little.

Min. A young lady! what, Harry Hamper? Zounds, why, he is ten years older than I am! on the wrong ſide of ſeventy, I'll be upon oath.

Clack. Ay, that is as you reckon him; but he dates his birth from the day of his ſucceeding to the family honours.

Mrs. Min. About five years ago.

Min. He is not far from the mark; once a man, and twice a child!

Codl. To my thinking, theſe mounſeers have disfigured him ſtrangely; if it had not been for Peter Packthread, his old ſhopman, whom he keeps as his valet de ſham, I ſhould never have known him.

Min. I reckon he is as proud as Old Nick.

Codl. I can't ſay much as to that. Peter ſays, that his maſter has not picked up much of their lingo, ſo his ſpeech is pretty much as it was; he talks

talks to every body, runs from one thing to t'other, and rattles away at his old rate, I can tell you.

Mrs. Min. But how does he manage to call for ſuch things as he wants?

Codl. He picked up a clargyman, as he paſſed thro' this town, and carried him with him, as his travelling tuterer. Oh, here he is.

Enter Sir Harry Hamper, Peter Packthread, Dr. Viper, and Two Poſtillions.

Sir H. Come, come! come along, Doctor! Peter, give the poſtillions thirty ſouſes a-piece.

Peter. 'Tis put down, they are to have but five, in the book.

Sir H. No matter; it will let them know we are ſomebody, Peter.

Peter. What ſignifications that? ten to one, we ſhall never ſee them again.

Sir H. Do as you are bid! [*Peter pays the Poſt.*

Peter. There! Pox take 'em, ſee how they grin! ay, ay, I dare be ſworn you ha'n't ſeen ſuch a ſum this many a day.

1ſt Poſt. Serviteur! bonne voyage, Monſieur my lor! [*Exeunt Poſt.*

Sir H. There, there, Peter! my lord! I have purchaſed a title for ten-pence; that is dog-cheap, or the devil's in't!

Peter. Nay, in that reſpect, the folks here make but little difference between their dogs and your worſhip, I think; for every mangy cur I have met with, is either *prince*, or *my lord*, or *marquis*.

Clack. I am happy to ſee your honour in France.

Sir H. What, Mrs. Clack! and Maſter Minnikin

nikin and wife, as I live! How fares it, my old City friends?

Min. Thank you, thank you, Sir Harry! What, you have been the grand tower, I ſuppoſe.

Sir H. Ay, Matt: What's money without manners? I have enough of the firſt, to be ſure; and I wanted to ſee if I could not pick up a little of the laſt.

Clack. And how does your honour like France?

Sir H. Only the firſt ſpot in the world, Mrs. Clack: For eating, drinking, laughing, and loving, *vive la France!* hey, Domine?

Mrs. Min. Eating! ſure your honour does not think their wictuals are better than our'n.

Sir H. Wictuals! Lord help your roaſt-beef and plumb-pudding ſoul! why, there are no ſuch things in the country.

Min. No! I have heard, indeed, they had not over much plenty; but I didn't think the poor creatures were ſo bad off as that.

Sir H. What, becauſe a whole family does not get round a ſir-loin of beef, or a ſaddle of mutton, and devour it like a kennel of hound! Can there be any thing ſo ſavage, as to eat up ſheep and oxen like a parcel of cannibals: I wonder they don't dreſs them in their fleece and their hides; hey, Domine!

Viper. Doubtleſs, Sir Harry, the French elegance would never be able to digeſt ſuch groſs animal food in its natural form; he therefore is the beſt cook with them who can diſguiſe it the beſt.

Mrs. Min. Indeed!

Sir H. To be ſure. Why, except a ſide diſh of ſtewed ſnails, or ſome fricaſeed frogs, I haven't known

known the name of any thing I have taſted ſince I came over.

Min. Lord have mercy upon us!—And as to love, Sir Harry, I ſhould think that was pretty near over with you.

Sir H. Domine, did you ever hear ſuch a blockhead!—Why, fool, it was my own fault, or I might have gone into keeping.

Min. Into keeping? you!

Sir H. Me! aſk Domine only. What was the name of the ducheſs?

Viper. What ſignifies naming of one? there was not a day that I didn't receive ſeveral commiſſions of a ſimilar nature.

Mrs. Min. Indeed!

Sir H. Domine Viper received the letters, and uſed to read 'em to me in Engliſh.

Viper. They at laſt became ſo exceedingly troubleſome, that I was obliged to recommend to Sir Harry the entertaining an Opera girl, in order to convince them that they had miſtaken their man; and that, ſo far from receiving, we were able to pay.

Sir H. And ſo he got me Mademoiſelle Mouche, a ſweet lovely ſyren; and the little rogue was ſo exceſſively fond, Domine Viper thinks ſhe will hardly ſurvive my departure.

Min. Wonderful!

Sir H. Fell into 'ſtericks at my going off in the chay; didn't ſhe? ſo I left Domine to conſole her a little; but you found the way to make her eaſy at laſt.

Viper. A difficult job.

Sir H. I had ſome thoughts of carrying her over to England, and taking a box for her at the Opera during the ſeaſon; but I thought it might

might give offence in a certain quarter that you know, Mrs. Clack.

Clack. There might have been ſome danger in that.

Sir H. Otherwiſe, Mademoiſelle, the Doctor, and I, ſhould have made a ſweet *tête-à-tête* on the road.

Min. I reckon ſhe muſt ha' coſt you a power of money.

Sir H. Coſt! that's always uppermoſt in a citizen's mouth: Not a farthing, you fool! I am ſure ſhe would have quitted me, if I had but made her the offer. Domine!

Viper. Oh! mere paſſion; not an idea of intereſt.

Sir H. Domine heard, indeed, by accident, ſhe had contracted ſome debts to ſupport her relations, for ſhe is the beſt creature on earth; and wanted vaſtly to have a ſmall ſervice of plate, and ſome ear-rings.

Mrs. Min. Which you gave her, I reckon?

Sir H. Not I: I was obliged to get Domine to manage the buſineſs. Had ſhe had the leaſt ſuſpicion of me, there would have been the devil to pay; we ſhould have all been off in an inſtant.

Mrs. Min. The Doctor has, I find, been very uſeful to you, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Could have done nothing without him: Not a week ago, he got me out of a deviliſh ſcrape.

Min. How?

Sir H. Got to picquet with a count, a great man of the Doctor's acquaintance; I can't ſay I know much of the game; but what of that? one wou'dn't appear ignorant amongſt the

the French, you know, for the honour of England.

Clack. Oh fy! by no means.

Sir H. Egod, the count gave me a trimming; loſt a deviliſh deal more than I had in the country; but Domine made it up for me, among his acquaintance, upon my only giving my note.

Mrs. Min. All one as if you had been in London?

Sir H. The very ſame thing.

Clack. And pray, your honour, what news is ſtirring in France?

Sir H. Toujours gay, as they ſay, Mrs. Clack.

Clack. I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

Sir H. I ſuppoſe ſo; for I ſaw a good many aukward people, as they ſay, *a la bowlivards*, and at the Coloſſus; but I choſe to avoid them.

Min. Why ſo? I ſhould have been ready to leap out of my ſkin at the ſight of a countryman in foreign parts.

Sir H. Like enough, Matthew; but you are a *burgois*, as you know; but the Doctor ſays, that *un humm de quality*, when he voyages, ought to ſhun *les Anglois*.

Clack. I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

Sir H. Yes; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French ſay, looked pretty jolly and well; I ſaw him in one of the glaſs-caſes at church, and was afterwards at his grand *couvert*, as they call it; his majeſty looked at me very hard: Domine thinks he was ſtruck with my figure.

Viper. I overheard him whiſper as much to the Duke de Tremouille.

Clack.

Clack. How long was your honour coming from Paris?

Sir H. Two days and a night.

Clack. Are the accommodations good on the road?

Sir H. Their *chevauxes*, their horſes, as the French call 'em, arn't quite ſo nimble as our'n; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *cowrir* the poſt without ſtopping; unleſs, indeed, to take aflight *repas* of *jambunn* or a *hamlet*.

Clack. The country's vaſt pleaſant, I reckon.

Sir H. La-la: Their country-folks, their *pheaſants*, as the French call 'em, don't ſeem quite ſo tidy as our'n: but they don't look upon them there creatures in France; mere hogs, *cowſhons*, as they ſay.

Mrs. Min. Why, ſure, they be Chriſtians, as well as——

Sir H. Chriſtians! why, ſo may all the world, if they like it; but it a'n't in every body's power to be a gentleman born: Hey, Domine Viper?

Viper. True, true, Sir Harry. The laws of ſubordination are too much neglected in England; all is mere anarchy there; it muſt be owned, France is the only ſpot for a gentleman.

Sir H. True. Why, a gentleman born may kill a common fellow in Paris, for leſs money than it would coſt an unqualified man in England to ſhoot a hare or a partridge.

Viper. Right, Baronet: Poor rogues are ſo plenty in Paris, there is no danger of deſtroying the game.

Sir H. Well ſaid, Domine Viper!—But, Madam Clack, what makes all your family here? Like me, come over to be poliſhed, I reckon.

Min.

Min. Not we; we be contented, Sir Harry, to rub on in our ruſt. You remember our daughter Jenny?

Sir H. Vaſtly well; and ſhe promiſed to turn out a deviliſh fine girl!

Min. Pretty well, as to that.

Sir H. What, I ſuppoſe you have brought her here, juſt to faſhion her; give her the *gout*.

Min. No, no; 'tis a freak of her own: Run away with our 'prentice, to avoid neighbour Codling.

Sir H. A girl of ſpirit, however!

Enter La Jeuneſſe.

La Jeu. Monſieur, on a ſervie.

Sir H. What does he ſay, Domine Viper?

Viper. The dinner's on the table, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Oh, oh!—Domine! it wou'dn't be decent, as them there people are but tradesfolks, you know, to aſk them to dinner!

Viper. Why, yes, you may venture, Sir Harry: It is not minded in London; and this town is little better than an Engliſh colony.

Sir H. True, true.—Come, good people; as we are all country folks, ſuppoſe we ſit down to table together?

Min. By all manner of means.

Sir H. Domine, you will eſcort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, will you accept of my *braſs?* [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

[*The ſame in* The Trip to Calais, *to* p. 37, *where O'Donnovan's ſpeech was altered, and the ſcene finiſhed, in the following manner.*]

O'Don. So now, as I was a-telling, if you can get any friend to ſpeak to the governor, why, if they take it into their heads to reſtore her to you, you may chance to have your daughter again.

Min. True, reverend Sir. But, before we trouble any body, we will firſt try what we can do at the convent ourſelves.

O'Don. By all manes. And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purſe; you underſtand me?

Clack. Your reverence need not fear us.

O'Don. Nay, it is upon account of yourſelves that I ſpeak; becauſe one's charity ſhould be private, you know; therefore, to make publication would take away moſt of the merit. If you fail, I will ſtep to the convent, and ſee what can be done.

Mrs. Min. Very kind, reverend Sir. Then, we will go after the girl to the convent directly.

Clack. But take care what you ſay! you ſee what a hobble we had like to have got into.

Mrs. Min. Never fear; I know how to behave myſelf. [*Exeunt.*

O'Don. It was an odd freak of St. Francis to forbid us touching of money; unleſs, indeed, his firſt followers were a parcel of pickpockets, and he thought of this method to break them. But however, as the hereticks are gone, and there

there is no danger of giving offence, by St. Francis's lave I will examine the contents of this purſe. Stay! who have we here?

[*Draws back.*

Enter Viper.

Viper. The wind is veering, and when it comes fair, my old knight within will be for hying homewards by the very firſt ſhip. Let me ſee: Can I hit on no ſcheme to give him one little ſqueeze more? To be ſure, what with tailors, *traiteurs*, toymen, the girl, and the gaming-table, my trip to Paris has turn'd out pretty well. One ſmart parting blow I ſhould be glad to——

O'Don. Save you, good Sir!

Viper. Damn theſe bare-footed beggars! a ſet of lazy, lubberly—You may as well ſhift your ground, father; you will get nothing from me.

O'Don. Be it ever ſo little! we have nothing but the benevolence of good Chriſtian peo—Hey! ſure it can't be! by my ſhoul, but it is!—What, Doctor Viper! who expected to ſee you at Calais?

Viper. Pray honeſt friend, when did our acquaintance commence?

O'Don. It is not a very long ſtanding. Come, do ſhake your memory a bit, Doctor, and you will ſoon recollect me.

Viper. It will be to no purpoſe.

O'Don. I warrant. Surely, my dear, when you were the doer of the Scandalous Chronicle, was not I death-hunter to the very ſame paper?

Viper. Hey! why, you can't be Phelim O'Flam!

O'Don.

O'Don. Not now; but I was about twelve months ago.

Viper. What could induce you to turn Capuchin?

O'Don. A few murders.

Viper. Murders?

O'Don. Yes; in order to pay off my lodging, I killed a couple of dozen of people, that happened to be alive and in good health; ſo the printer would employ me no longer.

Viper. I told you, O'Flam, what would happen; why, you became a perfect Drawcanſir; put more people to death than any three phyſicians in London.

O'Don. What then, Doctor Viper? ſure your poiſonous pen did more miſchief than me: My dead men walked about afterwards, and did their buſineſs as if nothing had happened; whilſt the ſtabs made on peoples' good names, by your rancour and malice, will admit of no conſolation.

Viper How is this?

O'Don. In ſhort, my dear Doctor, the only difference between us is this; my dead men are all alive, and your live men had much better be dead.

Viper. Do you know, ſirrah, to whom you are ſpeaking?

O'Don. You may ſay that; from the top to the bottom, every chink and cranny, my dear.

Viper. Pay then proper reſpect to my cloth.

O'Don. What, d'ye mane it is a prieſt that you are?

Viper. Without doubt.

O'Don. Then, upon my ſhoul, it muſt be of your own ordination, like Mr. Melchizedeck, A prieſt?

A prieſt? I'll wager my frock againſt the price of a maſs, that you can't tell how many the thirty-nine articles are.

Viper. An impudent, audacious——

O'Don. A prieſt? What, becaaſe you was pariſh-clerk to the Moravian meeting-houſe in the Old-Jewry, and uſed to ſnuffle out their bawdy hymns to the tune of beaſtly ballads and jigs? from thence you got expelled for robbing the poor's box——

Viper. Me?

O'Don. Then you became advertiſement-ſticker to lottery-offices, auctioneers, ſtage-coaches, and mountebank-doctors; but, being detected in ſelling the bills for waſte paper to grocers, you got your diſmiſſal, you know——

Viper. Raſcal! I know?

O'Don. After that you turned ſwindler, and got out of gaol by an act for the relief of inſolvent debtors.

Viper. Many honeſt men have been in the ſame ſituation.

O'Don. Lave honeſty out, if you plaaſe. Then you became doer of the Scandalous Chronicle; mowed down reputations like muck; puſhed yourſelf into the pay of lady Deborah Dripping, produced anonymous paragraphs againſt her of your own compoſition, and got paid by her for not putting them into your paper.

Viper. Where the devil could the fellow collect all this ſtory?

O'Don. Now from here, I ſuppoſe, you will ſoon return home as a fugitive, and pay your old debts by a new act of parliament.

Viper. Well but, Mr. O'Flam——

O'Don.

O'Don. O'Donnovan, if you plaaſe. So you ſee, Doctor Viper, you are pretty well known; and all your friends and acquaintance ſhall ſoon know you as well as me in this town.

Viper. The devil! well, but, my dear friend, what can be the meaning of this? why ſhould we two quarrel?

O'Don. Whoſe fault was it, Doctor, I pray?

Viper. Fault? nobody's fault: I was a little forgetful; that is all. What! we have been connected before; and why ſhou'dn't we now? ours' is a natural alliance; we are poor dogs, and rich men are our game.

O'Don. For the matter of that, I have no objection to hunting in couples.

Viper. That is right. Come, let us in, and drown all animoſity in a bottle of Burgundy.

O'Don. I will wait upon you at night; but I have a little bit of buſineſs at preſent.

Viper. Of what kind?

O'Don. To get a girl out of a convent, and reſtore her to her friends and relations.

Viper. A girl?

O'Don. Ay, the daughter of them there Engliſh within.

Viper. Is the girl handſome?

O'Don. I don't know that, but ſhe's young.

Viper. That will go a good way. And fled from her friends?

O'Don. With a lover, they ſay.

Viper. Gad, a thought is juſt popped into my head, that, I fancy, will yield us both a good deal of profit.

O'Don. Of what kind?

Viper. I will inform you within. But where were you bound?

O'Don.

O'Don. To the convent.

Viper. Suſpend your viſit a while. Come with me; I muſt introduce you to a friend of mine in the houſe. But, I hope this greaſy garb has not tainted your mind with any coyneſs or qualms.

O'Don. Not a bit; it is a convanient dreſs when one can't get any other: It ſuits well with the cold of a winter diſtreſs; but when the ſun and ſummer of plenty returns, I ſhall ſhed my coat like a colt.

"When the devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;
"When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

[*Exeunt.*

[*The ſcenes at the Convent ſucceeded, as in the* The Trip to Calais; *and the Act ended with no other variation than the following ſmall alteration in Mrs. Clack's ſpeech,* p. 45. *The Third Act was all new.*]

Clack. True, ſiſter. But come; let us go to THE GOVERNOR, as the friar adviſed us; perhaps HE may put us in a way.

A C T III.

O'Donnovan, Sir Harry Hamper, and Viper, at a table with wine and glaſſes.

Viper.

WHAT, then, you know her, Sir Harry?

Sir H. From a child; and a ſweet little roſe-bud ſhe was! By this time, ſhe is in full bloom, no doubt.

Viper.

Viper. You ſeem to expreſs yourſelf with ſome ardor and warmth, as if you felt a fancy for this fine delicate flower.

Sir H. Pho, pho! what chance have I to get the poſſeſſion?

Viper. I don't know that; a little contrivance, and the help of a friend, have brought more unlikely matters to bear.

Sir H. Why, Domine, if you would lend your aſſiſtance, there might be ſome hopes, I confeſs.

Viper. Of me, Sir Harry, you are always ſecure: But in my old friend here, you will find a more able aſſiſtant.

O'Don. You are plaaſed to compliment, dear Doctor Viper. Unleſs you are greatly fallen off, for turning bachelors into huſbands, huſbands into cuckolds, and maids into miſtreſſes, there was not a better practitioner within the bills of mortality.

Viper. My dear monk, a truce to your compliments.

O'Don. Oh, the divil a bit of compliment!

Viper. Well, well, you are always too kind to your friends: But, upon this occaſion, your knowledge of this country——

O'Don. That, indade——

Viper. And, above all, the virtues of that frock, will ſtand us in excellent ſtead.

O'Don. Why, to ſay truth, I know but little elſe it is good for.

Viper. Well, ſhall we have its aſſiſtance?

O'Don. You may ſay that.

Viper. If this ſcheme ſucceeds, knight, it will do you immortal honour in England; your intrigue at Paris was a fine preparation.

Sir H. Do you think that is general known?

Viper.

Viper. In the mouth of every mortal.

Sir H. Ay? that is lucky indeed! But how ſhall we bring this buſineſs about?

Viper. Nothing ſo eaſy. Flam is, you know, deſired by the family, if they can't ſucceed themſelves, to get the girl out of the convent.

Sir H. True.

Viper. That deſign is a ſufficient pretence for viſiting the girl.

Sir H. Can't be a better.

Viper. As there is little probability that he ſhould prevail with Miſs to return to her father and mother, let him pretend to have had an interview with the young fellow her favourite, who lies concealed in the town.

Sir H. Well?

Viper. That, moved to compaſſion by their tender attachment, he is determined to lend his aid to accompliſh his wiſhes.

O'Don. By this mains, a little ſpill will be gained from that quarter too [*aſide*].—Has ſhe the ſhiners d'ye thing?

Viper. I warrant ſhe is not come here unprovided. That he is ready to conduct her where her lover lies hid, and lend his miniſtry to finiſh his buſineſs.

O'Don. I am but a lay-brother you know.

Viper. Nor I neither: But, for all that, I wouldn't ſcruple to tack together twenty couple a-day.

Sir H. I don't doubt it.

O'Don. That, to be ſure, is an anſwer.

Sir H. But how does this concern me?

Viper. I was coming to that. When the monk has got poſſeſſion of Miſs, what prevents him

him from bringing the girl to my lodging? where, inſtead of her ſwain, ſhe will be agreeably ſurprized to encounter Sir Harry.

Sir H. It is a very fine plot, to be ſure: But, Domine, ſuppoſe the young thing ſhould be ſkittiſh, and not quite approve of the change?

Viper. We muſt leave you to ſettle that buſineſs; but, from your dreſs and addreſs——

O'Don. In trot, ſhe muſt be more than woman, to refuſe ſuch a figure.

Viper. A few preſents in hand, and vaſt promiſes upon returning to England——

Sir H. And you think ſhe will comply?

O'Don. Oh, never faar; ſhe will melt in a moment.

Viper. Beſides, at worſt, Flam and I ſhall be near you: and if a little compulſion ſhould be required——

O'Don. Is it a rape that you main? upon my ſhoul, Doctor Viper, you are after ſtepping before me a good daal in miſchief.

Viper. A rape! no, no; nothing like it, dear Flam; only a little compulſion, to give the lady an apology for following her own inclinations. Hey, Sir Harry! what are your ſentiments upon the occaſion?

Sir H. Should like it of all things in the world! I am quite agog 'till I—How pretty it will be, to ſee the poor thing pout, and ſnivel, and ſob, and pat me, and cry, I warrant, "Go, "you naughty thing!"—But is not there ſome danger? won't their magiſtrates, their policy, as they call it here, take it amiſs?

Viper. Oh, no; a gentleman here does whatever he pleaſes: Beſides, it is but a ſtep a croſs the Channel, and there, you know, we are ſafe.

Sir H.

Sir H. True, true,

Viper. And, upon ſecond thoughts, let things turn yout as they will, I think it will be right, at your time of life, to report it a rape; it will do your vivacity and vigour a good deal of credit.

Sir H. Will it?

Viper. To be ſure. A rape, and upon a nun too; and ſo we muſt call her; it will ſhew a noble contempt for decency, religion, and virtue, and can't fail recommending you to all people of ſpirit.

Sir H. I ſhould think ſo: How one improves by one's travels! Why, this would never have come into my head, had I ſtayed in the city.

Viper. Oh, fy! never; that air is too foggy.

Sir H. I uſed to be a little factious now and then; but that! Lord, that's nothing at all!

Viper Oh, no merit in that; the natural conſequence of your food and your fuel.

Sir H. But you will take care to paragraph me well in the papers; for if it ſhould not be known, why——

Viper. The main point will be loſt. Never fear! in my old paper I ſtill keep a place open: That no time may be loſt, I will ſend it to-night.

Sir H. I can't help laughing, to think how my old friends, in Portſoken and Dowgate, will ſtare when they come to the article.

Viper. Ready to burſt with envy, I warrant!— Well, O'Flam, you know your part; ſet off as ſoon as you pleaſe.

O'Don. Upon my ſhoul, Doctor Viper, there are a few ſcruples and qualms that begin to riſe in my ſtomach.

Viper.

Viper. Zounds, man, gulp em down then as faſt as you can!

O'Don. Upon my conſcience, they won't go; they ſtick ſtill in my throat.

Viper. Hark'ee, Flam! Would not a little *aurum potabile*, a ſmall decoction of guineas, remove the obſtruction?

O'Don. Why, to daal freely, Doctor; I look upon it there is ſome ſmall danger in what we are about. Now, as to you two, you are but birds of paſſage, you know; and, being well winged, can take your flight whenever you plaaſe.

Viper. Well?

O'Don. Now, as to myſelf, tho' I am at home here, yet for all that I am but a ſtranger; and being, beſides, as bare as a board, it is but raaſonable that Sir Harry ſhould ſpare me ſome of his feathers, that may, in caſe of need, carry me out of gun-ſhot, you know,

Sir H. By all manner of means.

Viper. But how ſhall we manage it? The rules of your order are ſo very ſevere as to money! I believe I had better receive it; and, if you ſhould want——

O'Don. No, no, Doctor; you are a good caſuiſt, and have ſilenced moſt of my ſcruples. Beſides, at confeſſion tomorrow, it is but lumping in this with my other tranſgreſſions.

Viper. Sir Harry?

Sir H. Oh, by all manner of means; here!

Viper. Throw it into his cowl.

O'Don. No, no; I can concaal it very well in my ſleeve.—He might have knocked againſt the other, perhaps; and that would not have been altogethe ſo dacent.

Viper.

Viper. Well, well; all obſtacles being removed, diſpatch, my dear Flam, as ſoon as you can.

O'Don. I ſha'n't neglect them. I muſt go to veſpers.—But, Doctor Viper, as you are a conſcientious man, and one of the cloth, don't you think it would be right to have a few prayers put up, for certain perſons who have in agitation ſome important affairs?

Viper. Why, it mayn't be amiſs.

O'Don. The community, you know, is always conſidered upon theſe occaſions.

Viper. Oh, I dare ſay Sir Harry won't ſcruple.

Sir H. Not in the leaſt. But, to ſay truth, the reverend father has drawn me dry for the preſent.

Viper. Oh, you may be ſoon ſupplied in the houſe. Come, I will advance: Here, here!

O'Don. And in paſſing by the trunk for the poor, if I was to drop in ſomething handſome, you know it might draw down a bleſſing upon our deſign.

Sir H. Domine, give him the whole purſe!

O'Don. I ſhall have great pleaſure in ſerving ſo pious a man. Save you gentlemen! [*Exit.*

Sir H. A ſhrewd ſenſible fellow this O'Flam, let me tell you.

Viper. Yes, yes; he knows what he's about.

Sir H. But, Domine, after the buſineſs is finiſhed, how ſhall we diſpoſe of the girl?

Viper. Reſtore her to her friends, and make it a merit.

Sir H. But if ſhe ſhould turn out coy, and complain of ill uſage?

Viper. We muſt impute it to ſpite, as by your means ſhe is deprived of her lover.

Sir H. That, indeed—But will they believe it?

Viper.

Viper. Believe it! Flam and I will ſwear to the fact.

Sir H. That indeed—But who have we here?

Enter Mr and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.

Oh, Mrs. Clack! what ſucceſs have you had?

Clack. Came away juſt as we went; the young jade whines about faſting and penance like a Methodiſt teacher, and talks of embracing poverty, as if ſhe was a peer of the realm.

Min. She poverty? 'tis all a pretence! it is ſomebody elſe ſhe wants to embrace.

Sir H. Why, Domine and I have been laying our noddles together.

Clack. Your worſhip is wonderfully kind!

Viper. Sir Harry has employed a prieſt here in this town; perhaps you have ſeen him?

Mrs. Min. D'ye mean his reverence with the long beard?

Viper. The ſame. The friar is juſt diſpatched to the convent: and as the great point is to get the girl out of their clutches, he is to perſuade her that ſhe is to be conducted directly to Drugget.

Mrs. Min. But, inſtead of that, he is to bring her to us?

Viper. No, no; that would be too abrupt! to Sir Harry Hamper; who, as a friend to the family, will teach her her duty, and what ſhe owes to her friends.

Clack. That will be very kind in his honour.

Sir H. I ſhall ſpare no means, Mrs. Clack, to make her ſubmit.

Mrs. Min. But I hope his honour won't puſh things to extremities; for you know, Matthew, ſhe ſtill is our child.

Min. Extremities! Sir Harry has undertaken a more

a more difficult taſk than he is aware of: The young ſlut is ſo headſtrong and fractious, that my old friend will find it out of his power, if ſhe continues obſtinate, to make her comply.

Sir H. Well, well; it is but trying, however.

Viper. You will take care to be in the houſe if we ſhould want you. Come, Sir Harry, we muſt hie home, to wait for the monk.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Viper.*

Clack. Come, good folks, who can tell but his honour may compaſs the job?

Min. I can't ſay I have any great expectations. My old friend, when he lived amongſt us, was never over-famous for his powers of perſuaſion; and I can hardly think that age has improved his abilities. [*Exeunt.*

The Street.

Enter Dick Drugget.

Dick. It is impoſſible for me to quit this town, and leave my deareſt Jenny behind me; there my heart's treaſure lies hid, and there, ſpite of myſelf, I am carried by an irreſiſtible impulſe. To ſee her, I ſuppoſe, is impoſſible; and equally difficult to give or receive any intelligence. Huſh! I muſt hide.—Hey! no, ſure! yes; it is Jenny herſelf! but who the deuce can it be that conducts her?

Enter O'Donnovan and Jenny.

O'Don. The houſe is hard-by, at the other end of the town; and ſtands alone, between the inn and the ſnuff-ſhop.

Jenny. Your goodneſs, my dear father, to a poor

poor unfortunate victim, I want words to acknowledge. Your ſelf-denial, and mortified ſtate, place you above the reach of any pecuniary——

O'Don. My ſweet pretty cratur! in acts of charity, indade, to folks poorer than we are, if any ſuch can be found, we are always plaaſed to convey any donations.

Jenny. I ſhall think myſelf happy to aſſiſt ſo pious a purpoſe [*feels for her purſe.*]—Bleſs me! is not that my dear Dicky, who ſtands there at the corner?

O'Don. Dear Dicky! who the divil is he?

Jenny. The very youth to whom you were going to convey me.

O'Don. Pho, pho! how can that be? becaaſe why, I left him at home; and how can he be in two places at once? unleſs, indade, he had wings.

Jenny. His impatience, I ſuppoſe, made him follow you hither.

O'Don. Pox take his impatience! But I tell you, Miſs, it can't be; becaaſe why, I never ſaw that parſon before.

Jenny. But I have, and therefore can't doubt: I muſt run to him, father; for I know it is he.

O'Don. Is it? Then my beſt way is to run from him as faſt as I can. [*Exit.*

Jenny. Dicky!

Dick. My deareſt Jenny! this is an unexpected pleaſure, indeed. But who was that with you?

Jenny. The honeſt father you ſent to conduct me.

Dick. Me! I have neither ſeen nor ſpoke to a ſoul.

Jenny.

Jenny. No!

Dick. No. This is ſome plot of your parents, to get you into their clutches.

Jenny. Perhaps ſo. But where can we go? have you ſecured no retreat?

Dick. How could I, my love? as I hadn't the ſmalleſt hopes of—But here comes the prieſt again, and ſomebody with him; let us turn down this ſtreet, and avoid him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter O'Donnovan and Viper.

O'Don. There, there they go!

Viper. I ſee, I ſee. A fine girl, as I live! too nice a tid-bit for an apprentice, or my muſty old knight: I'll try if I can't ſecure her myſelf.—O'Flam! you know Bet Bonnet, the milliner's girl, that lived with me in London?

O'Don. You may ſay that.

Viper. When I went with the knight, I left her in my lodgings in town; ſtep to her this inſtant.

O'Don. Well?

Viper. Explain to her the buſineſs of Hamper; convey her to him as Minnikin's daughter; ſhe knows well enough how to aſſume the airs of a novice.—But there is hardly time to inſtruct her. Ten to one, too, this blockead will make ſome damned blunder or other.—O'Flam!

O'Don. Well?

Viper. Upon ſecond thoughts, you had beſt undertake this buſineſs yourſelf.

O'Don. What d'ye main?

Viper. Paſs yourſelf on the knight as the party.

O'Don. What, me, for old Minnikin's daughter?

Viper. Ay.

O'Don.

O'Don. Oh, lave off! I ſhall be aaſily taken for a lovely laſs, to be ſure.

Viper. Why not? he muſt be in the dark, to execute his own intentions, you know.

O'Don. That is true. But how ſhall I hide my voice? he may ſee that, you know, without the help of a candle; beſides, I am told I have a ſmall twiſt in my tongue.

Viper. Oh, as to that, Hamper is no critic in dialects; beſides, ſay little, and ſoften your tones as much as you can.

O'Don. But if he ſhould turn out too familiar, what will I do then, Doctor Viper?

Viper. It will be eaſy enough to repel any violence from a man of his age. Beſides, I will think of ſome expedient to bring you ſpeedy relief.

O'Don. Well, well! upon my ſhoul, after all, there is a good daal of fun in the fancy.

Viper. You are to take him for Drugget, you know.

O'Don. No bad match for my linſey-woolſey.

Viper. Oh, a truce to your wit now, and diſpatch, I beſeech you.

O'Don. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Viper. They are either houſed, or muſt return back again; this is no thoroughfare. Oh, here they come.

Enter Dicky and Jenny.

I am glad I have met with you. Come, come! I hav'n't a moment to loſe.

Jenny and Dicky. Sir!

Viper. That raſcally prieſt is gone for the guard; you will have a file of muſqueteers here in a minute.

Dicky.

Dicky. What have I done?

Viper. Done! don't you know, that to ſteal a girl from a convent in this country is a capital crime?

Dicky. Sir, as I hope for mercy, I am innocent!

Viper. Innocent! beſides, a prieſt to accuſe you! won't they find you together? is not that proof enough of your guilt? In a word, I know your whole ſtory; I pity, and am ready to ſerve you.

Jenny. Good Sir, what can we do?

Viper. You hav'n't a moment to loſe: Run to the port, throw yourſelf into the firſt veſſel you ſee, and make for England as faſt as you can.

Dicky. And what muſt become of Miſs Jenny?

Viper. Leave her to my care; I am well known in this town, and can conceal her with eaſe.

Jenny. But, Sir, how—who——

Viper. Oh, child, be under no apprehenſions; my motive is ſolely compaſſion: Beſides, my cloth is a ſufficient ſecurity.

Dicky. Cloth? perhaps the gentleman is a clergym——

Viper. Huſh! that muſt not be known where we are.

Jenny. On that ſacred character I can ſafely rely.

Viper. We loſe time! a truce to your regrets, and your raptures; I will ſoon bring you together, I warrant. That way leads to the quay. Come, Miſs; it is but a ſtep to my houſe.

Jenny. This wonderful eſcape I owe to your goodneſs.

Viper. I could do no leſs, as a Chriſtian. [*Exe.*

A Chamber,

A Chamber, darkened.

Sir Harry Hamper alone.

Sir H. Miſs will ſoon be here, I ſuppoſe. Well, after all, for improving the mind, and removing fooliſh prejudices, there is no country like France: No wonder our young folks of faſhion turn out ſuch fine fellows, ecod!—Here ſhe is, I believe. No.—A lad who comes over here at nineteen or twenty, may well pick up all the pretty accompliſhments, when I, at ſeventy, in leſs than three months, have learnt to game, whore, deſpiſe my own country, laugh at religion, and, as far as inclination will go, am ripe and ready for any frolic or fun. Well ſaid, old Harry! After all this, my young miſtreſs in London can't refuſe me, I think; the devil's in her, if I hav'n't done enough to convince her that I have ſcowered off all the ſneaking ſnivelling cit, and am as profligate as if I had been born a—Huſh! the door opens.

Enter O'Donnovan.

O'Don. Sir Harry!

Sir H. Well?

O'Don. Are you ſure you are there?

Sir H. Without doubt.

O'Don. And alone?

Sir H. Yes.

O'Don. And no light?

Sir H. Don't you ſee?

O'Don. I didn't know but you might have a candle concaaled.

Sir H. Where? in my pocket?

O'Don. Come, Miſs, you may enter. [*Exit.*

Jenny.

Jenny. [*within.*] Hands off, you rude ruffian!

Sir H. What the deuce noiſe are they making?

Jenny. What, are they all dead in the houſe? no creature to lend me aſſiſtance?

Sir H. What can this mean?

Jenny. Or have you all conſpired to betray me? For Heaven's ſake, ſome Chriſtian body——

Mrs. Min. [*within.*] It is my daughter's voice. Here, houſe!

Min. [*within.*] Zounds, break down the door!

Mrs. Min. Which room are they in?

Min. The noiſe came from this.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, Colonel, O'Donnovan, and Codling.

Min. Have you ſeen any thing of my daughter. Sir Harry?

Sir H. Your daughter!

Jenny. Unhand me! this door too is locked. What, will no mortal come to me?

Mrs. Min. There ſhe is.

Min. Let me come! [*Breaks open the door.*

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Protect me, ſave me——

Mrs. Min. It is her. Look up, Jenny! don't you know us, my child?

Jenny. My mother? Oh, Madam!

Mrs. Min. Recover your fright; you are now out of danger. What has been the matter, my love?

Jenny. The greateſt villain, the greateſt monſter!

Min. Who? what?

Jenny. Firſt got me into his power, by the pretended ſanctity of his character——

Min. Well?

Jenny.

Jenny. Finding his deluſive offers rejected, proceeded to violence, when my cries brought you to my aid.

Min. This is ſome *parle vou* raſcal! they don't mind a rape or a robbery here.

Mrs. Min. Not they; Lord ſend us ſafe to Old England, ſay I!

Min. Come out here! let us have a peep at your muns, Mounſeer, if you pleaſe. [*Pulls out Viper.*] Hey! who the devil——Why, this is Sir Harry's Domine Viper!

Omnes. Sure enough!

Min. His tuterer, as ſure as a gun? But who the deuce is he, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Heaven knows! I picked him up here in this town.

Mrs. Min. Some vagaboning feller, I warrant.

Min. The raſcal won't make a reply. Come, friend! who and what are you?

Viper. What right have you to enquire?

Min. Your villainous attack on my daughter gives me a right; and before we part I will know.

Viper. Will you? Then aſk it of thoſe that will tell you.

Min. What, can nobody——

Clack. Perhaps his reverence here may; for he ſeems to know moſt of the folks in the town.

O'Don. Me? I know nobody out of the convent——I belaave I had better ſhaar off; for perhaps by-and-bye they may take it into their heads to make ſome enquiries after me of myſelf; and, for the preſent, it will be more convanient to drop the acquaintance. [*Exit.*

Min. But, what the deuce, can nobody give us an account who he is? Where's landlord?

Colonel.

Colonel. You ſeem all ſtrangers to this honeſt gentleman.

Min. Oh, this perhaps is ſomebody who belongs to the town. Why, Sir, if you could give us ſome information——

Colonel. Nay, I can't boaſt the honour of his acquaintance, nor, from the account of his countrymen, ſhould I be very ambitious to make it.

Min. Ay, like enough; and pray, Sir, who—

Colonel. The various particulars of his hiſtory would be rather too tedious at preſent: thus far I may venture to ſay; his reſidence here is not a mere matter of choice.

Viper. Is the preferring the genial climate of France, to the fogs of your favourite iſle, any great matter of wonder? In ſhort, I like neither your country nor people.

Colonel. For which you have doubtleſs very good reaſons: But believe this as a truth, Maſter Viper; no man ever yet deſerted his country, unleſs he had been firſt by his country deſerted.

Viper. You are very partial, Colonel (for I know you), conſidering England as a ſpot to which you can never lay any claim.

Colonel. Why not?

Viper. Wasn't your father a rebel?

Colonel. True.

Viper. And are not you an officer in the ſervice of France?

Colonel. I was; but my preſent royal maſter, above the narrow prejudice of puniſhing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offſpring, has accepted my ſervice, and reſtored my family to the rights of their country.

Clack. Well ſaid!

Sir H.

Sir H. Ay, and well done too! to reclaim by clemency, is the nobleſt victory a monarch can gain over his ſubjects.

Min. But what can we do with this fellow? is there no method of puniſhing ſuch a——

Colonel. Let him alone; a gentleman of his particular turn can't long eſcape the prying eyes of the police in this town; and I promiſe you they ſhan't want a key to his character.

Sir H. But, Colonel, I begin to ſuſpect that I too have been bit by this Viper; couldn't I ſtop him, juſt to make him account for——

Viper. Stop me? you had beſt take care of yourſelf: You forget a few obligations of your's I have in my pocket; which, as I find you are quitting this country, I ſhall endeavour to get btter ſecured. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Now there is a raſcal!

Colonel. How came you to place any confidence in a man without the ſmalleſt recommendation?

Sir H. Lord, who could ſuppoſe that a countryman would impoſe upon——

Colonel. Your countrymen? the very laſt people, unleſs they are well known, you ſhould truſt or cheriſh in France.

Sir H. And why ſo?

Colonel. The neceſſity they lie under of ſhifting their quarters, is, with but too many of them, their only reaſon for croſſing the Channel.

Min. Indeed?

Colonel. And I will venture to ſay, without the concurrence of ſome of theſe gentry, no conſiderable fraud has ever been committed upon our young giddy travellers in this part of the world.

Codl. Vaſt curus, indeed! that ſhall go into my

my journal. " Obſerwation: The French, who " rob and cheat the Britiſh ſubjects in Paris, are " all of them Engliſh."

Mrs. Min. Ay, ay; all birds of a feather. Let us go home, and leave them, as faſt as we can. Well, Jenny, I hope there is an end of all thy vagaries: Thee ſeeſt what premunirers thy wilfulneſs had near brought us into.

Clack. Nay, ſiſter, don't preſs the girl for the preſent: Let Mr. Codling continue his courtſhip: and in time, I warrant, the girl will comply.

Codl. Why, father-in-law that was to have been, it ſeems to me, and to ſay truth, from the ſamples I have had, before I ſettles I ſhould like to ſee a little more of the world.

Min. Nay, Maſter Codling, you may do as you liſt; nobody wants to compel you.

Mrs. Min. For the matter of that, if Dick Drugget's friends are inclined, they are well to paſs in the world; and who can tell, in the end, but one match may be as good as the other?

Codl. Why, as they are ſo vaſt fond of each other, I think it is the beſt ſtep you can take. For my part, I have made up my mind: I'll part with my ſhop, voyage round the world for the reſt of my life, and, like other great travellers, communicate my obſerwations, for the good of my country.

FINIS.

OHIO UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Please return this book as soon as you have finished with it. In order to avoid a fine it must be returned by the latest date stamped below.

QTR. LOAN

SEP 10 1985

JUL 31 1985

CF

OHIO UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
1000567422

PR
3461
F6
1968
V.2